The Saturday Evening
POST
January 17, 1959 – 15¢

I Call on Danny Thomas

By PETE MARTIN

THE JESUITS

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

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My rule, in which I have always found satisfaction, is, never to turn aside in public affairs through views of private interest; but to go straight forward in doing what appears to me right at the time, leaving the consequences with Providence.

Benj^a Franklin 1770

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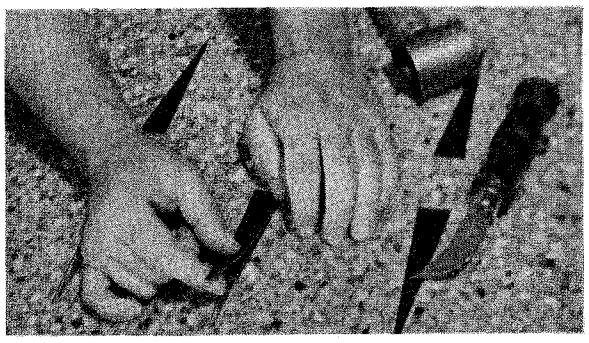
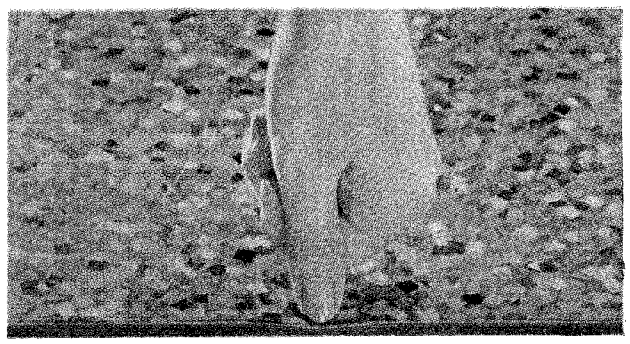
THE LEES ENCLOSED THEIR PORCH TO MAKE A GAY FAMILY ROOM

their Armstrong Vinyl Corlon floor was flawlessly installed by experts

Extra living space was found by the Lees most economically by enclosing their back porch. For the floor, their dealer recommended Armstrong Vinyl Corlon No. 6508 with a new kind of inexpensive inlays. The lustrous vinyl can take constant scuffing.

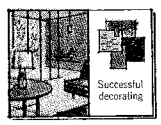


A true craftsman put down the floor. You can tell by the way he fitted the triangular inlays and expertly joined the big, smooth sheets of Vinyl Corlon. There isn't a crack in the entire floor where dust can hide. It's no wonder that Corlon is one of the easiest of all floors to care for.



No more tired feet for Mrs. Lee. Her floor was put down over Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment. It has a layer of soft foam that provides delightful comfort and quiet underfoot. This luxury costs so little that Mrs. Lee regrets she didn't have it sooner.

SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," 32 pages of ideas in color for every room. Description of this "Add-On Family Room" available free. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5901 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 19-J, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.



Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN FLOORS

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE, ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

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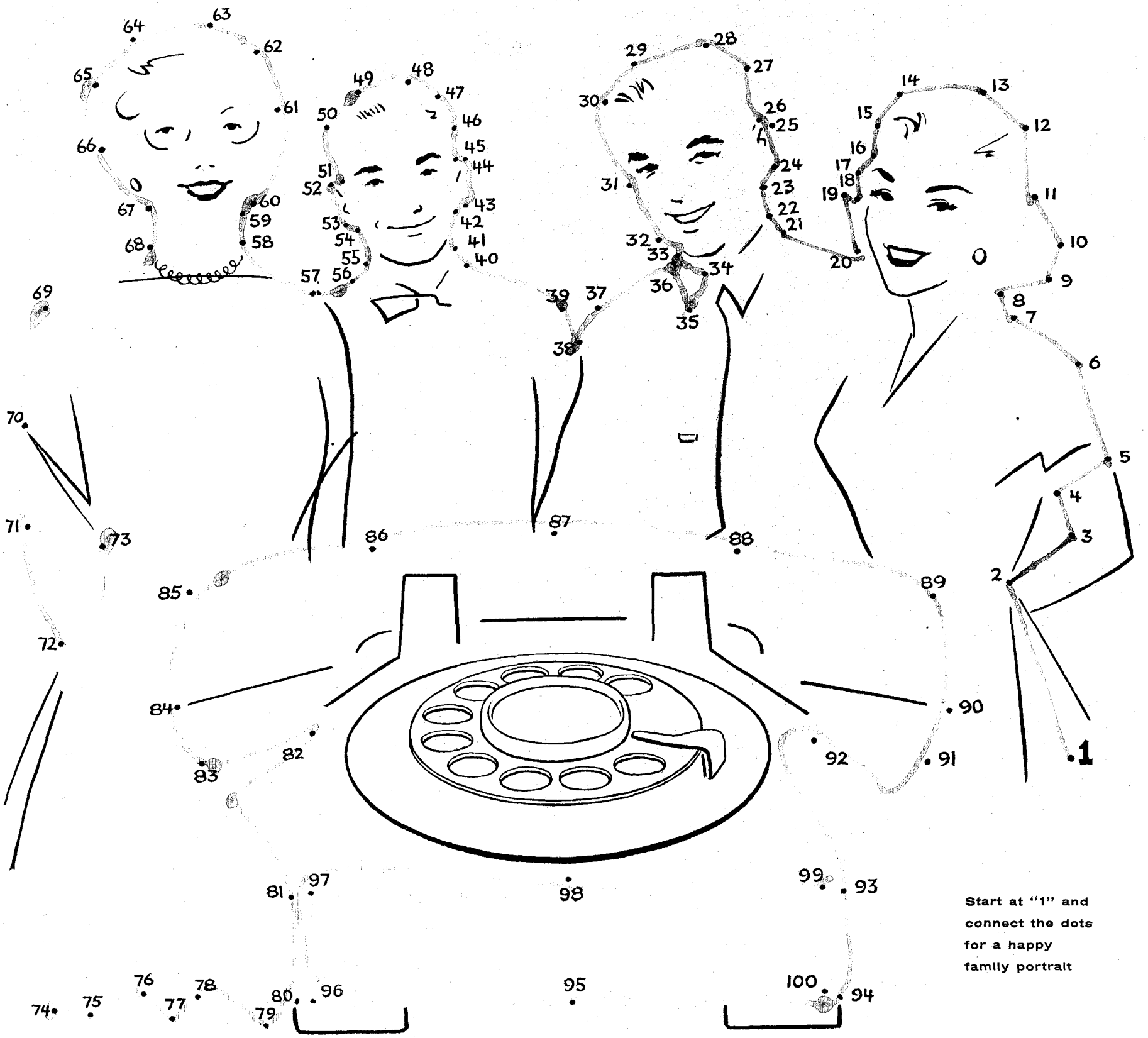

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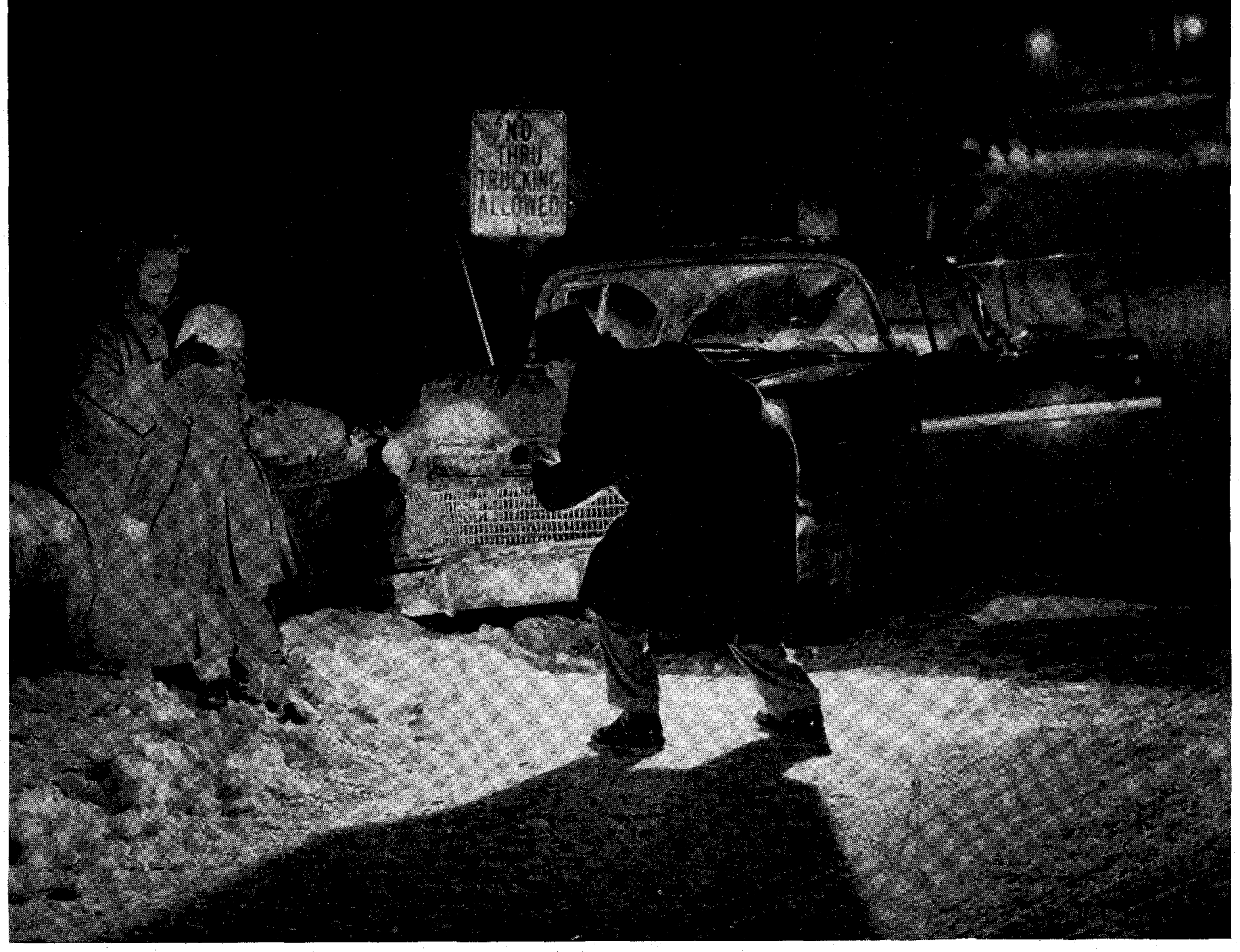

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LIBERTY MUTUAL WORKS FAST TO GET POLICYHOLDER'S CAR BACK ON THE ROAD. One of our policyholders writes:

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Our cover quotation from Benjamin Franklin, on the 253rd anniversary of his birth, was in a letter he wrote in London in 1770, when he was striving desperately to keep the British Empire united and to help America grow inside the empire. Although he had been serving brilliantly as deputy postmaster general of America, political enemies wanted to force his resignation; and in his letter he said, "I [am] deficient in that Christian Virtue of Resignation. If they would have my office, they must take it." Well, they did. In 1774 he was dismissed, and he sadly returned home as the Revolution began. Though the founder of this magazine was then turning seventy, valiantly he began in France a whole new career, becoming one of the greatest envoys a people ever had.

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 47–59 or May 23, 1959; 23–60 or December 3, 1960.

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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Milk of Magnesia
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NEW MINT-FLAVORED
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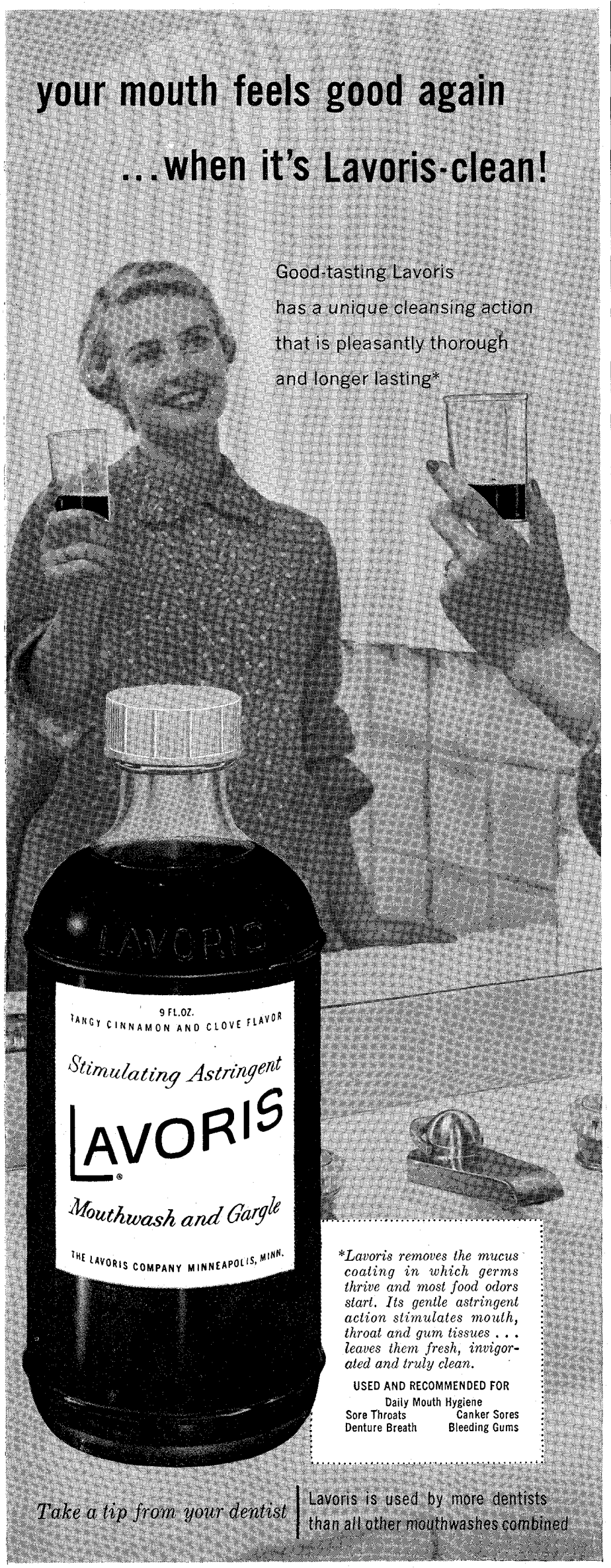
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Good-tasting Lavoris
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Take a tip from your dentist
Lavoris is used by more dentists than all other mouthwashes combined

Letters

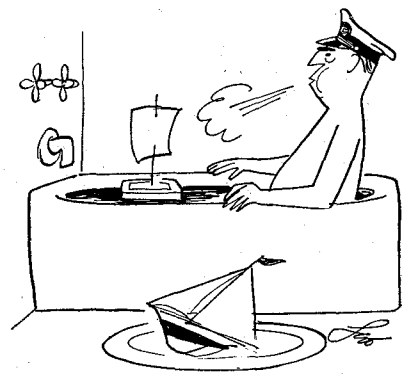
Eccentric Tycoon

Dear Sir:

In issue of December 6, see WHAT'S NEW IN TOYLAND? by Roul Tunley, page 112:

"One rich toy manufacturer, whose granddaughter can have just about anything she wants, prefers to play with a bar of soap."

Wouldn't he look rather undignified—a business tycoon playing with a bar of soap?



Perhaps the sentence would read better thus:

"One rich toy manufacturer's granddaughter, who can have just about anything she wants, prefers to play with a bar of soap."

J. RAYMOND ELDERDICE
Federalsburg, Md.

● *Agreed.* —*ED.*

Country Parson

Dear Sirs:

I was so thrilled by the story HE WORKS IN GOD'S BACK PASTURES by Harold H. Martin, in December 13th issue of the Post, that I simply had to write you to express my appreciation.

I think that this story has done a better job in describing the true work of the pastor than anything I have read in many a day. What a wonderful person Rev. Sam Varnell must be.

I always read the Post with interest and enjoyment.

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE
Marble Collegiate Church
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am greatly honored and sincerely humbled by the privilege of being the instrument through which the story [of the rural church] is told. Many others could have served this purpose more adequately than I, but Jane and I are grateful for this, one of life's extras.

SAM N. VARNELL
Piney Flats Methodist Parish
Piney Flats, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

I am all the more convinced that those communities with their little churches, pastored by men such as Sam Varnell, who really *believe* the things that they preach, are the most nearly ideal in which to live, work and worship Almighty God.

I intend filing this article, that my sons may have a glimpse at a way of life which at present is not theirs to enjoy.

NEIL E. SMART
Butte, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

An otherwise good article was marred for me by the following statement: "The country church was once the refuge of the bumbling and inept, or the fire-snorting semiliterate whose preaching was considered too uncouth for the more sophisticated congregation of the city church."

As the son of a typical Methodist preacher who traveled rural circuits from about 1897 to 1943, I had occasion to become acquainted with many Methodist preachers serving rural churches. With few exceptions they were highminded, intellectual men, possessed of some knowledge of Latin and Greek. . . .

The ministers of that day were not as highly educated as are those of today, but neither were the members of the other learned professions.

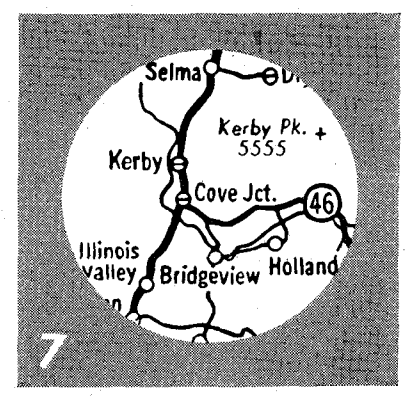
J. T. COTTON
Knoxville, Tenn.

A Cave is Not a Cove

Dear Sirs:

This letter is to call attention to an error which appeared in No. 7 circle of your Dec. 6 "Where Do You Think You Are" puzzle [below]. . . .

The name "Cove Jct." appears instead of Cave Junction.



The city of Cave Junction is located on the Redwood highway at the junction with Oregon State Route 46, known as Caves Highway because it leads to the famed Oregon Caves National Monument.

ALLAN MARKLEY
Cave Junction, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Re "Where do you think you are?": Apparently you don't know.

J. F. CLEAVER
La Grande, Ore.

● *Our artist disfigured the "a" with his compass point, then retouched it into an "o." He assures us that this won't happen again.* —*ED.*

Climate Control

Dear Sirs:

In the article entitled STAND BY FOR CLIMATE CONTROL [by Capt. Howard T. Orville, U.S.N. (Ret.), as told to Joe Alex Morris], Nov. 29 issue, the statement is made that "The present amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is estimated at only 2 per cent, but it is increasing. If it reaches 15 per cent our average temperature would become high enough to melt the polar icecap."

Actually the concentration of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is only three one-hundredths of one per cent (0.03 per cent). . . .

Because of the enormous storage capacity of the oceans of the earth for carbon dioxide, it is extremely unlikely that the carbon dioxide content of the atmosphere could ever reach as much as 2 per cent, to say nothing of 15 per cent. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

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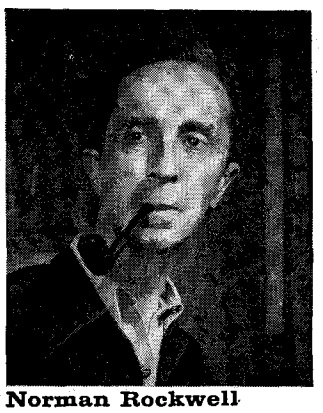
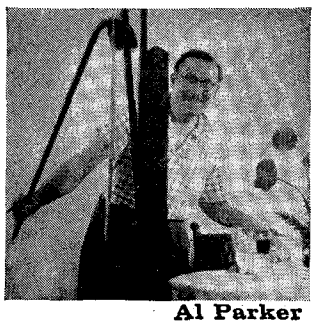
*America's 12 Most Famous Artists

Albert Dorne

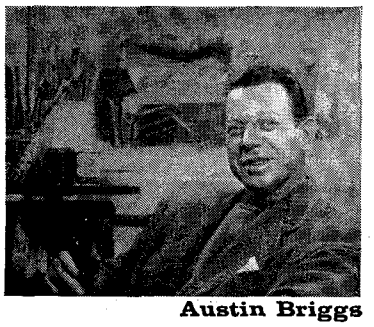

Norman Rockwell

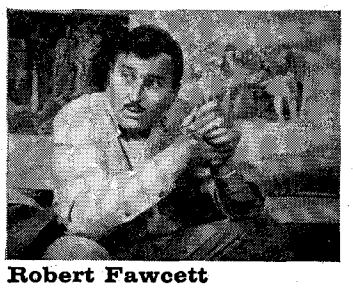

Al Parker

Jon Whitcomb

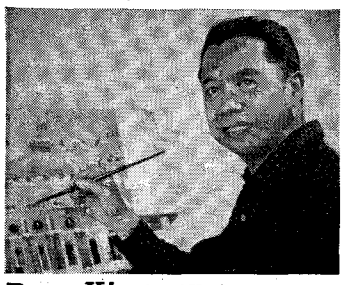
Fred Ludekens

Ben Stahl


Austin Briggs


Robert Fawcett

Harold Von Schmidt


Dong Kingman

Peter Helck

Stevan Dohanos

*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to test your art talent. We'd like to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a successful, money-making artist.

This offer is part of a program we began ten years ago. We found that many men and women who could have become artists – and should have become artists – never did. Most of them were unsure of their talent and had no way of finding out whether it was worth developing. Others who were convinced they had talent simply couldn't get top notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. We decided to make it possible for anyone, anywhere, who likes to draw – and who has talent worth developing – to get the training he needs to become an artist. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we, ourselves, were able to learn only through long and successful experience.

We illustrated this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings; then organized it into a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting . . . lessons that anyone could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. Finally – after years of teaching – we perfected what is probably the most personal and effective method ever developed for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our program of art training is now well known and respected all over America. During the past ten years, we have helped thousands of people find success in art. Here are just a few:

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art – even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South – and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Father of Three Wins New Career

Stanley Bowen – a married man with three children, unhappy in a "dead-end" job – began studying with us, evenings. Now he's earning a much higher salary as an illustrator for a growing art studio. And his family sees a happy, secure future ahead.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski of Rexford, N. Y., was able to give up her typing job to become fashion artist for a local department store.

Changes His Whole Life

"Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me," writes Robert Meecham of Ontario, Canada. "I've come from an $18.00 a week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

Earns Seven Times As Much

Eric Ericson used to be a clerk in an auto parts department. Thanks to our training, he is now an art director at *seven times* the salary he was making when he enrolled.

When Kathryn Gorsuch of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, found out she was to have a baby – she left her filing job at an aircraft company and studied art at home with us. By the time the baby was seven months old, she went back to work for the same company . . . this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he enrolled with us. Two years later, he won a prize in a national cartooning contest and was signed to do a daily comic strip for a group of newspapers.

Profitable Hobby–at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one-man" show – where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

Donald Kern – a cowboy from Miles City, Montana – studied art with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for $250 each, and gets all the business he can handle.

Mother Boosts Family's Income

Elizabeth Merriss – busy New York mother – now adds to her family income by designing gift wrappings and greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

In just four months Doris White of Wauwatosa, Wis., has painted and sold $750 worth of paintings . . . all in her spare time!

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who reveal talent through this test are eligible for professional training by the School . . . right in their own homes.

If you like to draw and want to know if you have talent worth developing – mail the coupon today. The test will be mailed to you without cost or obligation.

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 927, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs._____Age____
Miss (please print)

Address_____

City_____Zone____

County_____State_____

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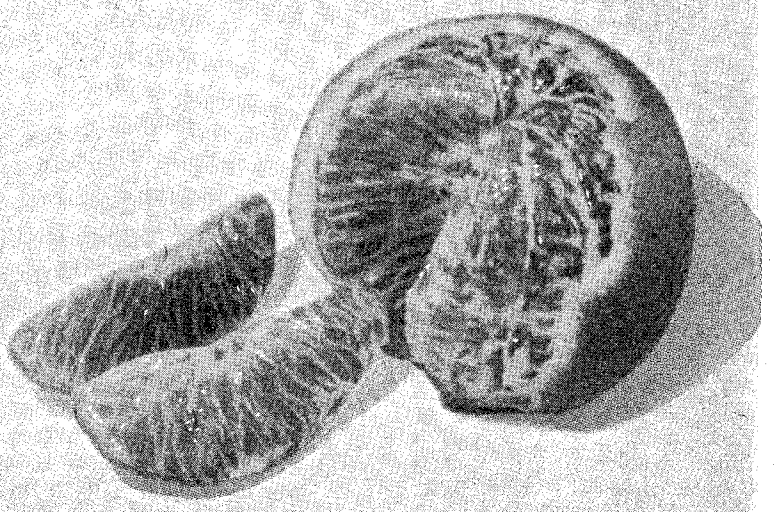
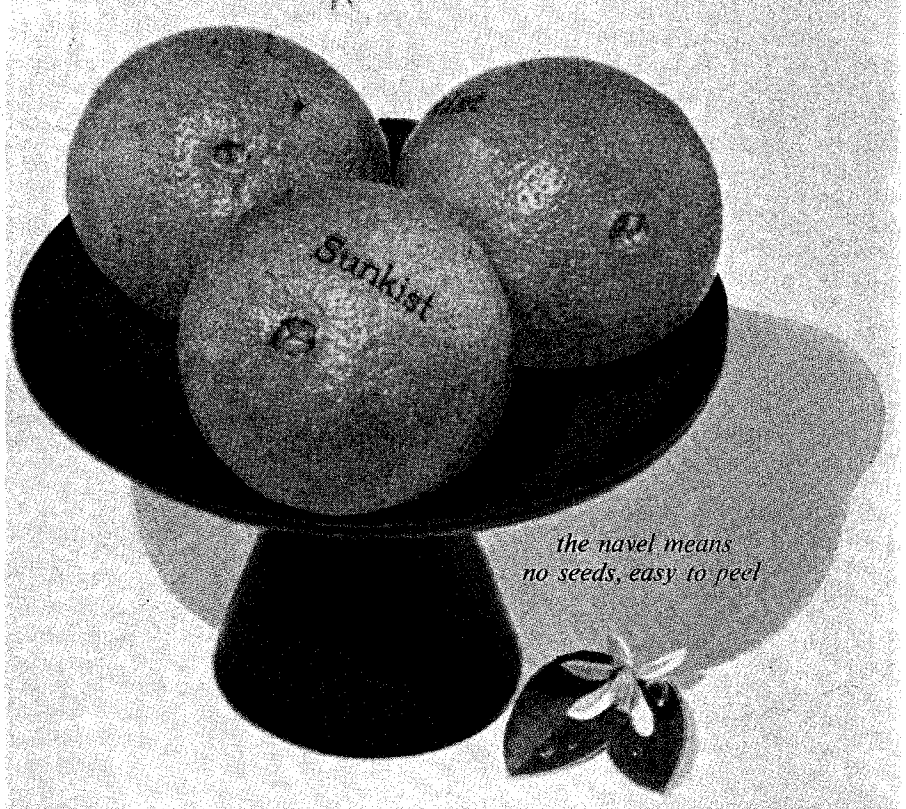
Many of the 50 known health values in a fresh orange are found mostly in the "meat" of the fruit. In fact...



...fresh Sunkist Oranges provide 10 times more of the important bio-flavonoids and protopectins than frozen orange juice.*



And fresh oranges give your family all of the vitamin C.

Eat whole fresh oranges...drink whole fresh orange juice

Sunkist®

The Sunkist trade-mark stamped on the fruit is your guarantee of the finest from California-Arizona.

*True of all finely-strained processed juices.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

It is unfortunate if this error has caused any unnecessary alarm on the part of the readers of this article.

J. M. CAMPBELL
Detroit, Mich.

● *Captain Orville meant to say that the CO_2 concentration in the atmosphere is 2 per cent higher than normal. But his point remains valid: If the concentration reaches 15 per cent above normal (.0345 per cent), our average temperature would be high enough to melt the icecaps and inundate portions of our East coast.* —ED.

Segregation by Sex?

Dear Sirs:

I have read a recent editorial in which you express a very intelligent plan which the Southern states might adopt in trying to solve the desegregation problem in the public schools—that is, your recent editorial suggesting segregation of school children by sex [SEGREGATION BY SEX MIGHT EASE FEARS OF RACIAL INTERMARRIAGE, Dec. 6].

Recently I made a speech before the Dade County Bar Association in Miami, Florida, in which I listed the segregation-by-sex idea along with others. I wish that at that time I had had your editorial because you very clearly and expertly set forth the plan's best features.

RICHARD W. ERVIN
Attorney General
State of Florida
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The real issue is not segregation at all, but whether the Constitution can be changed by the Supreme Court or whether it must be changed by amendment ratified by a majority of the states.

HEATH J. RAWLEY
Attorney at Law
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I'm all for segregating the sexes in *all* the high schools in the country. Perhaps hard-working high-school teachers could persuade more students to concentrate on their studies if there were not the existing distractions of members of the opposite sex.

ELSIE H. HODGSON
Stratford, Conn.

HORSE NONSENSE

Dear Sirs:

Jan Dickson Skinner's THE HORSE THAT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE [Dec. 13] reminds me of a horse that must have been a relative of her Jerry. Driving one day just north of Franklin, N.H., I stopped to watch a field being cultivated. After making one round of the garden, the horse [below] would

Horse gives farmer a rest.

sit down and rest. Both the owner and the horse seemed to be satisfied with the arrangement.

CARL A. HALL
Concord, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

I do not find the horse hard to believe; it is the author I find hard to believe. I can readily believe a horse would sit down between the shafts of his buggy if he took the notion, but having harnessed horses to buggies many a time, I know he could not do this without such damage to harness and/or buggy that a major repair job would be needed before he could be driven off.

ALISON MOORE
Baton Rouge, La.

● *Author Skinner quotes her mother, Jerry's good friend, as follows: "Faugh! Jerry sat around on the streets of Whiteland for years and he never once damaged a buggy or became entangled in his harness. He just sat when he was tired and when you insisted, he got up. That's all there was to it."* —ED.

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PEOPLE-SIZE CAR!

'59 DE SOTO reverses the trend

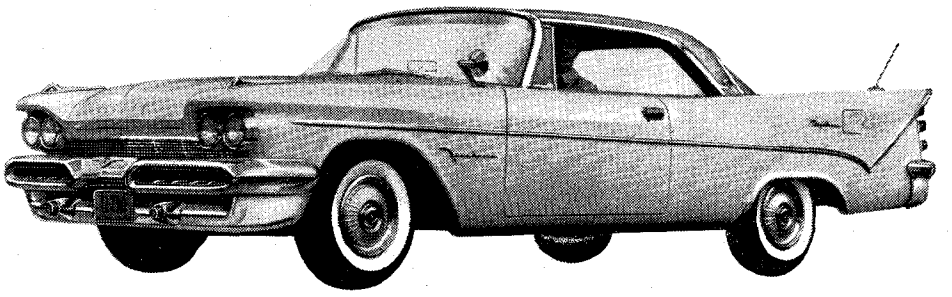
New cars are getting lower and lower—but people aren't! Many new cars are so low they're hard to get into . . . uncomfortable to sit up in . . . *impossible* for most tall Americans. So—leading the way again—De Soto reverses the trend.

People-size headroom in the new De Soto lets you sit up straight—even wearing a hat!

People-size legroom lets you stretch out—even if you're long and lanky. Inches more room than other cars.

People-size doors are higher and wider. Swivel seats swing you in and out in one easy motion.

See the fashion leader of the year at your De Soto dealer's today.



PEOPLE-SIZE PRICES on three lines...18 models. If you can afford any new car, there's a De Soto you can call your own. Take your pick.

The smart way to go places... **DE SOTO**

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Editorials

Do Those "Backward" Areas Need More Capital or Fewer Politicos?

Representatives of this country met recently with delegates from the twenty other republics of the Western Hemisphere to discuss Latin America's economic troubles. Comment suggested that all would be well, if the United States provided more capital on easy terms.

W. S. Woytinsky, the well-known economist, reporting in a New Leader pamphlet on an eight-month survey trip to fifteen Latin American countries, found no shortage of capital, but much evidence of capital misapplied or inefficiently employed. "Latin America," he observed, "is studded with the abandoned foundations of stadiums and theaters, hydroelectric dams without powerhouses, irrigation dams without irrigation canals, highways without feeders."

New governments prefer new schemes to completing those of their predecessors. The prime need, Woytinsky concluded, is political stability, the *sine qua non* for controlling inflation, expanding educational facilities and developing better-balanced economies.

Neither the United States nor any other outsider can give political maturity to other American republics. It must arise from within, fostered by responsible leadership. Without it, no amount of five-year plans or "soft loans" can bring permanent improvement to Latin America.

One Brazilian economist proposed raising the per-capita income of all Latin American republics to $480 per year. That figure is the per-capita income of Venezuela, which has profited by permitting foreign oil companies to make a profit on heavy investments.

Yet in neither Brazil nor in Argentina is it politically possible to permit foreign participation in the development of their potentially rich oil fields. Both nations have to find large amounts of foreign exchange to finance oil imports. But the mere suggestion of a development contract with foreign oil companies nearly overthrew the first democratically elected government Argentina has had in fifteen years. And in Brazil, street crowds, urged on by ambitious politicians, parade with signs reading: THE OIL IS OURS, a fact nobody denies, least of all those who want to help develop the oil fields on terms advantageous to the Brazilian economy.

As Serafino Romualdi, the AFL-CIO's Latin American representative, has remarked, all you have to do to kill the most sensible plans for economic development is to raise the bogey of Yankee imperialism. Apparently few Latin American statesmen can resist this line, even though it is self-defeating.

No, Madison Avenue Hasn't Taken Over Our Political Parties

No longer are the financiers on Wall and Broad streets and elsewhere in downtown New York the villains in our political campaigns. They have been supplanted by the frightening, sly advertising men in midtown Manhattan, on and near Madison Avenue.

These sinister sorcerers, you are supposed to believe, mastermind the election campaigns, flimflamming the voters by "hidden persuasion" and other subtle tricks. But they do this only for the Republican Party. The Democratic leaders, it seems, are too virtuous to employ them.

There are two things wrong with this manufactured myth. One is that the admen are hired to do a technical job under the command of the real strategists, the politicians. The other is that the Democratic Party makes at least as much use of the admen as the Republicans do.

The pattern for the modern use of advertising agencies by political parties was set in 1936, when Franklin Roosevelt won his whopping victory over Alfred M. Landon. The Democratic national chairman was James A. Farley, who used a large advertising agency to achieve a superb publicity success.

In 1948 came the first big use of television in campaigns. This made admen more necessary than ever. The buying of publication space and radio and television time is a difficult specialty. An Eisenhower, a Truman or a Stevenson doesn't know how to do such work. The admen must also make intricate arrangements for public-opinion polls. They must coach some speakers in broadcasting technique. They must do dozens of things that a Jim Farley, a Meade Alcorn, a Paul Butler, and other campaign managers know little about.

But the politicians run the campaign. The Democratic Party in 1958 gave its candidates a Political Publicity Handbook. This said: "Publicity and advertising experts can do the technical job of publicizing your program. But you are the one who should set the tone of your campaign and make the political decisions."

And the Republican publicity director, Robert Humphreys, backed this up. "The agency performs a technical function that no political party could do," he said. "But they would be babes in the woods if they tried to set our policy."

A senior vice president of a Madison Avenue agency that worked for the Democrats in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, says: "We are the technicians. Some outsiders have had the feeling that Madison Avenue is about to take over the policy-making function. As a bloodied veteran of many campaigns, let me assure you that this is far from true."

The reason "some outsiders" have had such a scared feeling about Madison Avenue's political function is that some politicians have astutely scared them, with the assistance of some newspaper and magazine writers—and even of a few radio and television commentators, who in deep tones of dole have worried about the dreadful goings-on of those Madison Avenue magicians. There are enough real dangers in the world today without wasting time scaring one another with such an imaginary bogeyman.

Foreign Students in U.S. Colleges Can Become Our Friends

There is nothing new in the fact that students in one country travel to another to increase their knowledge. But the scale on which foreign students are coming to the United States is very new.

One quarter of all the world's college and university students who leave their own countries come here: a total of 43,491 in 1957. The extent of this international quest for knowledge is dramatically shown by the fact that one organization which arranges for the exchange of scholars brought about the admission of 4913 in 1957, as against seven in 1920.

Foreign students were enrolled in approximately 2000 American colleges and universities at the last count, and they came from 149 nations and political areas. Before the two World Wars the movement was the other way, many of our scholars going to Germany, France and England. But devastation in Europe, the growth of our own educational institutions and the new position of the United States in the world have reversed the trend.

Slightly less than half the foreign students in this country are studying on their own or their families' funds. The others are financed by private organizations and by the United States Government, or a combination of both.

But let no one suppose that supporting foreign students, or exchange professors, teachers, specialists and leaders, is any short cut or miracle drug to unite the peoples of the world, break down the Iron Curtain and prevent war. Foreign students come here not to promote peace, but to prepare for their own professional and business careers.

Such visiting students should not be expected to abandon their cultural pattern and become Americanized. Nevertheless, these foreign students, many of whom will soon be the leaders in their own countries, can be expected to have influence in determining the attitude of their countries toward us.

The average American can help make these students real ambassadors of understanding. The dean of the nearest college can supply the names and nationalities of foreign students in his institution. Then families in the area can make them feel welcome by taking them home or perhaps to clubs, churches, athletic events, and the like. After all, the picture which these young people get of this country is the sum total of their experiences with individual Americans.

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Help your family to a healthy, happy winter…

THERE IS, of course, no *sure* way to escape colds and other respiratory ailments during the raw and chilly months of winter. But there are certain safeguards that you can take *now* to help you go through this season in better health—and enjoy some of those invigorating days that winter always brings.

Keep in top physical condition. If you've neglected to have a health examination in the past year, now's the time to see your doctor. If you're especially susceptible to colds, he may be able to advise you about ways to help avoid getting them.

Eat a well-balanced diet. Food provides fuel for warmth and energy . . . and what you eat has an effect on whether you catch colds easily and whether you recover *quickly* from an illness. If your meals—including a good breakfast—are based on a wide variety of foods, you can be sure of getting all the nutrients needed to help keep you healthy.

Get lots of rest and sleep. Fatigue can lower your resistance to respiratory diseases. Rest, sleep and recreation can help you avoid that "run-down" feeling that so many people complain of during the winter season.

Do not get too close to people who have colds. When someone has a respiratory disease, it's easy to pick up germs from the sick person. Be careful to protect young children from people who sneeze and cough carelessly.

Avoid drafts and chilling . . . and always wear clothing suited to weather conditions.

If you protect your health in these ways, the chances are that your resistance to colds, virus infections and pneumonia will be increased. In the event you develop one of these ailments, your ability to fight the infection and recover quickly will be greater.

The danger of the common cold lies mainly in other infections that may follow it. So, if your cold is accompanied by fever, a persistent cough, or a pain in the chest, face or ear, call your doctor promptly.

To help you feel fine this winter and the year round, Metropolitan offers a booklet called "Help Yourself to Health." Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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Please send me the free booklet,
"Help Yourself to Health," 1-59-E.

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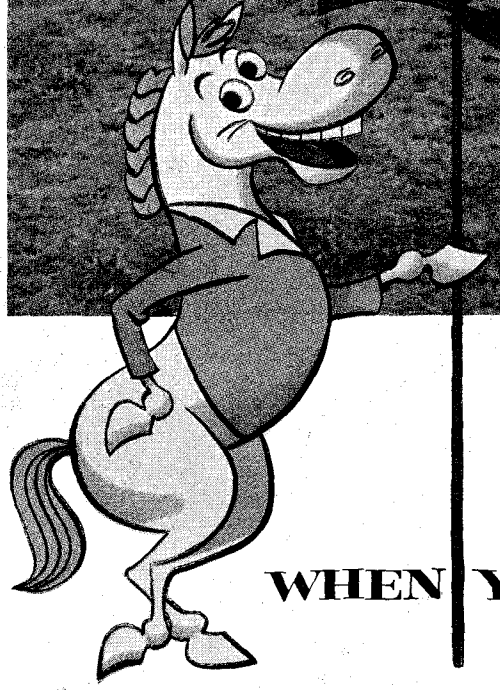
Listen to Bing...



Tune in the golf show of the year . . . Bing Crosby's National Pro-Amateur . . . brought to you by Oldsmobile live from Pebble Beach, California—on ABC-TV this Sunday, January 18.

Tune in the "Zorro" show, every week on ABC-TV. See "Sparky", AC's famous horse plugging for better performance from your car.

WHEN YOU REPLACE SPARK PLUGS...★

ASK FOR AC...USED ON MORE NEW CARS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

★ To maintain top performance, we recommend Spark Plug replacement at least every 10,000 miles.

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HOT TIP
SPARK PLUGS

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The Pope's Commandos

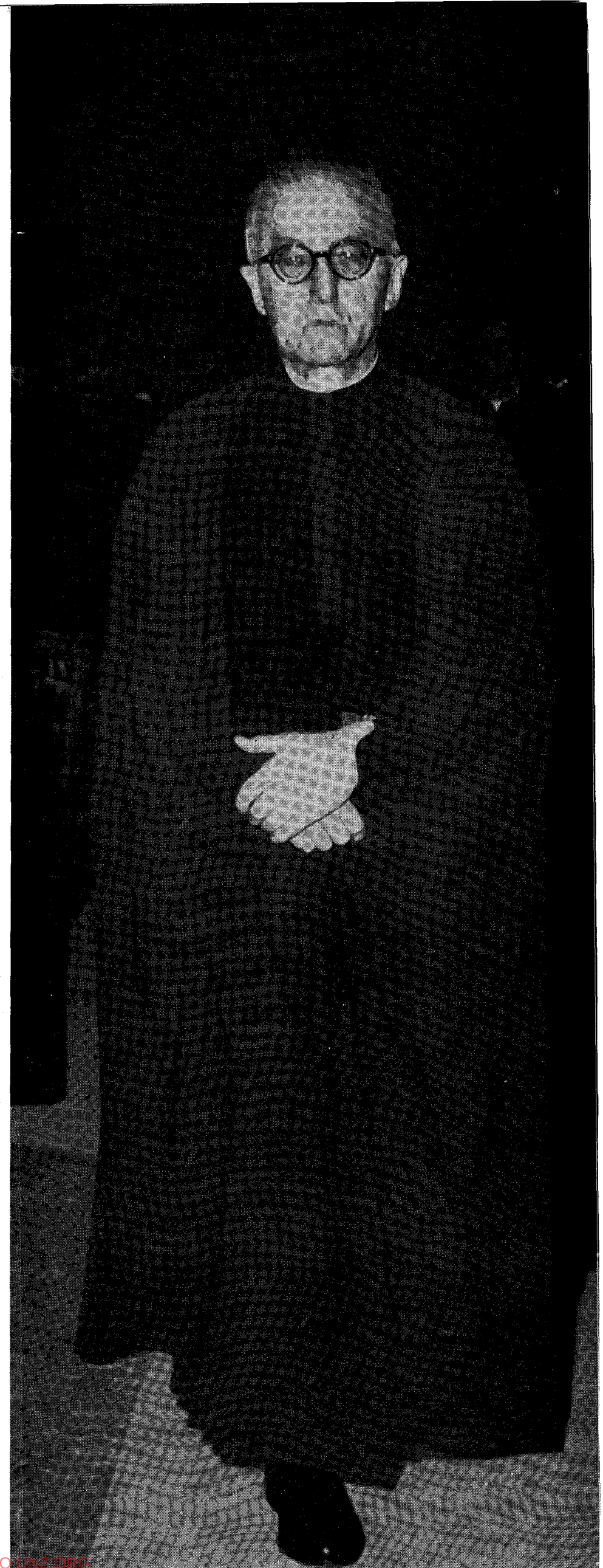
By ERNEST O. HAUSER

For 424 years the Jesuits have had to contend with enemies inside the Roman Catholic Church as well as outside. Here are little-known facts about this controversial order.

ROME.

The Jesuits! No other group of men has, down the centuries, furnished so much material for hot controversy. By far the largest and, in many ways, most influential of the religious orders of the Catholic Church, it is also the most feared, the most suspected and the most maligned. There are people who believe that every Jesuit has horns and cloven hoofs, others will swear no Jesuit can look you in the eye, and children have been known to run off yelling when greeted by a friendly Jesuit. Wars, revolutions and intrigues have often been laid to their doorstep, and almost everything a Jesuit may say is automatically taken to be double talk. The very name, "Jesuit," originated as a defamation, implying a great show of sanctimony, and nothing is more typical of the defiant spirit of the order than its adoption of the taunt to designate the members of what is still officially and formidably known as the Society of Jesus—"S.J."

What is its function in this world? A body of religious men devoted to the spiritual perfection of themselves and others, the Jesuits may exercise their apostolate in a variety of ways, including teaching, preaching, missionary work, and social action. The order's Latin motto, *Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam*—For the Greater Glory of God—places the emphasis on "greater." Their minds fixed on this single purpose, the Jesuits have, through the 424 years of their existence, contributed no end to the great forward rush of Western civilization. The order's history glows with the names of brilliant



The Very Reverend John Baptist Janssens, Father General of the Society of Jesus. He acknowledges no man on earth his superior, save the Pope himself.

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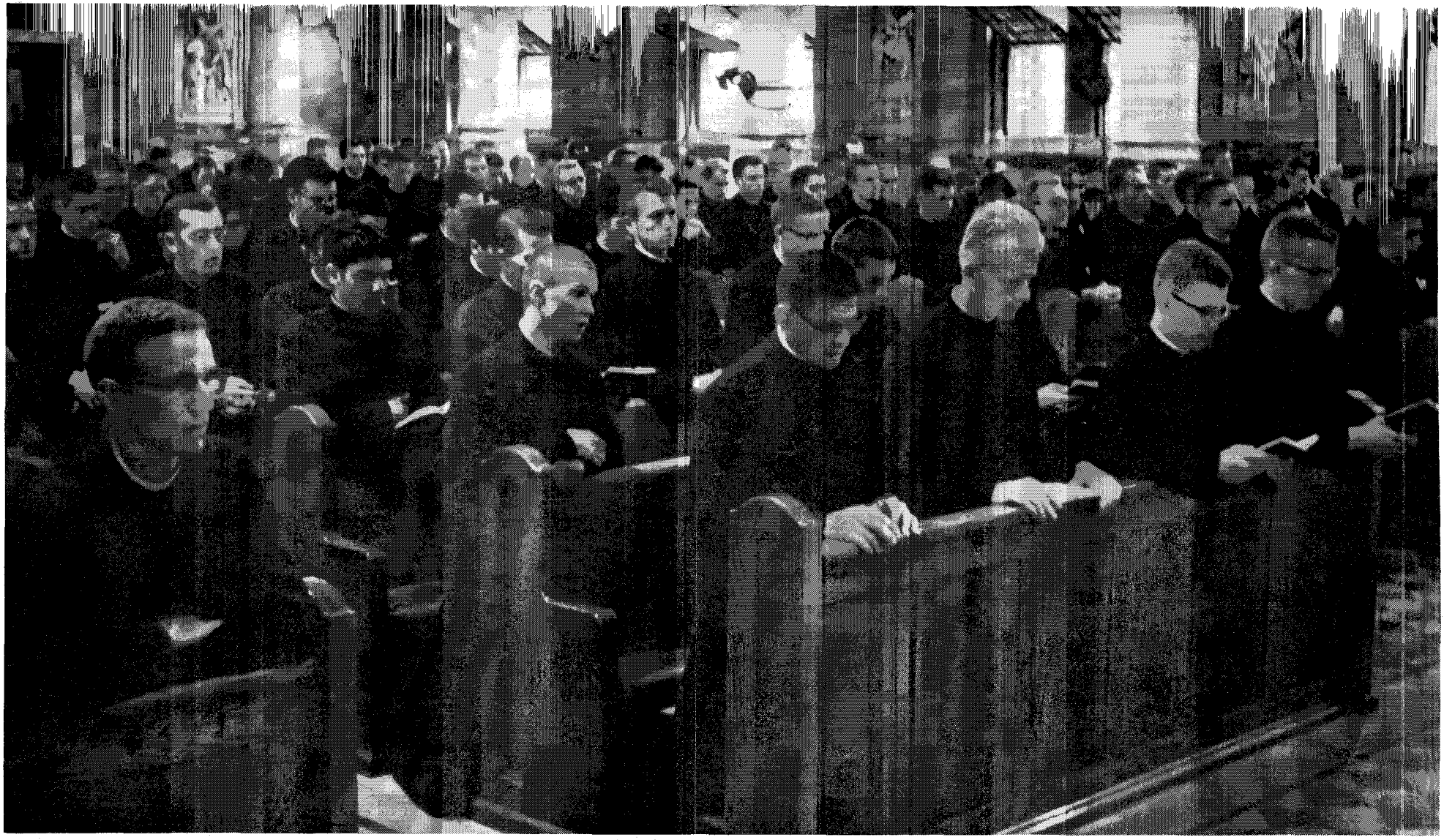


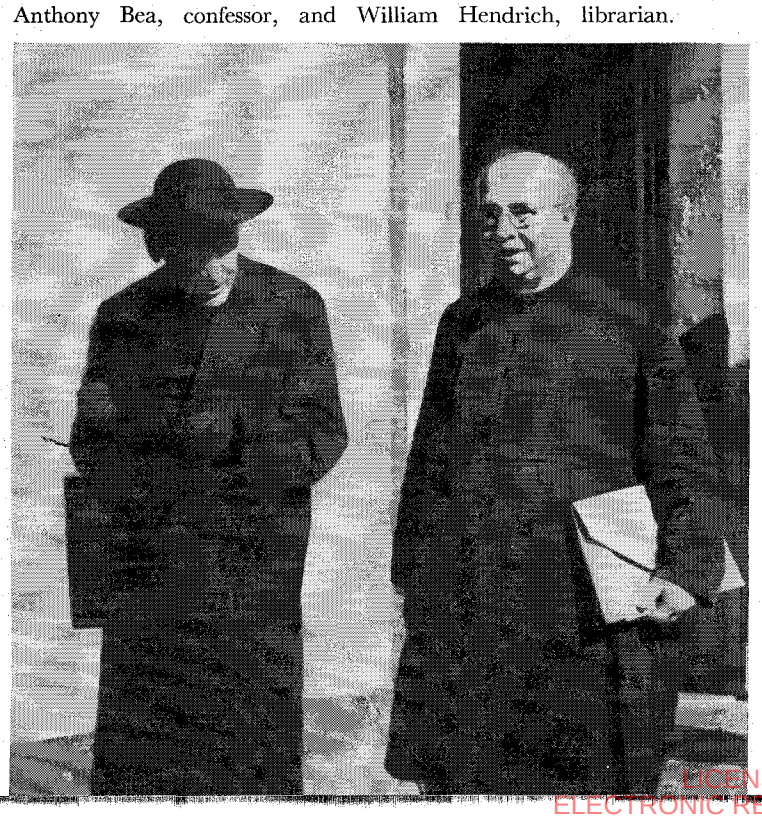
Novices at evening prayer at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo. Each year about 350 young Americans enter the Society.

thinkers, as well as those of twenty-seven saints and many martyrs. And there is no more striking proof of its appeal to modern Catholics than the fact that its membership has doubled since the first World War. The last ten years alone have seen an increase of 5000 members.

Of the world's 34,000 Jesuits, no fewer than 7500 are Americans. They form the largest and, in some respects, most vigorous national group within the order. And though the headquarters of the society remains in Rome, a stone's throw from the Vatican, the weight of the American contingent is making itself felt, increasingly, here at the top. For the first time in Jesuit history, two key positions are now held by Americans—Father James W. Naughton serves as the society's executive secretary, while Father Timothy L. Bouscaren, as procurator general, is charged with the society's relations with the Holy See. A third American, Father Vincent A. McCormick, the American "Assistant," is one of the most highly respected members of the group of nine consultors who form the order's cabinet.

In the United States, the Jesuits are looked upon as one of the most active and most influential elements within the Catholic community. Best known for their great string of colleges and universities—among them Fordham University, New York; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri; Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; the University of San Francisco; Boston College; and Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois—they are now in charge of more than 120,000 students. However, education is by no means their sole interest. American Jesuits run houses of retreat, service Catholic parish churches, publish such intellectual periodicals as America and Thought, and operate an FM radio station in New York, as well as a radio and TV station in New Orleans. Their Sacred Heart program of

Below: Two of the late Pius XII's most trusted Jesuit confidants Anthony Bea, confessor, and William Hendrich, librarian.



Antonio Stefanizzi, S.J. He directs the Vatican Radio, which is staffed entirely by Jesuits.

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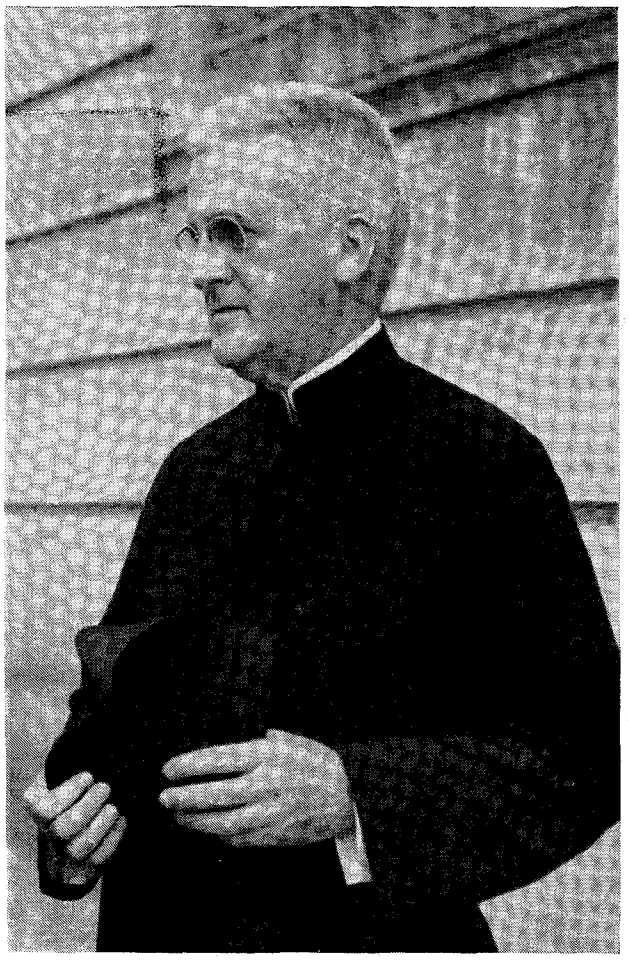
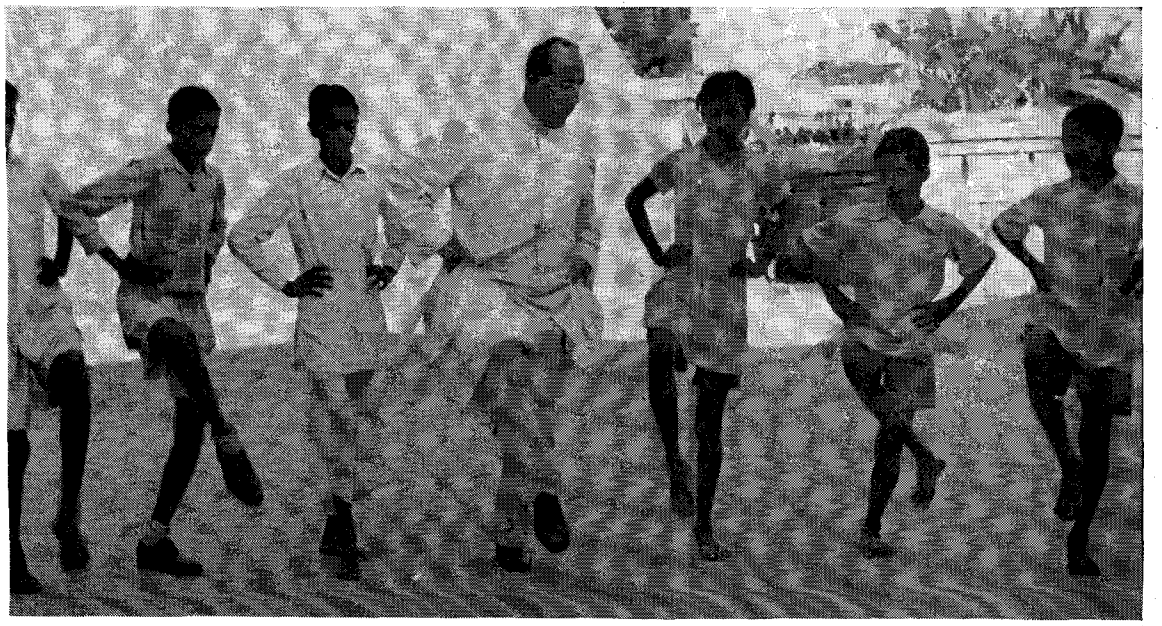
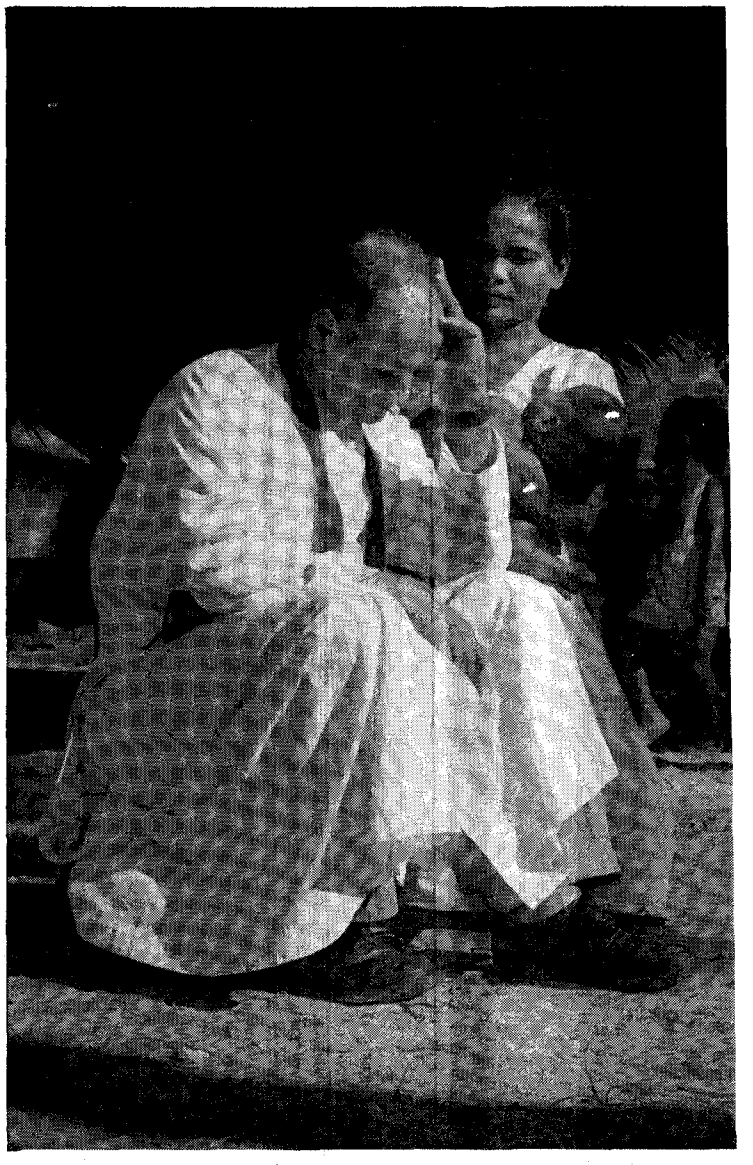


Vincent A. McCormick, adviser to the Father General, represents the American part of the order at Rome.

American Jesuits operate an FM radio station at Fordham University in New York (above) as well as a radio and TV station in New Orleans.



Father Vincent McGlinchey with his charges at the Jesuits' Patna Mission in India.



On the Pacific Island of Truk, in the Carolines, Father John Hoek hears a native woman's confession.

music, talk and prayer, carried by hundreds of commercial radio and TV stations, enjoys a large, constantly growing audience in every part of the United States.

But the United States, with its ten Jesuit provinces, is only one of nine assistancies, or geographic regions, into which the society divides itself for administrative reasons. Each province is administered by a "provincial," and each assistancy is represented at world headquarters by an "assistant." Horizontally, the order is divided into three main categories—some 17,700 "fathers," or priests; some 10,600 "scholastics," or future priests; and some 5700 lay brothers employed largely at clerical and domestic chores and subject to a relatively short, informal training. The last-named—though they, too, are Jesuits—are not included in the scope of our study.

There is, at first sight, something baffling about Jesuits. Although they form an order, they are neither monks nor friars, but "clerks regular." They do not live in monasteries but in houses. They are distinguished by no picturesque habit. The ankle-length black cassock, with the broad, black cincture, which Jesuits wear in the streets of Italy and other European countries, (Continued on Page 46)

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Morano just stood there—a silent, immobile witness to Haggerty's death.

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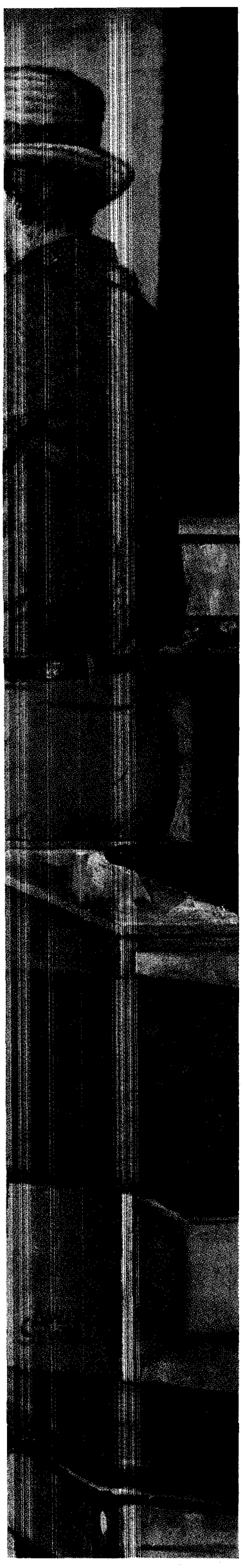

By WILLIAM HOLDER

Double Exposure

Did the gun-shy cop deserve a second chance?

McNary parked the car in front of the apartment. "I'll be back in a couple of hours, Helen. I want to go down to the station and find out how this happened. I'd like to get a look at this punk who was riding with him, for one thing."

"All right," his wife said slowly. "But go easy, Joe. These things happen. That's why I don't sleep well." She got out and closed the door. "Maybe you'd like to bring someone home for dinner. Marie is coming over."

McNary brought his thoughts around to Marie, his wife's sister. Marie was twenty-four, ten years younger than Helen. She looked like Helen, which made her a very handsome young woman. "I have brought a couple of guys to dinner. She didn't like them. She thought they were just tough cops." Marie had a B.A. and an M.A. and taught a history class in high school. "Marie is very particular."

His wife said patiently, "It's just that she can read and write. She is not primarily concerned with the outcome of prize fights. I don't expect you to come up with a Nobel-prize winner ——"

"I'll worry about it," McNary said. He responded to her wave and drove downtown.

The big funeral they had just come from had to be the last memory you had of Tom Haggerty. There had been nothing there of the booming laugh or of the humorous blue eyes that could become as cold as a winter dawn. You didn't remember Haggerty dead, but alive through the many days and the countless midnights; asking the right questions, doing the right things, sharing with you the ripe fruits of his long experience. Haggerty had been what the word "cop" meant—smart and hard-working, too tough for the tough ones, easy with the confused and mistaken ones. And now Haggerty was dead of three vicious bullets, any one of which would have been sufficient to kill him.

McNary parked in back of the tired old red-brick building which was the 147th Precinct and went right up to the office of Capt. Harry Sullivan. "You're not due back for two days, Joe," Sullivan said. "Sit down."

McNary took a chair. "I've had enough vacation. I'm sorry I couldn't get here until this morning." He and Helen had been in Maine when they got the word, the day after Haggerty had been killed. "What do you know about this that I don't know?"

Sullivan leaned back in his chair. "Haggerty and Morano were driving along Green Street when a man ran shouting out of Fulton's, the jewelry store. Haggerty stopped, and they both ran for the store with the guns out. Three men inside, all armed. One of them held a woman customer in front of him as a shield and the other two were in a line behind him, working on the display trays. The one holding the woman told Haggerty and Morano to drop the guns or he'd shoot the woman, so they dropped the guns. The others worked fast, dumping everything into a little canvas traveling bag. Haggerty was talking to them, telling them they were stupid, trying to bluff them. He said he'd put it on the air from the car and that in thirty seconds the place would be swarming with cops and they'd never get away with it."

Sullivan lit a cigarette. "They had finished and were heading to the rear entrance when the gunman who was holding the woman called Haggerty a bigmouth and shot him. He shot him twice more while he lay on the floor."

McNary said, "And what was this Morano doing while all this was going on?"

"The other two had their guns on him, Joe. And Haggerty was already dead. There's a short alley in back of the store. At the end of the alley a car and driver were waiting for them. Morano ran out and got one shot at the car, and then it was lost in the traffic. A lightweight black sedan was all he caught of it." He slid a hard-paper folder across the desk. "There's a copy of the file. It's all we know."

McNary took it. "I'll be back to work in the morning." Then he said, "What about the slob who was riding with Haggerty?"

(Continued on Page 69)

Illustrated by Amos Sewell

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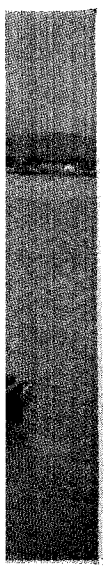


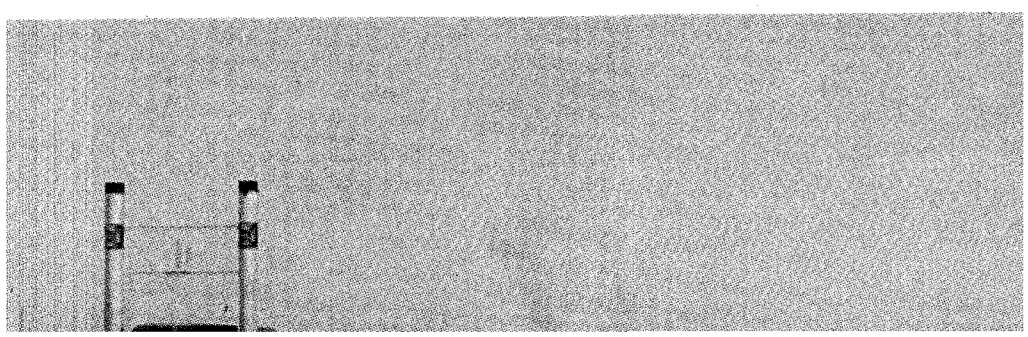
on a ferry
d Arango.

Mark Twain would love the Magdalena in Colombia, a steamboat river with a Latin flavor. The author takes you on a colorful voyage. . . .

I CRUISED THE LAZIEST RIVER

By BILL WOLF

ıny stern-wheelers that ply the Magdalena between La Dorada and Barranquilla.



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The David Arango carries about sixty passengers in air-conditioned cabins. Fare for the round trip, usually twelve days, is $100.

From his dugout canoe, a Magdalena fisherman casts his throw net. The river valley natives are generally a mixture of white, Negro and Indian blood, with the Indian strain dominant in the interior.

The paddle-boat David Arango was hissing steam, ready to start from the river port city of La Dorada, deep in the interior of Colombia, South America, on its 560-mile trip down the Magdalena River to Barranquilla on the Caribbean Sea coast.

The captain wanted to leave immediately—he had just come upriver, delayed five days en route—and we were glad to escape the heat of La Dorada and the Hotel Departamental. With other boat passengers from the same hotel we formed a straggling procession across a sun-baked public square, heading for the dock.

Our luggage was carried by the drayage system of La Dorada. Young porters strapped the handles of our bags together, slung them fore and aft across their shoulders, draped some around their necks and lurched under their burdens to the David Arango. The final whistle was sounded, the gangplanks were pulled up, and a cloud of vapor enveloped the craft as the stern paddle wheel backed us out into the main channel.

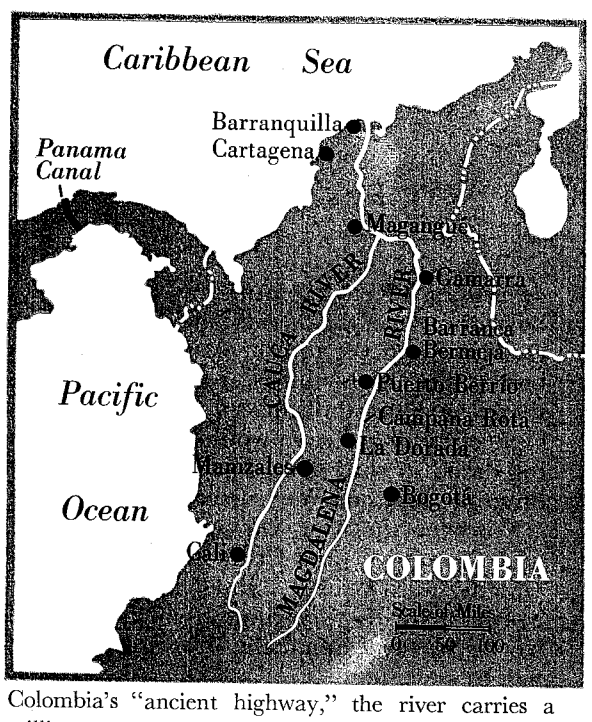
The big paddle wheel reversed, and we swung around to head downstream, which is "up north" on the map. Bells spoke their messages back and forth between the pilothouse that surmounted the third and topmost deck, and the engine room on the first deck. Twin funnels poured black smoke into the air, like Mississippi River steamboats of a century ago. We were on our way down Colombia's most ancient highway, the Magdalena River.

Our route to the Caribbean Coast and the old Spanish Main would lead through the land of El Dorado, the Gilded One of Indian legend, whose reputed wealth led to the exploration and conquest of inland Colombia four hundred years ago. The Magdalena, plus its big tributary, the Cauca, which is to the Magdalena what the Missouri is to the Mississippi, is still today the main carrier of freight and passengers—

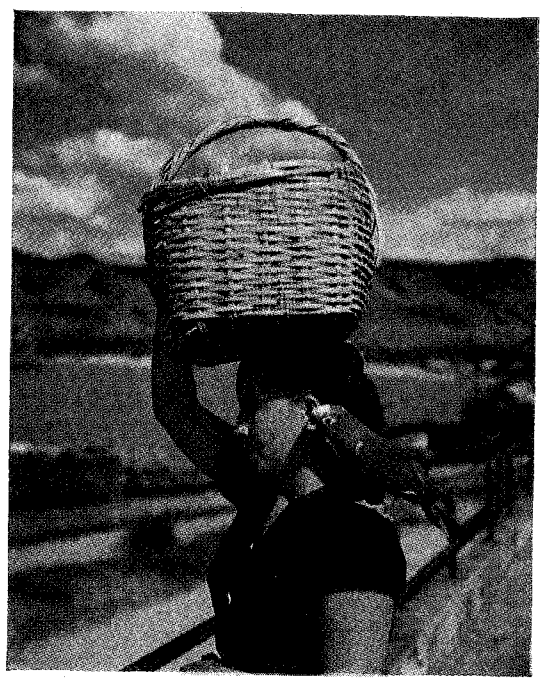
(Continued on Page 76)

Photographs by Dimitri Wolkonsky

In Barranquilla, a flock of flamingos captured on the Magdalena delta await shipment to the U.S.



Colombia's "ancient highway," the river carries a million tons of cargo and 200,000 passengers annually.



Parrot peddler: At some stops, villagers swarm aboard with every salable object they can lay a hand on.

Ocelot cub: From the decks of the David Arango, passengers can watch the jungle, only 15 feet away.

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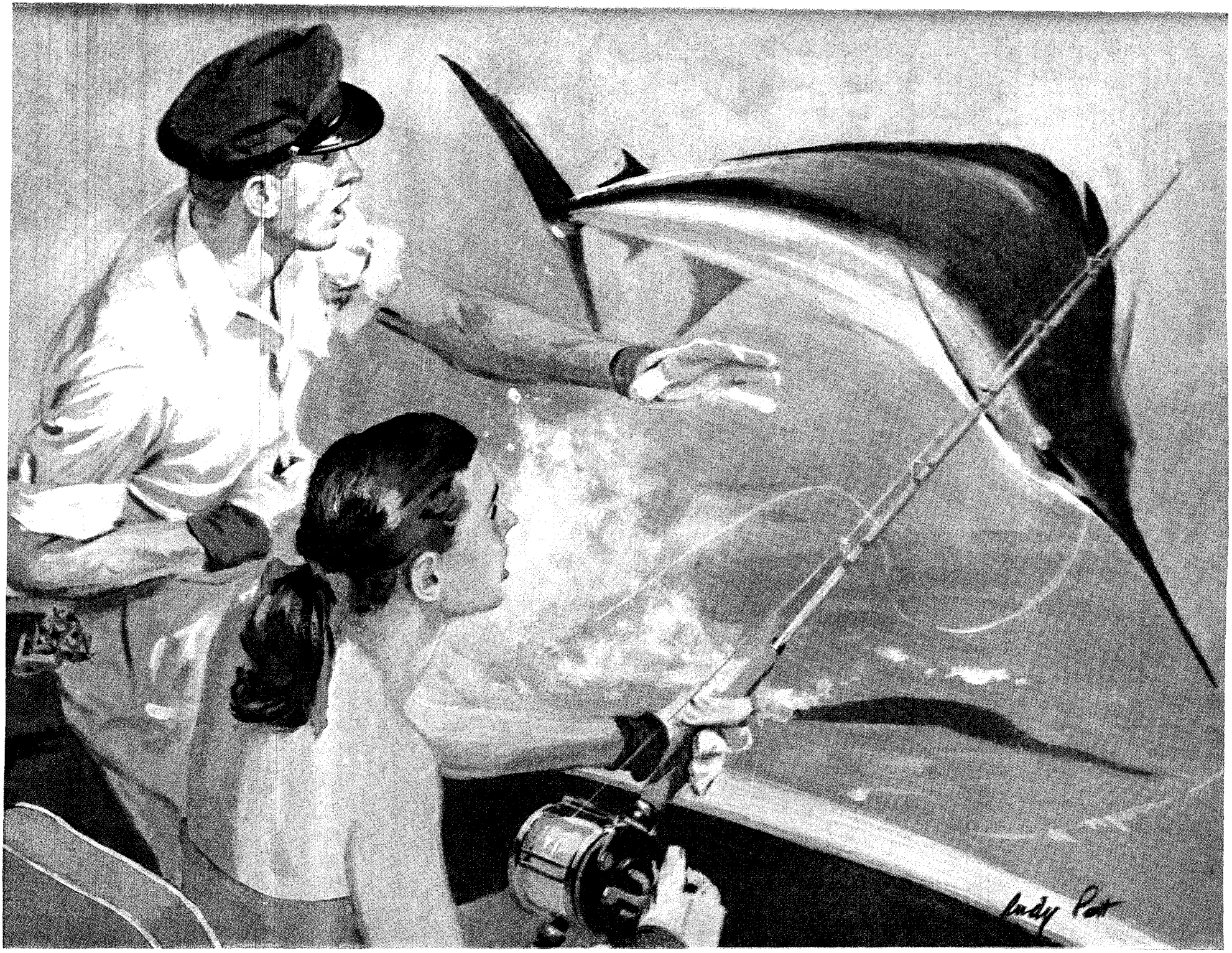

And then—amazingly—the great fish leaped again.

THE GIRL ON BONGO KEY

A new Crunch and Des story. . . .

By PHILIP WYLIE

A still-hidden sun ignited gray clouds above the Great Bahama Bank. Under them the ocean surface reflected reds and yellows of combustion; its depths regained their colored clarity—jade, amethyst, emerald, sapphire. Crunch Adams, skipper of the sports-fishing charter boat Poseidon, rolled from his bunk as if the light change were an alarm clock. He put on slacks and stepped to the stern cockpit for his morning ceremonial—weather estimate: hot; maybe a few squalls; otherwise perfect.

From one of the many tents on shore came a fragrance of pine smoke, bacon, coffee, toasting bread; and in a smaller, nearby tent, a woman sang, Oh, What a Beautiful Morning! The skipper smiled.

But afterward he frowned and finally shrugged; Raven-Lee Trentley's business was not his business. Maybe the tall girl—as dark-eyed as an Oriental, almost as unfathomable—was just Meyer's secretary. Maybe she did lend her serene beauty to that task and one other—posing for the project photographer, Mr. Parto, wherever a "new step of progress" was made on the island.

Crunch looked shoreward, remembering Elizabeth Town before Meyer and his construction company from Nassau had changed everything. Remembering the pastel, clapboard houses of the natives, the sun-faded general store and the ramshackle dock. Remembering the trees—limes, coconuts, bananas, shady banyans and sapadillos. Gone now.

Steel dinosaurs soon would make the morning dreadful with noise—pile drivers, 'dozers, draglines and concrete mixers.

But even the New York promoter couldn't sabotage the sea, and Crunch regarded it contentedly until Meyer himself appeared. Jack Meyer wore the "costume" which made his work crews call him, behind his back, "Pukka Sahib"—white (Continued on Page 72)

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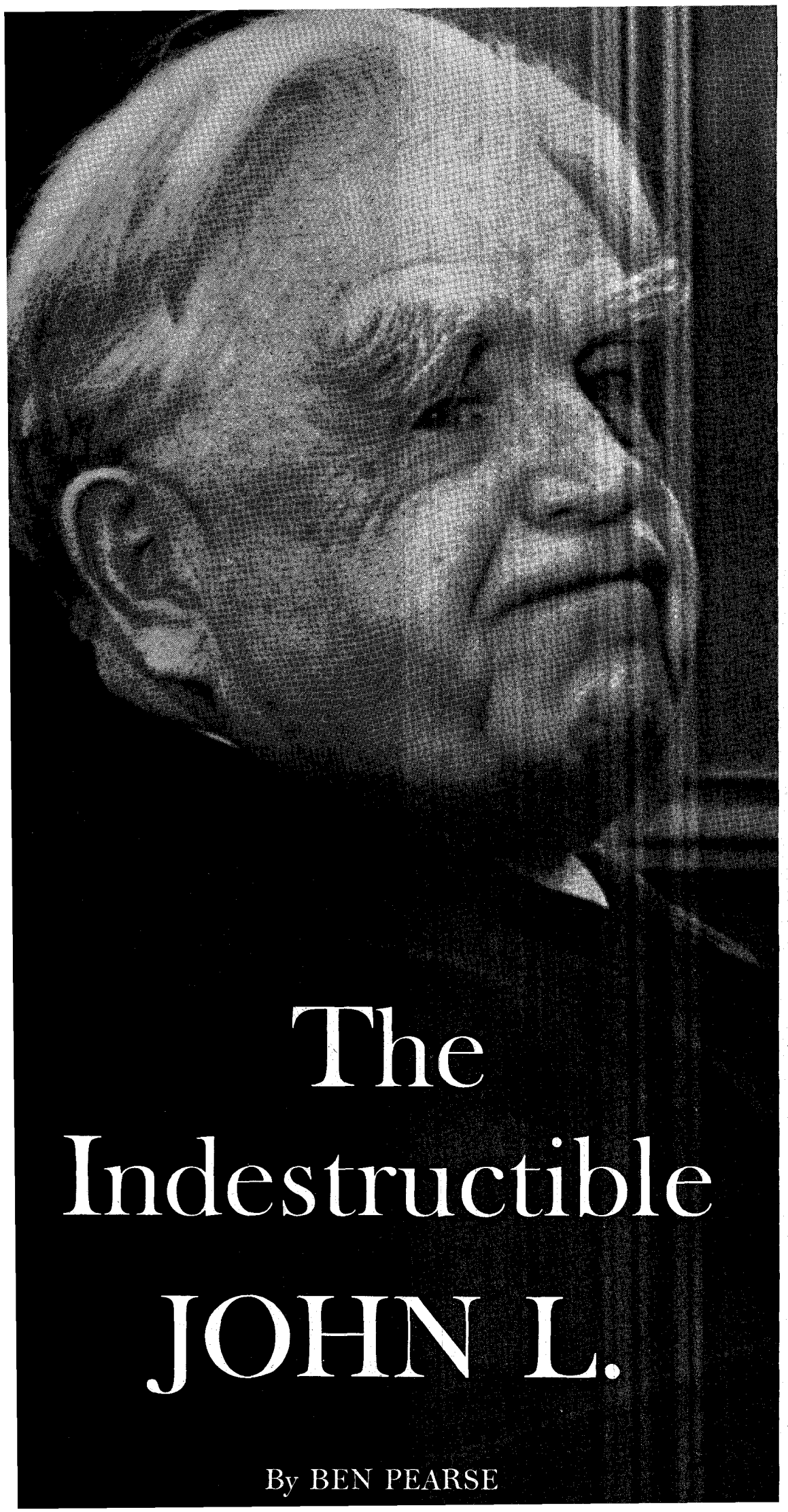

The Indestructible JOHN L.

By BEN PEARSE

Twenty years ago the nation shook when he barked. Today he's a mellower man—but still able to drive a hard bargain.

"John L. Lewis," the headline writer muttered to himself as he skimmed through a sheet of press copy on his desk, "I thought he was dead. Haven't heard of him for years."

The copy announced briefly that the bushy-browed leader of the United Mine Workers of America, very much alive, had signed a new agreement with the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association. A few years before, that would have climaxed weeks of banner headlines about picket lines, court battles and factories shut down for lack of coal, illustrated with the frowning visage of the miners' chief.

But this story said nothing about strike violence, court orders or shutdown factories. There were no ultimatums, no recriminations. With a shrug, the headline writer gave it routine treatment for wage raises and thumbed on through the copy before him for something more exciting.

Who tamed John L. Lewis? For nearly nine years now—March is the anniversary month—his union has called no major strike against its employers. Since 1950 most of their wage agreements have been negotiated and signed with so little fanfare that they attracted only passing notice or none at all. The Senate Select Committee's hearings on the sad state of some labor-management relations ran for more than a year without mentioning the word coal.

"What is this," one operator said recently, crossing his fingers, "the millennium?"

Except to students of labor relations, the question would be academic but for one surprising fact. Coal is staging a comeback. The industry so often pronounced sick and dying mined 500,000,000 tons of bituminous coal in 1956—the point of some return on investment—and came within 2 per cent of hitting that mark again in 1957, despite the recession. Barring a brief flurry during the oil shortage of 1947–8, it hasn't dug that much coal under peacetime conditions since 1929. Coal production last year fell off with the rest of industrial production, especially in steel. But electric utilities are using more coal year by year. By 1975, they expect to be burning about 490,000,000 tons of coal, as much as total production for all purposes last year. Bank brochures recommend coal-company stocks for long-term investment,

(Continued on Page 83)

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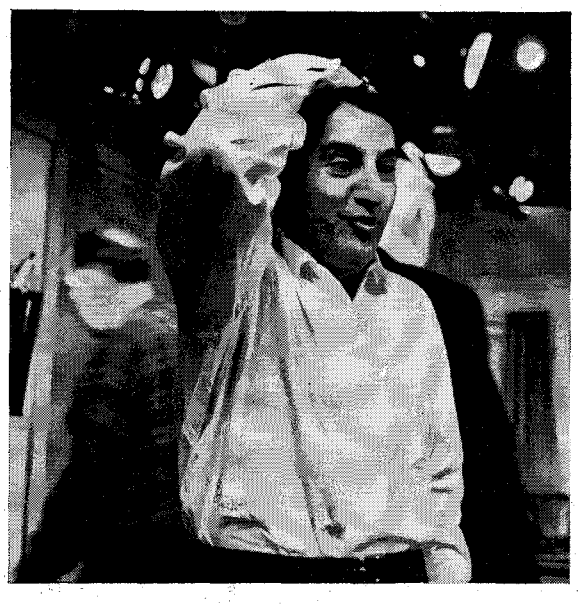

Danny is now 45 and a top TV star. He began his career 34 years ago as a burlesque-theater soda-pop vendor.

I CALL ON DANNY THOMAS

An intimate report on a famous comedian, his devotion to a forgotten saint, and the surprising vow he has sworn to fulfill.

BY PETE MARTIN

November, 1958: Groundbreaking for St. Jude Hospital, at Memphis, for children with catastrophic diseases. It is the shrine Danny pledged to the saint about 20 years ago.

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He is a comedian who can make you cry. He is a serious man who can make you laugh. For Danny Thomas, these diverse talents have paid off. In November, 1958, they landed his "clean and wholesome," C.B.S. family-type TV show at the top of the Trendex rating list, ahead of such rugged competition as Gunsmoke, Wagon Train, Perry Como, What's My Line, Person to Person, Wyatt Earp, and Maverick.

I first met Danny Thomas in a high-toned Beverly Hills rib-joint because I was with a friend who knew him. At times he looks startlingly like Cary Grant. Then you get a load of his nose and the Grant illusion fades. His nose is pure Lebanese. It resembles a small scimitar.

Danny sat at our table and began to talk. His voice gathers pace and volume as it goes along. In no time at all it was winging. He was telling me things I wanted to put down on paper, and my mind is a sieve. I get it slow, or I don't get it. So I did the only thing that I could think of to dam his verbal torrent. I said, "I have to wash my hands." When I came back, Danny said, "I get it. I was talking too much and too fast."

"Next time," I told him, "I'll be prepared to trap your words so I won't lose them."

Several weeks later I waited for him in the lobby of a hotel in New York while he completed a nonstop flight from Los Angeles to Idlewild. When he arrived pandemonium broke loose. Bellhops, elevator men, maids, people from room service, an elderly man with a roaring vacuum cleaner, all shouted greetings to him. They weren't tip-begging greetings. They knew him and liked him.

When the hullabaloo died, Danny loosened his tie, took off his coat, sat down and told me, "The thing that scares me about telling you my story is that I'll have to describe my special feeling for Saint Jude. I'll have to tell you what Saint Jude has done for me, and what I'm trying to do for him. An interview geared to faith might bug some people, so if anybody thinks faith is nonsense they'd better stop right here. I'm not a pious man who is always on his knees. I'm not trying to convert anybody. I pray the only way I know how; strictly informal. Once there was a play, My Brother Talks to Horses. I, however, talked to marble statues, or rather, to one marble statue. Everyone said it couldn't hear, but I was sure the saint it represented could hear me. And I got answers." Danny studied me thoughtfully, then asked, "O.K.?"

I said, "O.K.," and Danny said, "I'll start with my Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia. They adopted me. Uncle Tony was my mother's brother. His wife, Aunt Julia, was barren."

"What happened to your own mother and father?" I asked.

Danny said, "I was born in a blizzard in Deerfield, Michigan, on January 6, 1914. My father raised draft horses. My birthplace was a horse farm. The regular doctor wasn't available, so a veterinarian delivered me. Our family rarely discuss that farm because it was a sadness in my father's life. He lost it when I was only a few months old. He ran out of dough.

"Mom was so ill she almost died after I was born. Aunt Julia came out to the farm to take care of me when mom was so desperately sick. She became attached to me and I to her. Then we all (Continued on Page 63)

Above: At a Christmas benefit in Los Angeles, Rhonda Flem

The three Thomas children and their parents in their Beverly
garet, 21; Mrs. Rosemarie Thomas; Danny; and Tony, 10. A

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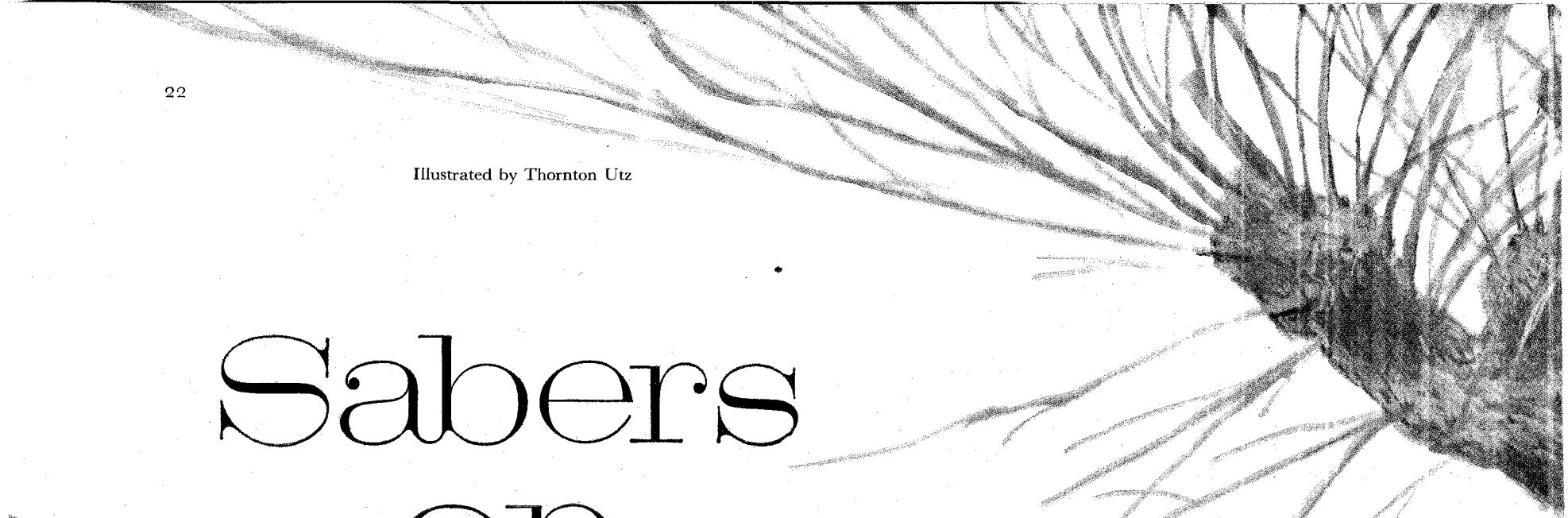
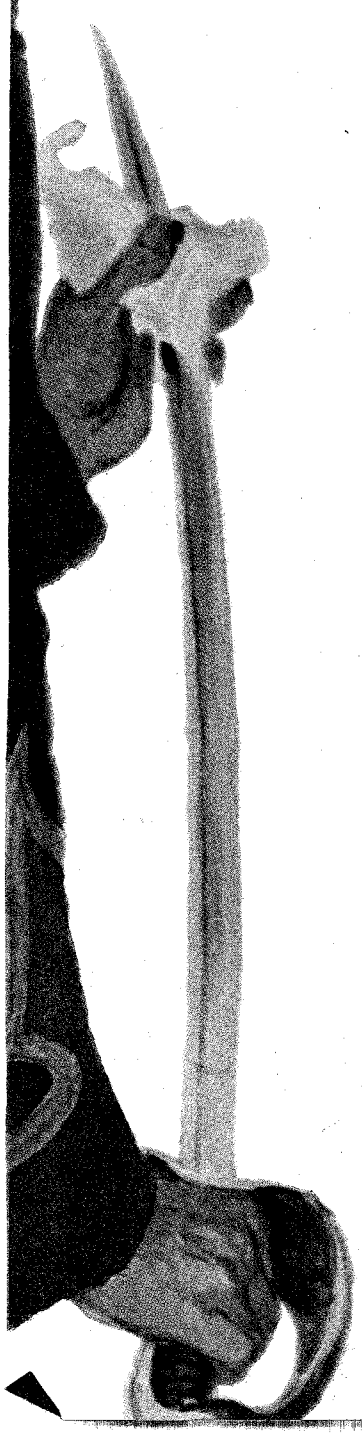
Illustrated by Thornton Utz



Sabers on the Sand

It wasn't that he was a coward. He just didn't know how to fight a duel.

By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD



The rules of the game of Honor were really, you know, common sense. Like all conventions, they were ridiculous but prevented anarchy. I accepted them with a casual amusement which should have enabled me to handle them easily. Yet I am still bothered by the memory of an act which would have been condemned as unforgivably dishonorable by all my contemporaries. That it was for the sake of my sister made no difference—made it worse, if anything.

I must take you back to musical comedy of the year 1923. But it was not on any stage; it was the life of every week. Or, not exaggerating at all, the life of once a month. My sister and I were then Rumanians. Before 1918 we had been Hungarians. As a count of the Empire, I never really felt that I was either. So Magda and I took to our new nationality with decent resignation. We were flat broke, but one could have a lot of formal fun in Bucharest on next to nothing a year.

We had been asked to the royal ball at the Military Club. It was a scented night of late spring, but nerves were too edgy for enchantment. Chandeliers, which had only just been adapted from gas to electricity, gave too hard a light. The officers were made aware that cheap cloth of the pale blue and gold was no more effective in a ballroom than it had been in battle. The women, wearing the short and unceremonious frocks of 1923 for the first formal occasion, felt disarmed—as if, Magda said, they were waltzing in their slips.

Only the few foreigners, dressed in the black-and-white of secure convention, were enjoying themselves without a care. They were mostly diplomats, but there were a few socially acceptable representatives of industry and finance—among them, Rob Tymson. He was five years older than I, but I felt responsible for him. When I saw that he was contentedly knocking back champagne at the bar and exchanging pleasant reminiscences of sudden death in the St. Quentin sector of the Western Front with a French banker called Delorme, I went off and danced.

My first premonition of something wrong was half an hour later. Magda and Rob were fox-trotting together, and everybody was trying hard not to stare at them. I thought that perhaps he had proposed at last and then committed the crime of kissing her in public. But it was not that.

When I had managed to draw them unobtrusively out of the crowd and onto a quiet balcony, Magda said, "Rob is going to fight a duel."

Well, it was just possible. If in the mood, Rob could play his part in our local comedy flamboyantly as the British colonel in attendance upon Prince Florizel. But he was a typical Englishman, tall, fair, full of responsibility and common sense. He had come out to Bucharest for three weeks to sign a government contract on behalf of his family's steel business. As soon as he realized that three weeks meant at least six months, he determined to stay on and enjoy himself.

"I am not going to fight a duel," said Rob, flushing. "It is barbarous to risk murdering a man just because he lost his temper."

"You can choose pistols," Magda advised him quite correctly. "You were in the war. You must know enough about it to be able to miss him."

"Will you try to understand, Magda, that Englishmen do not fight duels?"

(Continued on Page 80)

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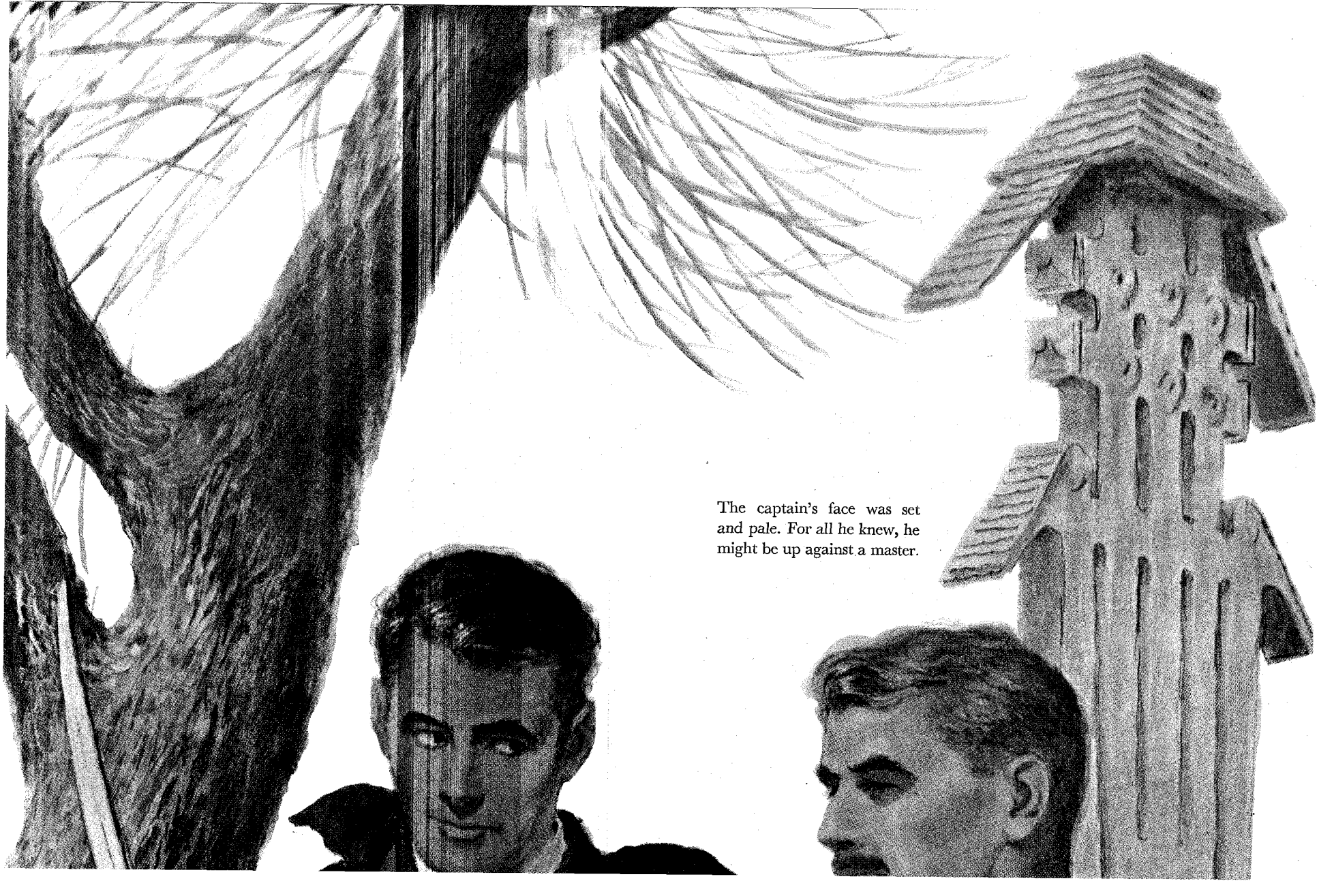

The captain's face was set and pale. For all he knew, he might be up against a master.

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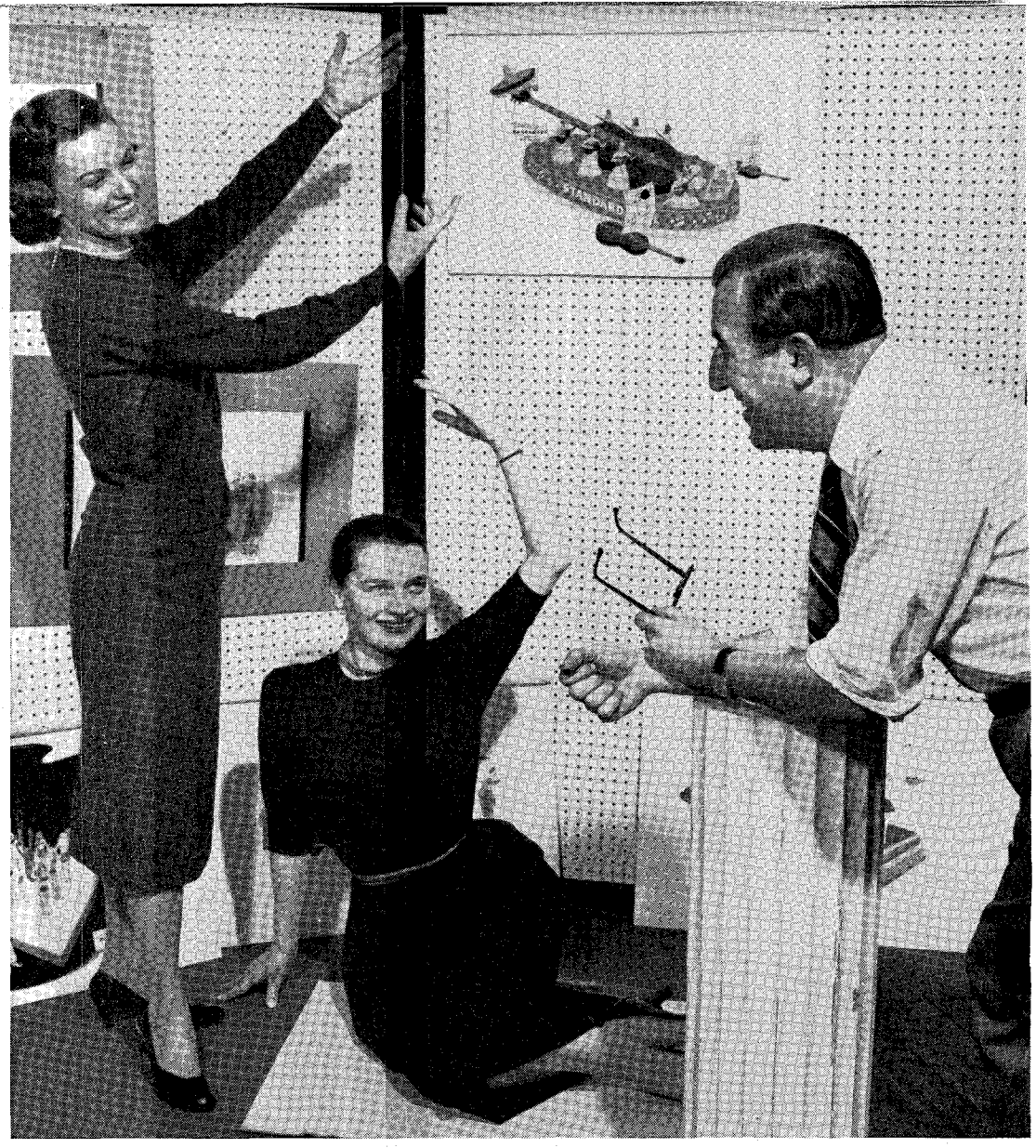
Big Parader

Here's how a frenzied expert stages street extravaganzas—from the Coney Island Mardi Gras to the President's Inaugural.

By Richard Gehman



Parade in the making: In his office in New York, Sazani interviews applicants for float-riding jobs. The girls are theatrical aspirants who make extra money by appearing in parade tableaus during their spare time.

Who among us can point to the very day on which his destiny was decided? A friend of mine named Demetrios Apostolis Sazani can. On Thanksgiving Day, 1924, when he was seven years old, Sazani wriggled into the front row of a great throng gathered at the corners of 42nd Street and 8th Avenue in New York City to watch Macy's annual Thanksgiving Day parade. He stamped his small foot as the bands strutted along, marveled at the magnificent constructions on the colorful floats, and trembled as a huge papier-mâché dragon snaked by, eyes rolling and antennae waving. Then and there, Sazani fell in love—not just with that parade, but with all parades.

Today, thirty-five years later, Sazani's enthusiasm has not waned. A compact, bustling man who somewhat resembles Phil Silvers with hair, Sazani frequently travels long distances just to stand and watch a parade. New Year's Day used to throw him into a terrible dilemma—he could never decide whether to go to the Mummers' Parade, in Philadelphia, or the Tournament of Roses, in Pasadena. Now, with television, he can watch both, and he is a happy man. He is also prosperous, for during the past ten years he has realized a boyhood ambition; not content merely to be a spectator, he now produces parades professionally.

Sazani is not the only one of his kind; the American Legion and other nationwide organizations have parade producers. But as far as Sazani knows, he is the only free-lance operator in the United States who devotes his time almost exclusively to this curious occupation.

On Fourth of July, scores of Independence Day parades around the country owe their existences, in part, to Sazani, thanks to a booklet he wrote in 1955 for the National Safety Council on how to stage a parade. The booklet was a product of experience he picked up in producing such extravaganzas as the Green Cross Safety Parades, in New York, the Greek-American Independence Day Parade—also in New York—the Hamilton County Sesquicentennial Parade, Cincinnati, the Coney Island Mardi Gras, and various smaller parades for lodges, civic organizations and charity drives. When Sazani cannot produce a parade all by himself, he offers his services as consultant, float designer and contractor, or, if worst comes to worst, float rider. Sazani has no idea of the number of parades in which he has marched or ridden in his lifetime, but he says, "During the past five years I have been personally involved in over two hundred."

In January of 1957, Sazani was personally involved in his (Continued on Page 66)

Inaugural Parade, 1957: This float broke down before it reached Ike's reviewing stand (left). Sazani (center, striding) made quick repairs and got it through.

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THE BACHELOR COULDN'T SLEEP

By FREDERICK BORG

He had only one problem:
the beautiful, noisy girl upstairs.

George stood on the western slope of Telegraph Hill in San Francisco, looking first at the classified advertisement he had clipped from the morning Observer and then at the building across the street. The advertisement was a triumph over the high cost of newspaper space: "TEL. HILL, 3 rms., furn., firepl., elev., beaut. view, all util., $100 mo. 310 Lombard." The building, of redwood weathered a soft gray, was five stories high. A deck went around the top floor.

George crossed the street, opened the outer door, and found himself in a small lobby, in the rear of which were two other doors, one bearing the numeral One, the other the word Elevator. MANAGER, FOURTH FLOOR, a card on the wall informed him. George entered the tiny car and punched a button.

The manager was a woman of sixty with green hair, a heavily rouged face in which could be discerned traces of former beauty, and a hearing aid. Her body, which was ample, was swathed in red bombazine. George wondered whether he had come to the right address.

"Would you like to see the penthouse first?" the woman asked, reaching behind the door for a bunch of keys. "The man who had it was called East yesterday."

"All right," George said, figuring it would cost nothing to take a look. The green-haired charmer led the way to the elevator.

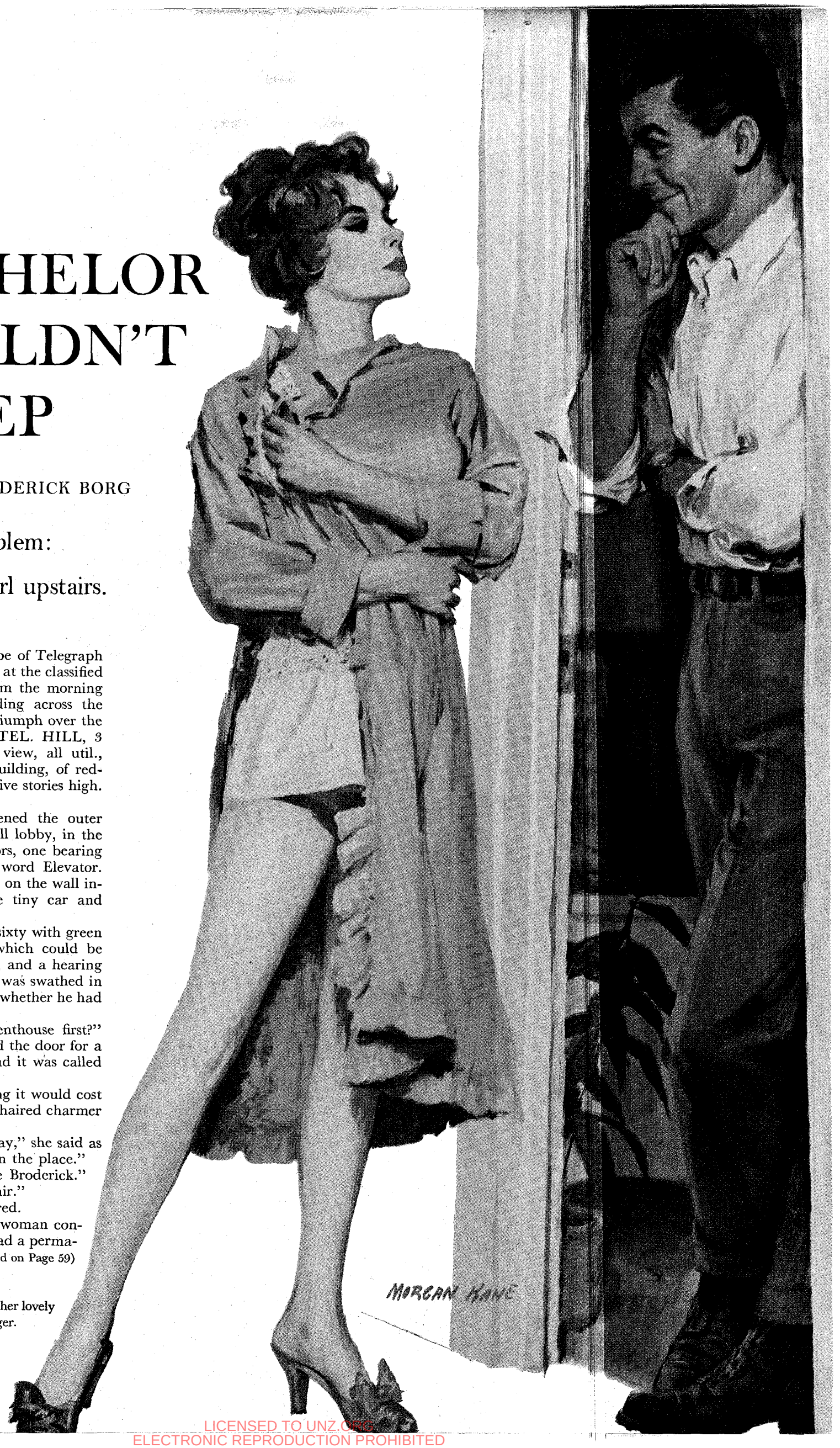
"I'm Laura Halstead, by the way," she said as the door closed after them. "I own the place."

"Broderick's my name—George Broderick."

"You're wondering about my hair."

"Not at all," George said, flustered.

"It started as an accident," the woman confided as the car began to rise. "I had a permanent thirty years ago (Continued on Page 59)



Hilda Craig stood in the foyer, her lovely face flushed with sleep and anger.

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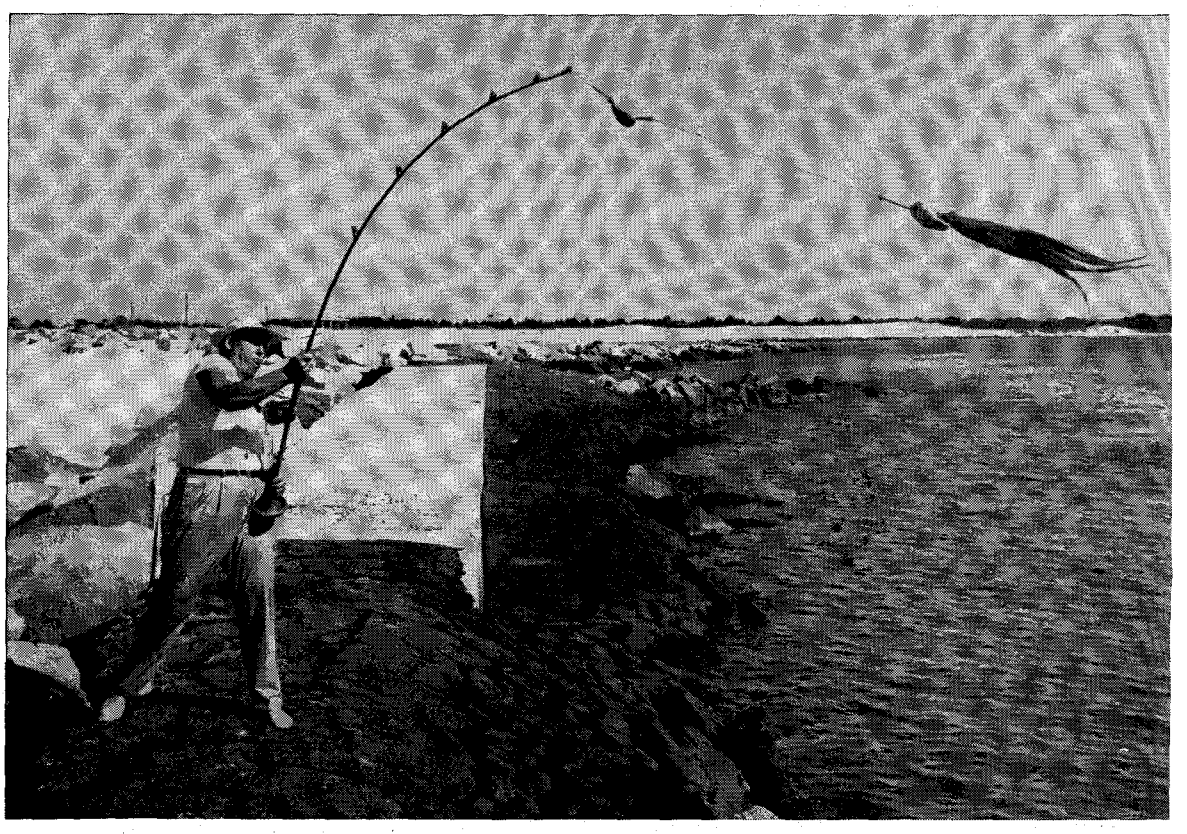
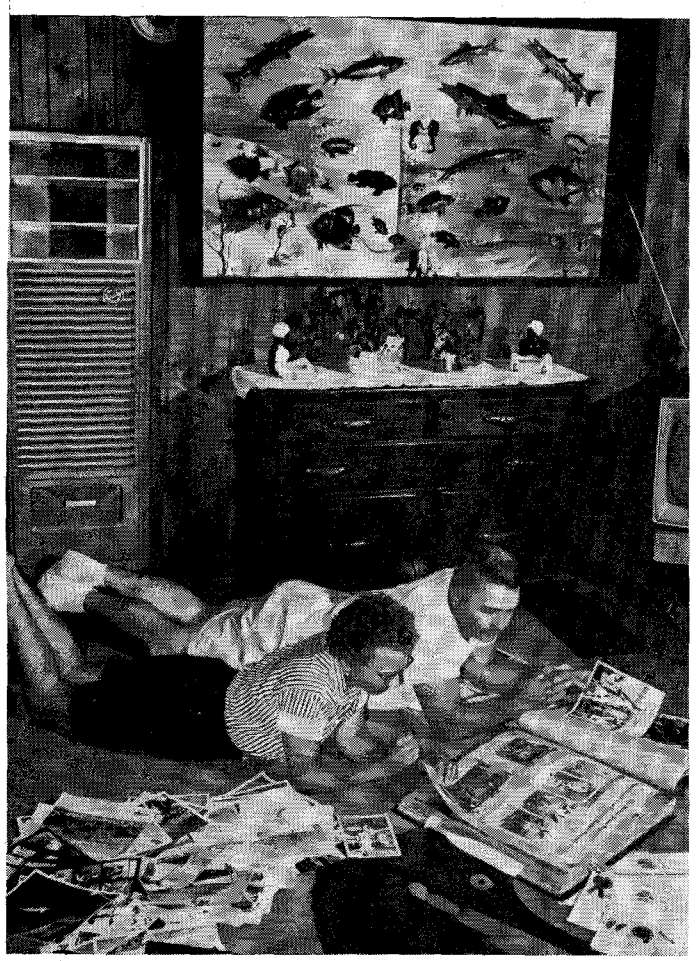
Roy Martin—who has caught more record-winning fish than any other man in history—has no special rig or deep-sea fishing yacht. Here are the

Secrets of the Master Angler



Using an octopus for bait, Roy Martin makes a heroic cast off a jetty at St. Andrews State Park in Panama City, Fla. For his catch, see picture at right.

By WILLIAM M. STEPHENS



The Martins in their Florida home. They caught all of the specimens mounted on the painting at rear.

Tourists traveling the 106-mile chain of bridges that stretches from Florida's mainland to Key West might pass as many as a thousand anglers leaning over the concrete guardrails and casting their baits into the swift blue channels. Many motorists on this overseas highway wonder what kind of fish can be caught so close to the whizzing traffic of U.S. Highway 1.

One morning an elderly couple from Ohio parked their car near the end of Long Key bridge and walked onto the span where a half dozen men stood. One of the group, a boyish-faced hulk of a man, stood with feet planted apart solidly, holding a fishing rod. The others, their lines reeled in, watched intently. "Think he'll take it again, Roy?" one of them asked.

The big man, without relaxing his firm grip on the rod, turned his wrist to consult his watch. Then he spoke with an unhurried Midwestern drawl, "I'll give him two more minutes. The water's moving pretty fast now. I'll try again on the slack tide tonight. He won't go away." Shortly he reeled in his line and brought an eighteen-inch fish over the rail.

"What a beautiful fish!" the lady tourist exclaimed. "What kind is it?"

The big fisherman grinned self-consciously. "That's my bait, ma'am. It's a snapper."

"Your bait?" the elderly gentleman said with disbelief. "What do you expect to catch with that—a whale?"

"I'm after a jewfish—giant sea bass. He'll go maybe two hundred pounds."

The tourist stepped forward to inspect the fisherman's rod and reel. "How strong is that line?" he asked suspiciously.

"Eighteen-pound test."

"I use heavier line back home for smallmouth bass." He took his wife's arm. "Come, Emma, we are being kidded. Nobody catches a two-hundred-pound fish from a bridge." They walked away indignantly.

If the Ohio couple had been present at the change of the tide twelve hours later, they would have seen the big fisherman land, on eighteen-pound-test line, a 186-pound, 4-ounce jewfish, the largest of its species ever caught on line testing twenty pounds or less.

The angler was Roy H. Martin, a corn-fed Hoosier who acts as mayor, leading citizen and foremost fish authority of Panama City Beach, Florida. The catch was subsequently entered in the books of the International Game Fish Association, official keeper of salt-water records, as Martin's twentieth world-record fish. At this writing, seven of his records remain unbeaten. No other angler, living or dead, has set as many world marks. Yet all of Martin's records were established within a period of thirty-seven months, and most of the fish were caught from bridges, piers, jetties or skiffs at spots accessible to any angler who has a rod and reel and chunk of bait.

Most of us picture the big-game fisherman as a lean, tanned millionaire who battles his fish from a plush fighting chair aboard a sleek yacht. His captain, (Continued on Page 78)

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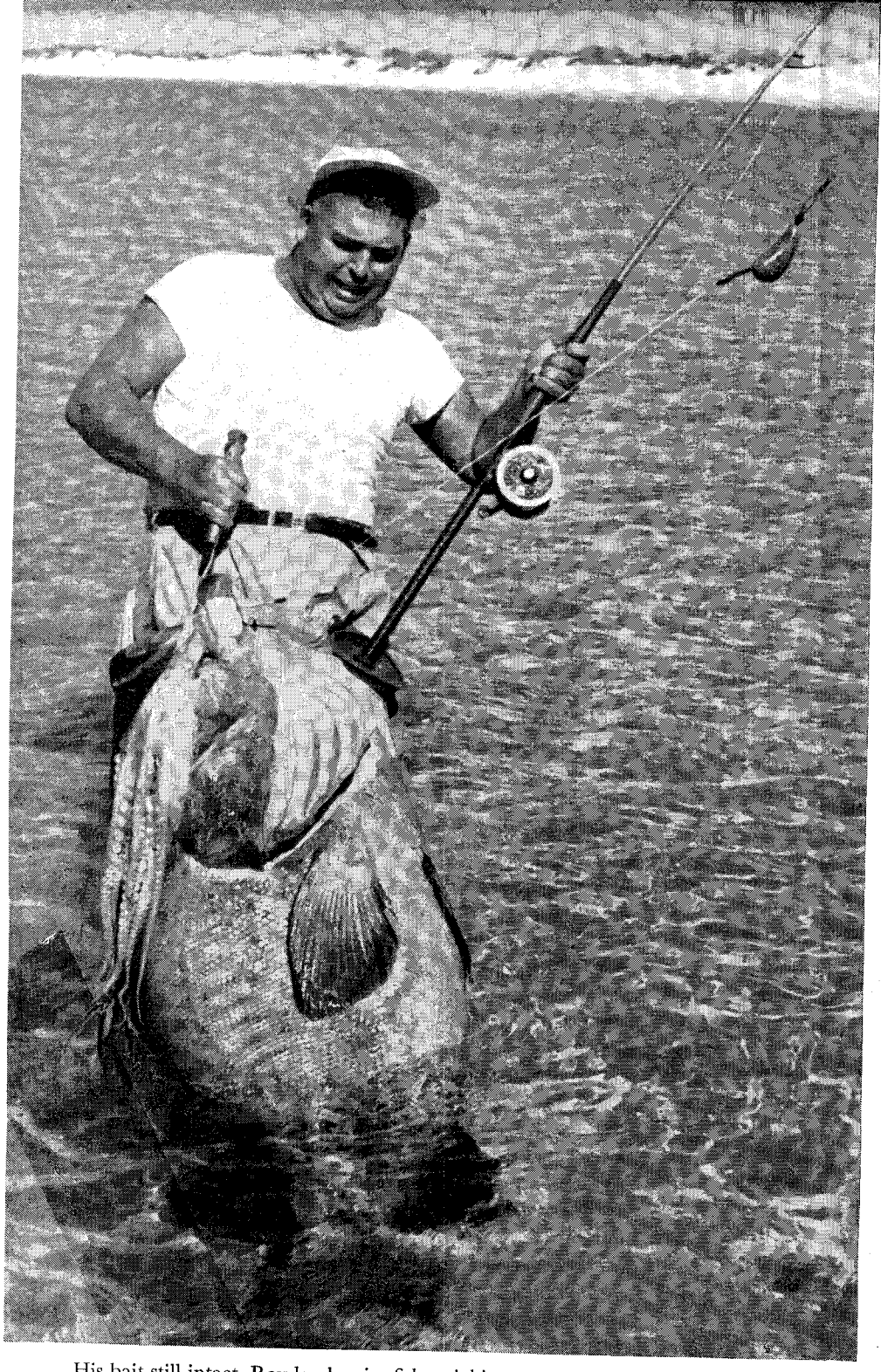
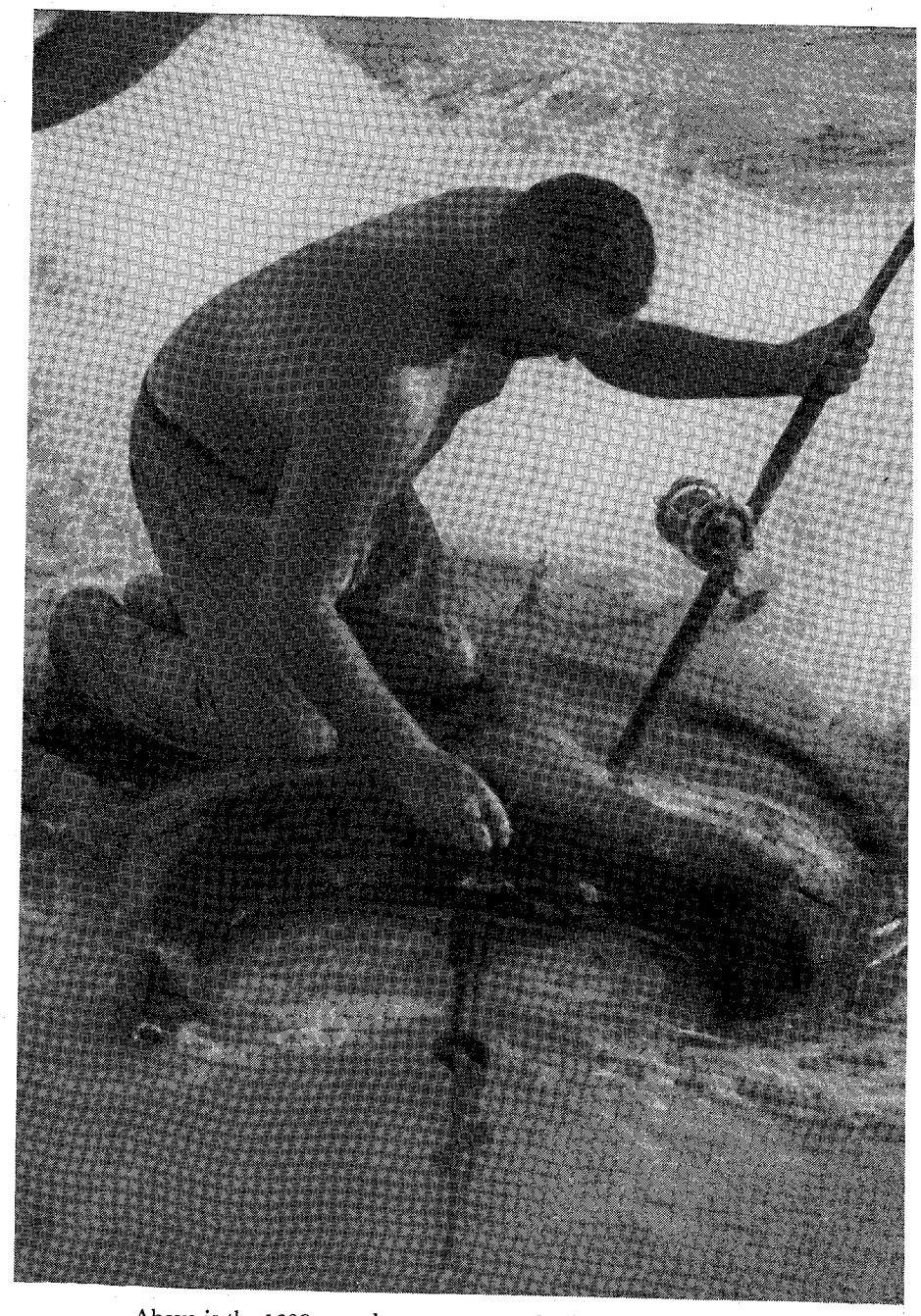
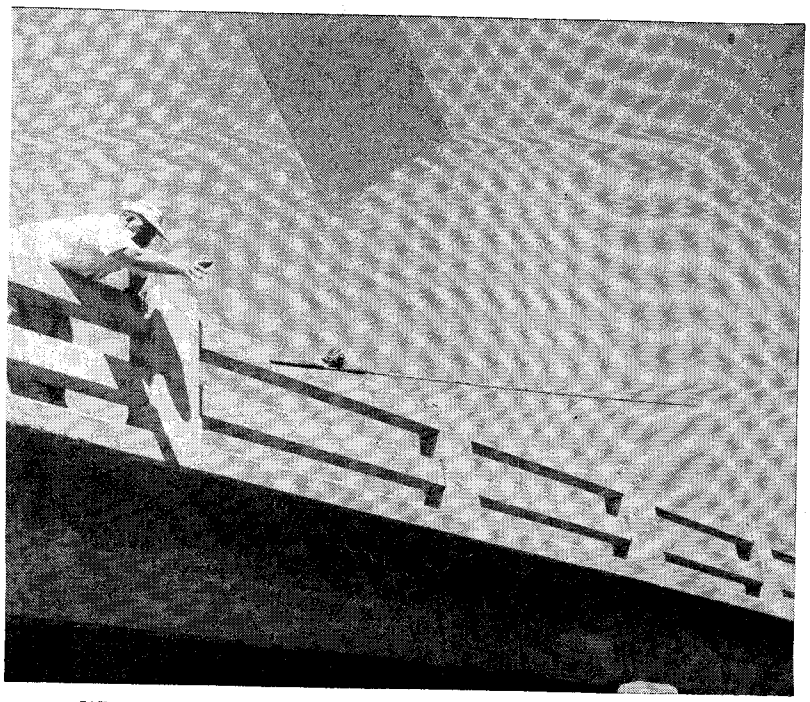


His bait still intact, Roy lands a jewfish weighing 188 pounds. He has caught more than 100 of these fish scaling in at over 200 pounds.

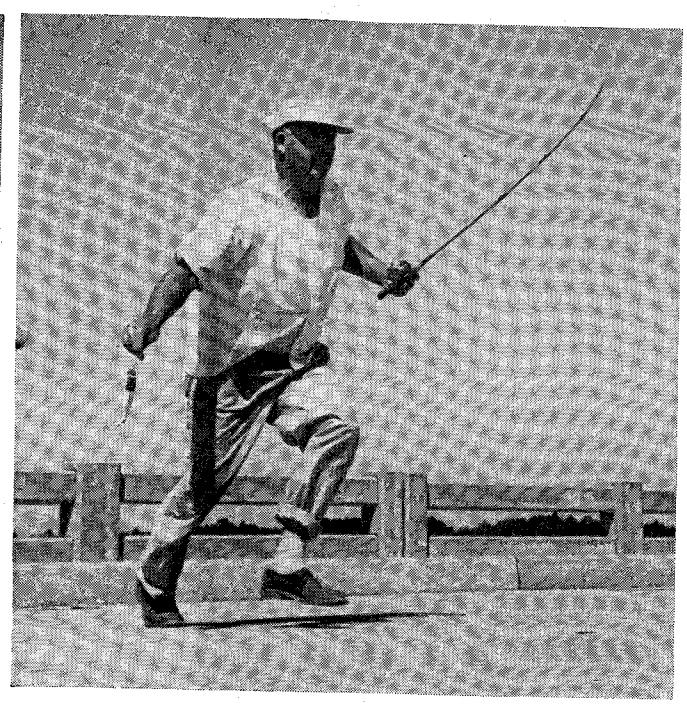


Above is the 1236-pound manta ray, or devilfish—probably the largest ever taken—after Roy fought it for fourteen hours with a medium-heavy rod and a 72-pound-test line.

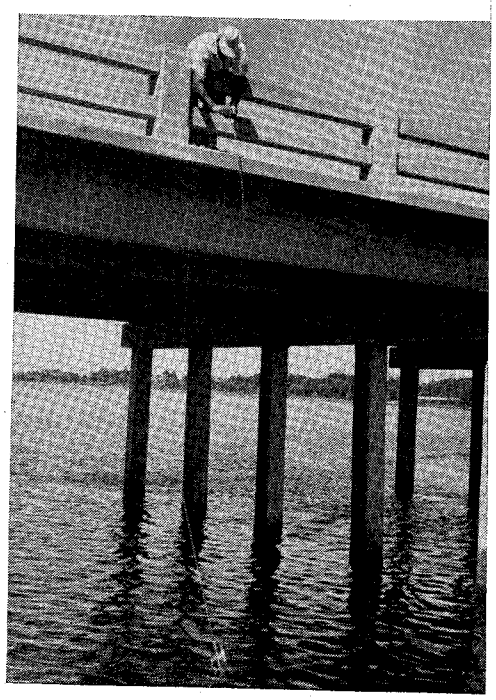
How to hook a fish on one side of the bridge and catch it on the other



When a fish turns under the bridge, Roy tosses in his rod, which is fastened to a fishing float and 50 feet of line.



Then, with a second rod and a lure to snag the drifting line, he dashes to the opposite side of the span.



Here Roy retrieves his first rod and resumes the battle.

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Ravenhill shrugged. "Don't try to intimidate me, old chap. Just spread your cards."

The Secret of Glacier River

Would one of the partners in crime betray the other? Ravenhill hoped so.

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

"Pretty, ain't it?" Foley said, nodding toward the specks of gold in Ravenhill's pan. "But it ain't for you, gambler. We saw it first."

With Foley's gun pointing at his heart, Ravenhill was in no position to argue. But the find confirmed his suspicions about why his old enemy had turned up at the site of an archaeological discovery on the Canadian-Alaskan border.

Earlier Ravenhill had flown in supplies for the scientific expedition, led by Doctor Craig. At first, Ravenhill was baffled to find that Foley had set up hydraulic sluicing equipment around the guileless doctor's diggings. But now Ravenhill knew that a vastly important archaeological find would become a victim of Foley's greed—and so, too, would Doctor Craig, his beautiful daughter, Carol, and his young assistant, Jessop.

II

With his left hand Foley gestured peremptorily over his shoulder. Dud Jessop emerged at once from the brush above the bank and hurried down to join them. He slid to a halt, moved a little farther to his own left and planted himself, his thumbs hooked in his belt.

Ravenhill appraised Jessop with a raised eyebrow. "H'm-m," he said. "'*Et tu, Brute*?'" He saw it all now. "You're in league with Foley—helping hoodwink the doctor for a share of the loot, eh? You just didn't bother to apply for that *in situ* permit down at Fairbanks? Leaving the bench wide open for Foley? Shame on you, Jessop, old chap!"

"You're no blighted Caesar!" Jessop retorted. "Who are you to pretend ——"

"Quiet!" Foley said. "I'll handle this! Up with your hands, Riv. Frisk him, Jessop."

Jessop stepped behind Ravenhill and explored his person clumsily but thoroughly.

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"No weapons, I think. They do it like this in the cinemas, eh, Riv?"

"Never mind the wisecracks," Foley said, his voice brittle. "Dammit, Riv, this ain't our lucky day. Enders wouldn't have taken the time to go up to the bench. He wouldn't even have stayed for supper. Now a joker like you pops up in the deal!"

Ravenhill shrugged. "It's the rub of the green, old son. Make the best of it."

"Yeah? How?"

"It's simple," Ravenhill said. "No strain. Just deal me in."

"You see, Jessop?" Foley said bitterly. "Make a note of how Riv operates. He figures to cash in on his nuisance value. Nothing to it, eh?"

"Why not abate the nuisance?" Jessop asked. "An obvious way occurs to me. Tie up our nonchalant hero and toss him aboard the ship. I know enough about the engine to get it started. Head the ship up the lake. It crashes and burns. How did it happen? Pilot's error at the take-off. Neat, what?"

"My word, Jessop!" Ravenhill reproved. "Your education's coming along fast, I must say!"

"Look at the caliber of my tutors," Jessop retorted. "A blackguard of your stripe. An old maestro like Foley."

"But you must learn finesse," Ravenhill pointed out. "Murder's always messy—and complicating. It's unnecessary here. And far too risky. Tell him why, Foley."

"Because this blasted lake's in Yukon Territory," Foley told Jessop. "If Riv doesn't show up at Aklavik with Enders' ship by tomorrow night at the latest, Enders will be galloping out to investigate. He'll bring a Mountie with him. We can't have Mounties in our hair. We don't have to. Our whole deal's legal. All we need—what we've got to have—is two uninterrupted weeks in which to wash out the bench."

Jessop scowled incredulously. "You mean, we've actually got to split with this—this ——"

"Scholar, philosopher, dabbler in the sciences," Ravenhill supplied. "You must indeed, Jessop."

"And if we refuse—what then?"

"Come, come!" Ravenhill reproved. "The answer should be plain even to a neophyte like yourself. Can you afford to have the doctor alerted to your plans? So he can appeal to the Alaskan courts for an injunction and all that? Can you afford to have me running at large, when my services are available for a puny share of the loot? Naturally you must deal me in."

Jessop turned to Foley. "Is this right? Or is he just bluffing?"

"It's no bluff," Foley said morosely. "He outholds us. We can't afford to dally around. We're only hours away from cashing in. Just how big a bite did you have in mind, Riv?"

Ravenhill hid his inner delight. Though the preliminary skirmish appeared to be over, he knew he must continue to tread softly. One always did, in the presence of Flynn Foley.

"You won't find me too grasping, old chap. First, put that ugly weapon away. It alarms me."

"I know," Foley said. "You were alarmed at Nome. I wasn't. And I'm still covered with hoofprints." He slid the weapon back into its shoulder holster and stood waiting.

Ravenhill lit a cigarette and examined its glowing end briefly.

"How big is the pot?"

"The biggest I've seen in the north," Foley said. "No use kidding you about that."

"The values hold up? Over the entire river bench?"

"That's what the doc's test holes show." Foley indicated the mess kit. "That's only the top of the pay dirt. It averages a good nine inches to bedrock. It seems like the bench was once the old river bed. There's a rock shelf under it that breaks off at the bank."

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. That would explain why the river's erosion eastward had halted at its present point. Structurally, the bench had comprised a species of trap for a segment of the gold values from above that had long since washed down-river and perhaps out to sea.

The values here—on the archaeologists' bench—had been roughly proved by the doctor's test holes. It was obviously an enormous deposit, with a potential dollar yield high in six figures. Surpassing a million, perhaps. And an overlay above bedrock comprising a meager three feet meant near-perfect conditions for hydraulic operations. The swinging nozzle of the "giant" would scour the bench as a broom sweeps accumulated dust from a barn floor.

"Who was the original discoverer?" Ravenhill asked.

"Jessop. He knew he had a bear by the tail, so he contacted us."

"You've staked and recorded the bench as a placer claim, I presume. In whose name?"

"The company's," Foley said. "We call it Arctic Discovery. There's five of us—me and Jessop and my three pals up at Glacier Lake."

"Do I know your three pals?"

"I doubt it," Foley said. "There's two old sourdoughs that I've had on my string before: Blackie and Swenson. Then there's our pilot, Buck Tilton."

"What's your present split? Five ways?"

"The net," Foley said. "After each of us gets our ante back. I've got most in the deal—more than twenty grand. Blackie and Swenson scraped up four thousand. Buck Tilton put in his plane—his shoestring equity, that is. All that comes off the top, then share and share alike."

Ravenhill nodded, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "Very well. One sixth of the net to me. Is that fair?"

Foley eyed him impassively, producing a black plug of tobacco. He sank his teeth into it in a deliberate but oddly vicious way. His scarred cheek bulged. There was no other hint that this moment was a bitter one.

"O.K.," he said. "One sixth of the net. After all the chores are done and all the bills paid."

"Jove!" Jessop said, with bitter admiration. "Just like that, eh, Riv? And an hour ago all you had was your hands in your pockets!"

"My pockets are still empty," Ravenhill returned. "So are yours and Foley's. The chores are still to be done, you know."

"You said something there," Foley agreed. "In return for your sixth share you're lending a hand with the chores, naturally. Have you figured out how?"

"I have," Ravenhill returned. "A minor detail first."

Motioning Foley back, Ravenhill took up the mess kit and the small sample bag. He poured the contents of the mess kit carefully into the bag, tied it (Continued on Page 36)

Handcuffed, Ravenhill awaited Foley's next move.

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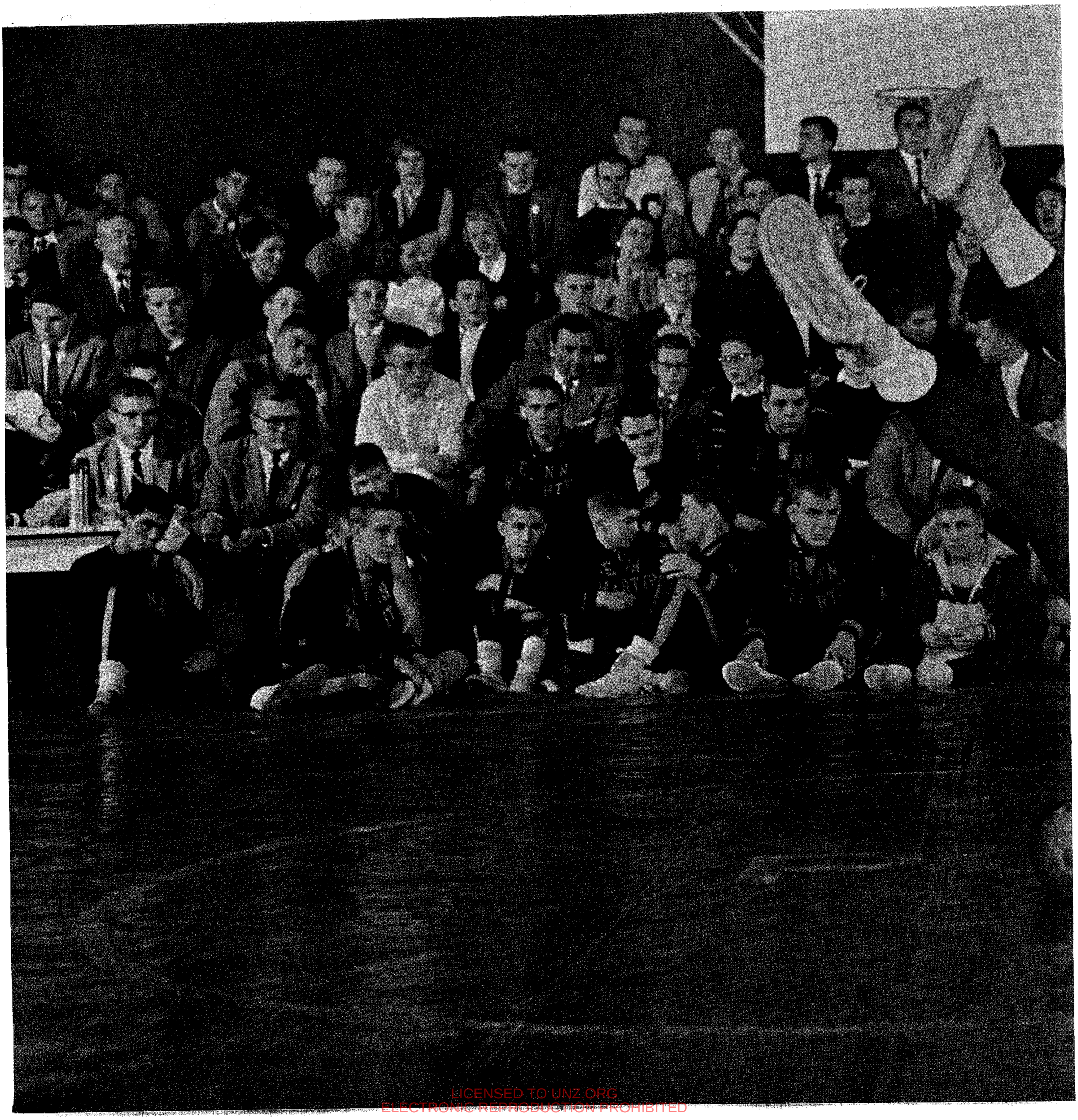
The Face of AMERICA

The Oldest Sport

The youth whose feet point gracefully toward the ceiling isn't much worried by the rush of blood to his crew-cropped head; what horrifies him is the immediate danger of having his shoulders pinned to the mat. He is Dave Reimers of Admiral Farragut Academy, Pine Beach, New Jersey, and he is being upended by Bill



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Graham of William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia. The hold? Well, from here we just can't be sure, but it may be a tough-to-break combination called a chicken-wing-and-half-nelson. These prep-school grapplers are carrying on the oldest of sports—with an American accent. Many of the grips they use were known to Egyptians of five thousand years ago, but the style they follow is catch-as-catch-can, a refinement of frontier rough-and-tumble 'rassling which young Abe Lincoln, among others, enjoyed. Today, amateur wrestling is one of the fastest-growing sports in high schools and colleges, under strict rules which put a premium on skill, bar injurious holds and disdain the fakery and simulated mayhem of professional "bouts." This is a varsity match in the 154-pound class. Did those shoulders touch the mat? Nope. Reimers managed to "roll out" of danger, but Graham won on points.

Photograph by Ormond Gigli

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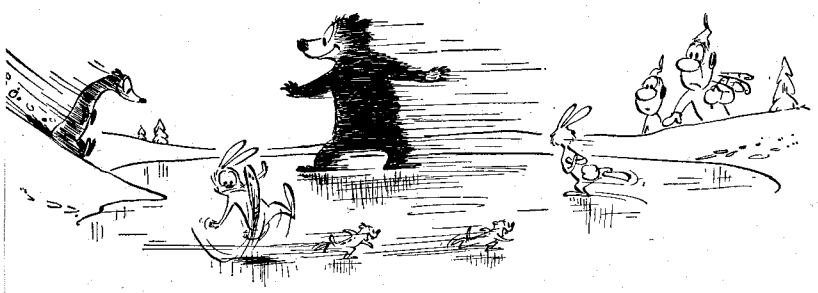
Post Scripts



Private Quirks

Dear girl, you can share with your wedded spouse
The pleasures of bridge and Bach,
Collecting stamps, repainting the house,
Or speculating in stock.
But male and female created He them,
With private quirks in males.
  So when he wants to go fishing,
  Lady, you let him go fishing.
Stay home and do your nails!

And, sir, you can share with your legal fair
The joys of dancing and reading,
Of softball, dieting, even the rare
Delights of guppy breeding.
But women have areas in their lives
Sacred unto themselves.
  So when she wants to go shopping,
  Mister, you let her go shopping.
Stay home and put up shelves!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Business Meeting

We tabled one proposal; we considered
  The report of one committee and returned it.
We did accomplish one thing at the meeting:
  We adjourned it.

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

The Solitary Thinker

I am getting a little nervous about how I seem to be out of the picture these days. Everyone I know keeps coming down with all sorts of exotic new viruses and allergies and I just thump around the place smiling and healthy. It's giving me a complex. When someone says to me, "How are you?" I say, "Fine. Never felt better." They look at me with snarling suspicion. I am not one of them. I am sort of subversive in my way.

If I ask a friend how he or she is, I get bright answers. "Oh, I've been bedded with Virus K-2 complicated with Asiatic Monotone. Everything I eat tastes like hay and I feel all dragged out. No cough or fever or anything. Just a run-down feeling as if I'd been dragged head-down through a swamp. They have only one antibiotic that cures it, and the doctor can't remember what it is."

If two or three are gathered together I have to listen, ashamed and lost. While they talk they often glance at me the way people look at dogs that won't learn tricks. The exchange is like this:

"Had to stay out of work three days. Doctor at the office says it's a recurrence of a dormant virus last seen in white mice in Hong Kong in 1897. He finds it fascinating. No real symptoms, understand, just a sort of who-cares feeling."

The next one chimes in, "I know. I've been down with a mysterious Haitian virus the doctor can't figure out. He wants to show me to the next medical meeting. The thing is they can't find anything wrong except this weakness whenever I have to do the housework or go to a P.T.A. meeting. My doctor says it was first noted in a French housemaid in Haiti. They used to use voodoo charms on it."

The third says, "You think you've got something. I haven't been able to sell an insurance policy in weeks. Three doctors looked me over and they agree it's something absolutely new. Luckily they have a new antibiotic that hasn't been able to cure anything and they think maybe this is IT. No outward symptoms, understand. I just get the shakes and my eyeballs begin to ache when it's time to go to the office. How about you, Bob?"

"Yeah?" the others ask. "You don't look as if you had anything."

Their voices are pretty vindictive. Tell the truth, I haven't had a darn thing since measles took me on in 1913 when I was six weeks old.

"Gosh, I came near to dying when I had measles. I was six weeks old ——"

"Measles?" they say with contempt, and to a man. Then they get up and walk away as if I were contaminated. Or, rather, as if I weren't. I've got to get on my toes and GET something.

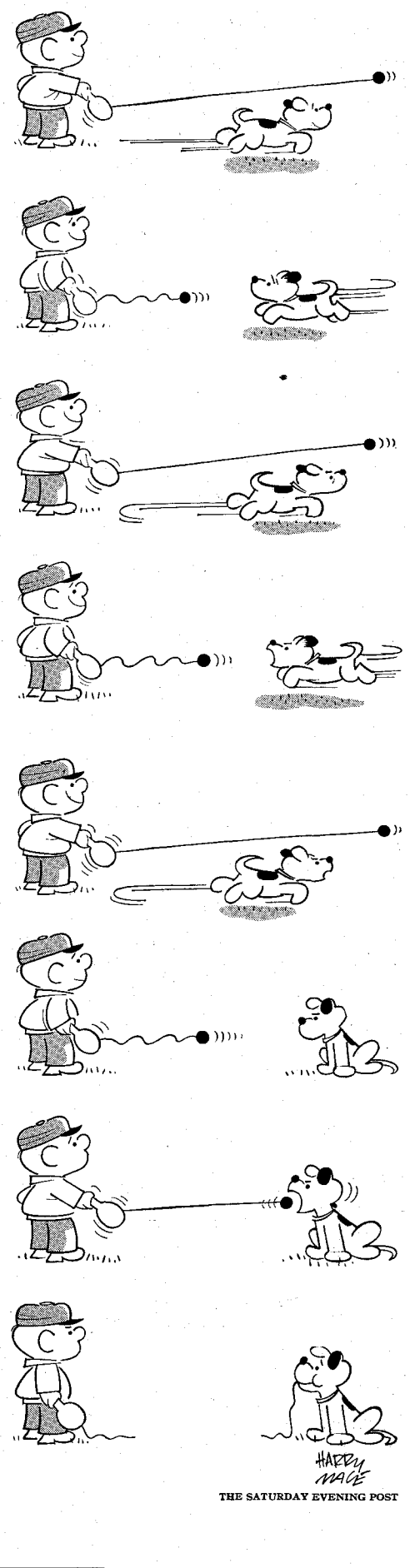
Right now I'm an outsider.

ROBERT FONTAINE

Game of Solitaire

When it appears
I'm getting beat,
I cheat.

VERNON H. KURTZ



"Yes, if I had it to do over, I think I'd marry again!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Soup like this would cost 500 francs in a fine French restaurant

Campbell's skill and freezing bring it to you for only 45 francs

(11¢ in American money)

Cream of Potato Soup, or Vichyssoise, its elegant chilled variation, wasn't always a fancy-priced item on fashionable menus.

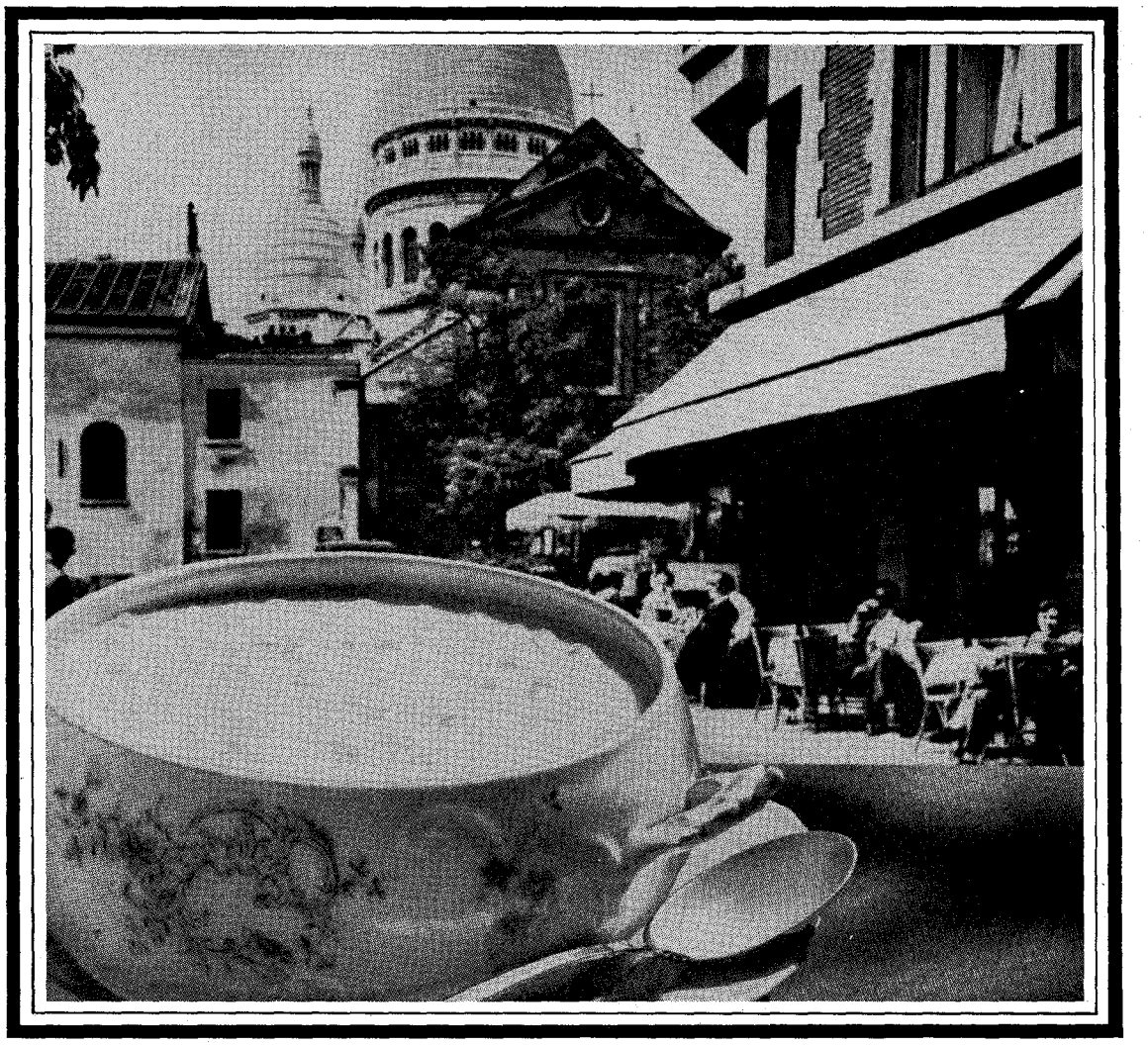
During colonial days the potato itself was so suspect that it was grown only as an ornamental plant. One of the French kings even wore potato blossoms in his lapel in an effort to popularize this homey, versatile vegetable.

But then a knowing cook discovered cream of potato soup . . . and how beautifully it tempts the nose and palate when generously joined with onions and choice spices. That was the day the amiable potato came into its own.

Freezing: a Flavor Saver

Now, Cream of Potato Soup, for all its taste-bud-tantalizing charm, is not an easy soup to make. Particularly for today's homemaker whose time is so taken up.

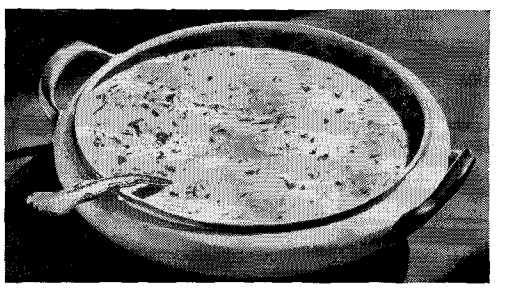
That's why we brought out our Cream of Potato—and thanks to freezing, it comes to you at its very peak of flavor and freshness. Nobody, not even Campbell's, could have given you the full savor of potato, onions, and fresh milk and cream without this freezing.



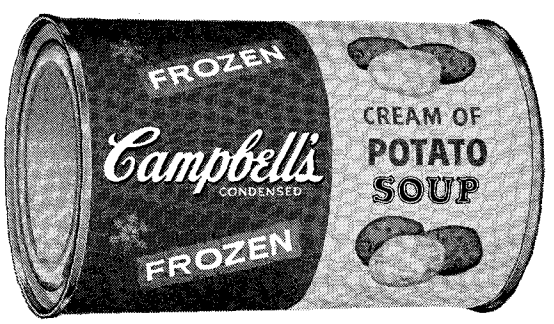
Elegant Cream of Potato Soup, now frozen by Campbell's to bring you all its fresh, friendly flavor.

A Well-spent Extra Franc

A fashionable French restaurant would charge you a dollar or more for Cream of Potato Soup like this. Now you can enjoy it for only about 11¢ a bowl. Why not pick up a can or two for tonight?



Emerald Bisque. In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup, 1 soup can water or milk, and half a 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach. Cover; heat slowly until thawed; stir now and then. Simmer about 2 min. or until spinach is tender. Serve as is or blend until smooth. 3 servings.



Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef • Clam Chowder (New England Style) • Oyster Stew Green Pea with Ham • Cream of Shrimp

CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

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There's lots of room in the new cars of The *Forward* Look! New body designs give extra head and leg room—especially in rear seats. In comfort too—you get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation!

Cars that can do *what they look like they can do*

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
The quality Cars of The *Forward* Look
from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring
out the difference great engineering makes.

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ESCAPE INTO DANGER

At last he was face to face with his beautiful betrayer.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

Marc Hollis, a physicist, was unjustly imprisoned for perjury when his fiancée, Natalie, testified that he was a Communist. But John Dayn, U.S. counterspy chief, engineered Marc's getaway in hopes that the young scientist could lead Federal agents to the secret microfilm stolen from Project M. Marc's reason for escaping: Akim, a ruthless Communist spy, had kidnaped Marc's brother Jamie.

The ransom Akim demanded for Jamie's life was the microfilm. Marc knew only that his best friend, Boyd Rafferty, stole the film, but died rather than give it to the Red agents.

After his escape, Marc befriended Tresa Welar, a Hungarian refugee. Although he suspected her of working for Akim, Marc took her with him to San Francisco to search for the film. There, with Dayn and Akim close on his heels, Marc found one mysterious clue from Boyd—a note, containing the single word Natalie.

V

There was no doubt that this small paper was Boyd's last desperate message to Marc, left a few hours before Boyd's death, while Boyd sat with his murderers, glass in hand. Probably, being Boyd, he had been smiling. Marc stared at the soiled folded paper until the two names wobbled before his eyes. His own name, "Marc." And the other name, "Natalie."

Natalie. All the old pain came back, engulfing Marc, so that Tresa, beside him, asked anxiously, "Your face is so white. It is not that your head is beginning to ache again?"

"No." It was not his head—not this time. He could see Natalie as clearly as he could Tresa. Natalie, tall and graceful, aristocratic, secure in the privileges her wealth had always brought her, looking every inch her millions. Natalie in his arms, speaking softly, warmly, of their future. Natalie on the witness stand, sedately dressed in plain black, a break in her suddenly sweet voice, and tears in her blue eyes, saying she had felt it her patriotic duty to tell the jury the truth about Marc's being a Communist.

Tresa said sadly, "It is not there in your hiding place—the microfilm?"

"No."

"Could I see the paper?"

He thrust it at her, heedless now. For they had come to the end of the road. Marc could think of nowhere else to look; all the other places had been searched and re-searched. He had been so sure it would be here. Without the microfilm, Jamie was doomed. As, of course, were he and Tresa. Marc felt the tiredness now—tiredness he had not felt before. With the excitement gone, his bones ached, his arms and legs felt heavy; the effects of last night's driving and their recent roof climbing came upon him suddenly.

Tresa gestured to Sylvio. "Black coffee, please."

Sylvio's voice sounded worried too. "Yes. He has the headaches."

"I know."

Tresa's fingers pulled at the sleeve of Marc's blue topcoat, urgently. "You must drink the coffee. Then we must go. Quickly, before we get your nice friend Sylvio in trouble."

"Yes," Marc said automatically. They would go. Go where? Out to walk the foggy streets until a hand tapped their shoulder. Akim or the police?

Tresa fixed her lipstick, patted at her hair. "We will wake her up. But that will not hurt her."

"Who?"

Tresa stared at him. "Can you not read? Where Boyd said we must go. Natalie's."

"Look. Boyd knew she had sent me to jail by testifying to a lot of lies Akim made up to throw John Dayn off Boyd's trail. Boyd couldn't have expected me to —— It's a joke, that's all. A bad joke. Boyd loved practical jokes."

"A man with the fear that Boyd had that last night does not joke. It is plain as the feathers on a goose. Boyd did not have the film by the time he got here; he had been afraid to keep it that long. He had already hidden it. He knew he could not hide it where they would look. So he hid it where they would not look. With one of them. With Natalie."

"Natalie would never have helped him. She has done too much for them to dare to double-cross them."

"Boyd did not tell Natalie, stupid one," said Tresa. "If he had, Akim would have had the film. But the film is there, waiting for us. We have only to go and get it."

"Natalie has a twelve-room apartment. Even if the film were there, how do we find it?"

"You will find it," said Tresa patiently. "As you found this note when no one else could. You will stand in Natalie's apartment and you will look, and you will think as Boyd would have thought, and presently, because you knew Boyd, you will know where he hid the film. He could not have been in all twelve rooms that last night. Probably only the living room. They would not have left him alone."

It might be, Marc thought, with quickening pulse. *It just might be. But Natalie* —— Marc slid off the bar stool. "All right. Let's go."

Tresa put her small hand on his arm.

Afterward, Marc remembered nothing of the trip to Natalie's. (Continued on Page 52)

Marc slapped her deliberately and hard.

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The Secret of Glacier River

(Continued from Page 29)

and set the mess kit down. "Whose gold is it?" he asked. He produced his silver dollar and spun it overhead. "Call it, Foley."

"Tails," Foley said.

It came up heads. Ravenhill juggled the small parcel of gold affectionately, then pocketed it.

"I can use this dust," he told Foley. "It will give me credit in Aklavik. A new gold strike—no matter where. Here's the proof at hand. It will enable me to charter a ship for three weeks or so. Perhaps this ship. There are others available. And we'll need another ship after the cleanup. To get away with all hands and the loot—fast—and scatter to the four winds. Right?"

"Right," Foley agreed. "You deliver Enders' ship to Aklavik and high-tail back. Tomorrow?"

"As soon as I can manage it," Ravenhill amended. "I'd suggest that you postpone the showdown with the doctor until I return. It's likely to be a bit harrowing. The doctor—and Carol—will scream to high heaven. Incidentally, what's your role, Jessop? When we actually start destruction of the bench?"

"I'll answer that," Foley said. "We got it all figured. Jessop don't know anything. He can't find his copy of the *in situ* permit. He's mislaid it somewheres—and meantime it's too late. We just order 'em all off the bench and keep sluicing."

"And he receives his cut afterward, for services performed," Ravenhill agreed. "He's still the dedicated scientist. He doesn't lose face with the doctor. Not bad, Jessop. You've contrived a way to have your cake and eat it too."

Jessop would have replied angrily, but Foley intervened. "Do your wrangling later, you two! Don't rock the boat now!"

Ravenhill shrugged. "My error. The loot's the thing." He snapped the mess kit shut. "We should have our agreement in writing, Foley. A sixth share in the bench, signed by all five of you. Specifying that we begin washing the bench within the week. Include the claim's descriptions, exactly as recorded. Write it up tonight, eh?"

"This mutual trust is touching," Jessop sneered. "No honor among thieves, eh?"

"Sure we got to have it in writing," Foley told Jessop. "D'you see why?"

Jessop considered it a moment, then shook his head. "It protects Riv, certainly. Why it's to our advantage is beyond me."

"'S all right," Foley soothed. "You just ain't learned the hard way—like Riv and me—always to keep your bets coppered. Putting it in writing," he explained, "shows we've all been in cahoots from the beginning. So we don't dare cut each other's throats. We hang together, win, lose or draw."

Foley continued to stare speculatively at Jessop, scratching his jaw. "We'd ought to have it signed up tonight. There's only two of us here. The other three are up at Glacier Lake. You've got to be up there tonight, anyway. Why not start out now and meet us up there? We sign 'er up and we're all set."

"Good," Jessop approved readily.

Foley turned to Ravenhill. "How about this, Riv? We got the giant up at Glacier Lake. We figured to fetch it down and get it into place tonight, while the camp here's asleep. But Jessop's got to give us a hand with the giant down that blasted canyon. Suppose he hikes up there now—takes him twenty minutes, maybe—and meets us there? You fly me up meantime. I clear with my pals. We sign 'er up and you're off to Aklavik. Good deal?"

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said.

"The fog's thinning," Foley pointed out. "You got daylight all night."

"Glacier Lake's in Alaska," Ravenhill objected. "What about the regulations?"

Foley snorted. "Regulations? This close to the North Pole?"

Ravenhill did not hesitate further. To do so would invite the suspicion that he had something devious in mind, which he had. Tactics weren't clear as yet, but the conclusion was already fixed and final: he just wouldn't—couldn't—carry on as Foley had planned it.

The whole scheme was revolting. It violated a basic rule: prey on the strong, never on the weak. But it ran deeper than that. Ravenhill could almost see the tableau slated to unfold on the bench tomorrow. The well-meaning doctor wringing his hands helplessly, perhaps even tearfully, while the age-old artifacts on the bench—symbolizing the pinnacle of the doctor's career, of Carol's pride in him, of irreplaceable scientific data—were being utterly destroyed by the thundering giant.

The young entomologists, callow and bewildered behind their ferocious beards, could merely stand helplessly by. Jessop would play his Judas role to the hilt, but the others would study Ravenhill with bitter disbelief. Even faithful Old Mac would appraise him impassively, thinking, "This is the 'good' Ravenhill of whom those upriver spoke so well? Never believe in a white man again, Old Mac."

No, this wasn't for Ravenhill. It just wasn't his dish. Never abandon his share of the loot, naturally. Unthinkable, of course. But there was a point beyond which gold lost its luster. Right now it was imperative to get in the clear and on to Aklavik. Plan campaign details later.

Meantime, the tangible, legal proof of Foley's foul plot in hand—a sixth share in the bench claim, specifying that the washing of the bench must proceed forthwith—would place Ravenhill, not Foley, firmly in the dealer's chair.

"We'll do it," Ravenhill told Foley. "Climb aboard. You'll start up to Glacier Lake at once, Jessop?"

"Immediately," Jessop assured him.

He started off at once. Foley boarded the ship. Ravenhill shoved off and mounted to the pilot's side.

"I can't figure that young Jessop," Foley complained. "You and I are wolves at heart. But how come an educated young fuzz-face like him can turn bad so fast?"

"His early education may have been a bit spotty," Ravenhill returned carelessly. "Perhaps he wasn't exposed to some of the rules. Those of cricket, for example. Your safety belt, old cutthroat."

Ravenhill winged a considerable distance over the eastward barrens, so that those in the archaeologists' camp would assume from the engine's dwindling drone that he was Aklavik-bound, then swung south and west, gaining altitude for the run to higher Glacier Lake.

They were now over the turbulent foothills, with the massive crests of the mountains rising higher on their left. Glacier Lake crept into view ahead, a mere pocket in the base of those mighty ramparts. Although only a half mile from the archaeologists' bench it was a good thousand feet higher, glacier-fed, and the source of Glacier River.

"You've got a good head of water, eh?" Ravenhill commented, studying the terrain below.

"Yeah," Foley returned. "We take off from a natural dam maybe seven hundred feet up, which will give us better than three hunnert pounds to the square inch at the giant."

"And your sluice boxes?"

"Prefabricated," Foley said. "Already stacked up just below the bench."

Glacier Lake had now crept fully into view below. The gap through which the pent-up water spilled northward into the canyon was at their right. On the near side was a low beach fringed with the weathered buildings, representing the old prewar diggings, which comprised the Alaskans' headquarters.

As the near headland sped toward them, Ravenhill glanced at his gyro compass, swung into a direct east-west heading and looked to his right at the precise moment when they crossed an imaginary line extending due north and south. This would be the international boundary, admittedly subject to visual error. The archaeologists' bench was hidden from view, far below, but again Ravenhill had the impression that the bench could be closer to the boundary than the good doctor—or Flynn Foley—suspected.

"How did the doctor establish his base line on the bench?" he asked Foley. "Did he resurvey the international boundary at that point?"

"He didn't bother," Foley returned, peering over the side at the camp swinging into view below. "It would take too long. The markers are better than twenty thousand feet apart along the line. He didn't have to, under the regulations. He just surveys an east-west line and plots from there."

"And you used the doctor's bearings to stake your placer claim?"

"Sure. This far north it ranks as a wilderness claim. Our monuments tell the story."

Ravenhill was now lined up for his landing run. "But suppose the bench is closer to the boundary than you assume it to be. Isn't there a chance your title could get fouled up?"

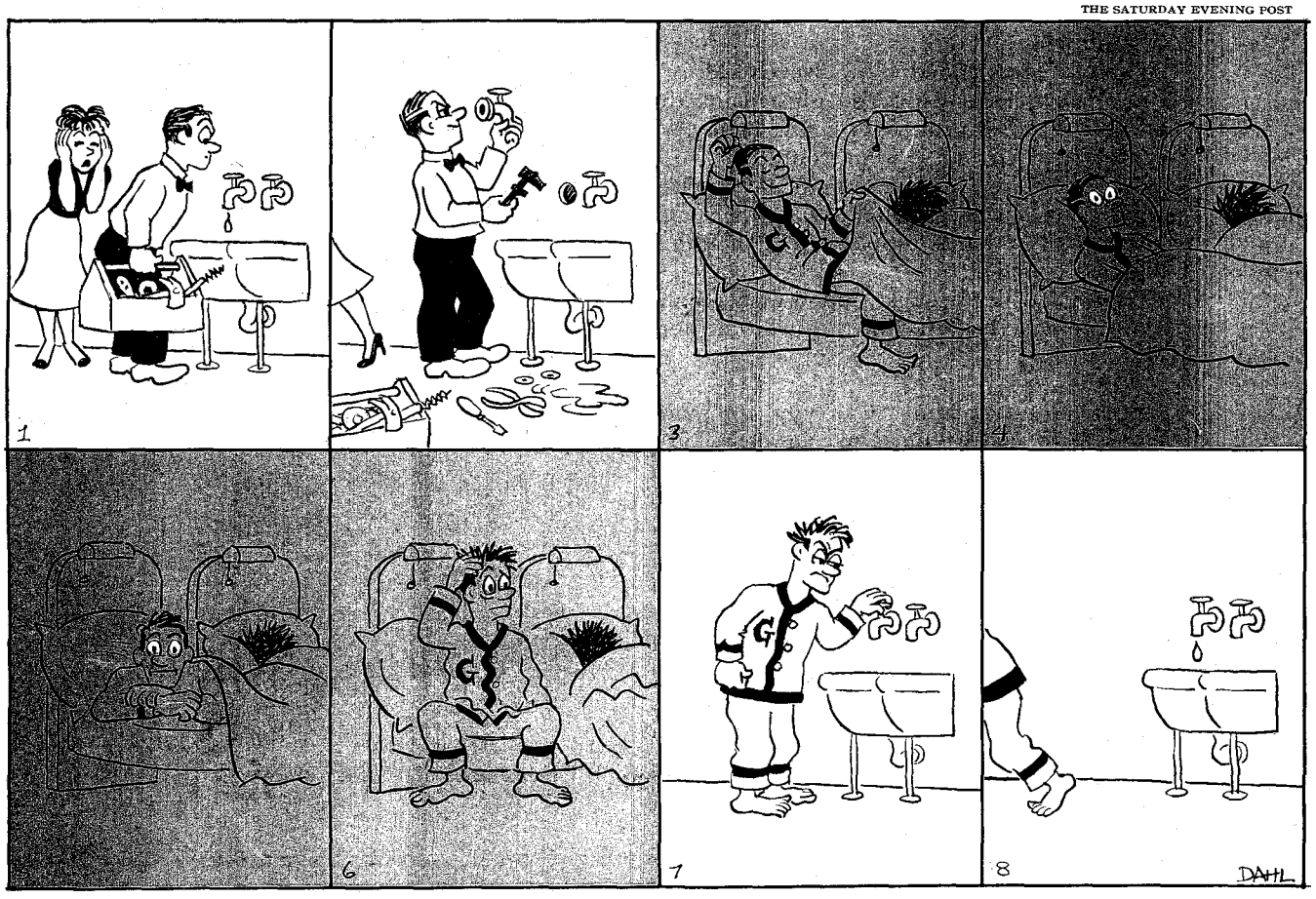
"Not a chance," Foley returned. "The 1908 survey is official and it says the bench is inside Alaska."

They were setting down, and Ravenhill's attention was on the always crucial business of making deft contact with the speeding, slate-green surface below the floats. The floats took hold, mushed down. Throttle back, Ravenhill taxied on toward the bench and gained his first photographic impression of the Alaskans' camp and environs.

An ancient but sturdy plane was drawn up on the edge of the shelving beach. Opposite were three dilapidated log cabins, shoulder to shoulder, plus an open-fronted workshop containing a tangle of rusted dragline gear. The hydraulic giant, still crated and with handholds attached, rested on the (*Continued on Page 38*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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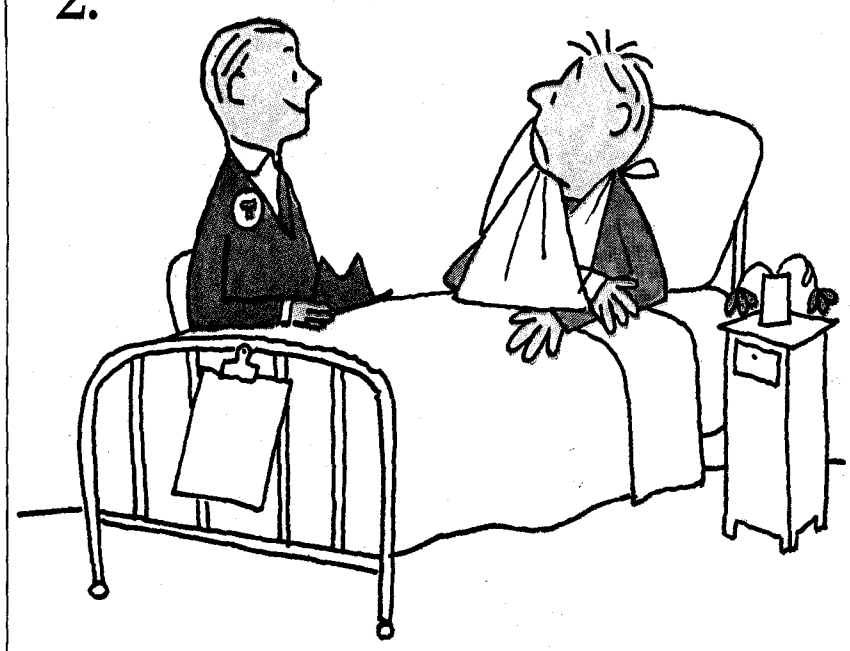
Why Roy McKie feels like a millionaire

1.

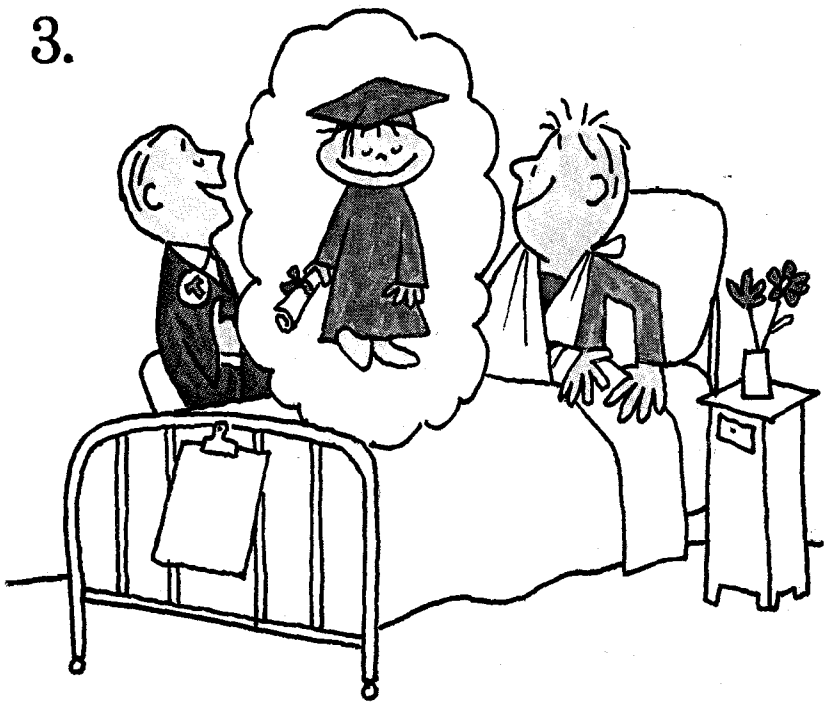
A doting dad was Roy McKie—he loved his bouncing son;
He wired his alma mater, "Save a Spot for Number One!"
He lavished him with costly toys and fatherly affection.
Alas, alack: an accident—and Roy had no protection.

2.



He summoned forth a Travelers man, "I only have a sprain;
But if I'd died my hopes for Junior'd all go down the drain."
Said Travelers' man, "Our life insurance plan can conquer fate—
Pay Junior's education, mortgage, income for your mate.

3.



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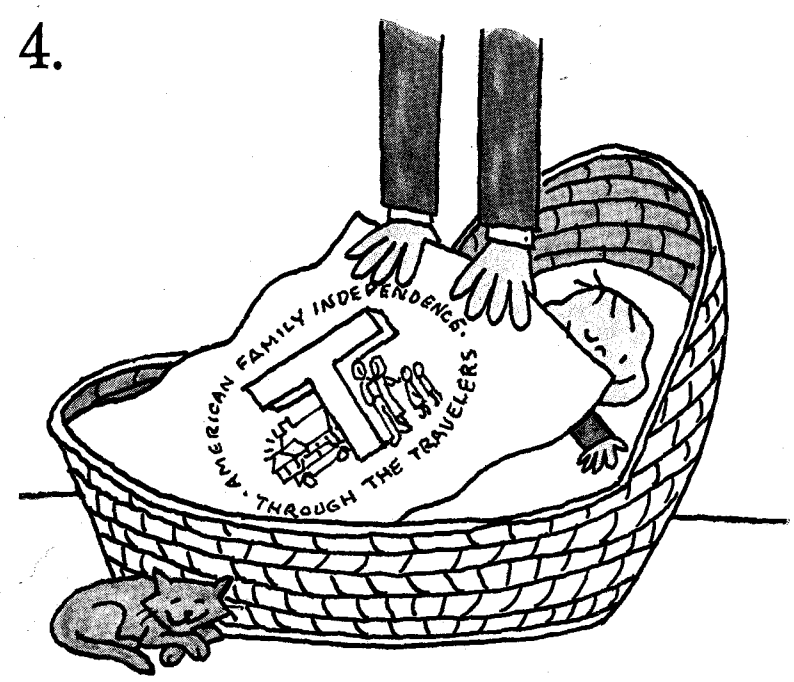
Behind a solid Travelers plan against misfortune's schemes."
"One Travelers man to handle all—my way of life's aloof
To tragic mishaps," chortled Roy, "I'm Travelers peril-proof!"

4.



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(*Continued from Page 36*) sand to the left of the cabins. Smoke poured from the stovepipe surmounting the middle cabin. Two men stood just outside the open door, staring toward the ship. But there were also two more moving forward to the water's edge.

Ravenhill gave Foley a sidelong, appraising glance. "What's this, Foley? Four chaps here? You said three."

"So there is," Foley agreed, frowning. "Buck Tilton come in with his last load from Fairbanks while I was down below. Who's this critter he fetched along? And why?"

Ravenhill nosed the ship in alongside the other one. The two men waiting there seized the floats and dragged the ship higher on the sand.

Foley swung down at once. Ravenhill followed suit, after completing his stopover routine. The interval had given Foley time to confer rapidly with the pair on the beach. They appeared to be typical old sourdoughs, one dark, the other blond, Nordic and blue-eyed. They were huge and roughly dressed, and studied Ravenhill with a sort of bovine curiosity.

"This here's Blackie, Ravenhill," Foley said briefly. "And Swede Swenson. I've already told them why you're here." He was appraising the pair at the cabin. "Son of a gun! Ain't that ol' 'Horse' Wiggins up there with Buck Tilton?"

"Yeah," Blackie said.

Ravenhill could almost feel the teeth of the trap sinking home. He'd known it was a risky business to appear alone in the camp of the Alaskans. It was a calculated risk: Foley could take no chances with Enders' ship. Its nonappearance at Aklavik would start an official investigation within forty-eight hours.

This was a different situation. The mere presence of this bulging, khaki-clad, gold-buttoned figure waiting at the cabin changed the entire complexion of the game. If recognition had only come while he was still in the air —— But it was too late now. Far too late for second thoughts.

Ravenhill maintained his unruffled front, however: "United States Marshal Wiggins, eh? My old Nemesis from Nome! What's the meaning of this, Foley?"

"Sho!" Foley said. "I forgot to mention one detail in the setup. You'll love it. Ol' Horse is stationed at Fairbanks now. He's close to retirement, but he still likes an excuse to get out in the bush. I figured he'd be a good man to have on deck tomorrow, down on the bench. We got to have our rights protected. By John Law, you understand. Alias ol' Horse Wiggins."

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. "Wiggins gets a cut too?"

"For doing his duty?" Foley pretended to be scandalized. "Shame on you, Riv!"

But his pretense crumbled under Ravenhill's coldly amused gaze. A berserk gleam kindled in his bleached eyes and the veins stood out on his forehead. "Smile, Riv," he invited evenly. "Run your belted-earl bluff if you must. But get this: you outheld me once—but no man living done it twice. You're in Alaska now. Play 'em close to your belt, gambler."

Ravenhill shrugged. "Don't try to intimidate me, old chap. Just spread your cards."

"I'll spread 'em in a minute," Foley promised. "Keep an eye on him, Blackie. Don't let him get near the ship. I've got to make a little medicine with Horse Wiggins."

He turned and strode toward the cabin. The two old-timers took up their positions casually between Ravenhill and the ship, and fell into attitudes of ease, thumbs hooked in their belts.

Ravenhill disregarded them. He lit a cigarette and puffed slowly, appraising his dilemma. Flynn Foley had outguessed him, outheld him, maneuvered him into a seemingly impossible situation.

What to do now? Ravenhill hadn't the slightest notion—yet. The immediate business centered about a matter of survival. Ravenhill's survival.

"O.K., men!" Flynn Foley's voice came harshly through the brooding quiet. "Fetch him up!"

When Ravenhill and his towering guards reached the threshold Foley and the others were already inside. Marshal Wiggins was centered, facing the door, with a tall, dapper youth a step behind him. Foley was at the right, leaning against a rough table flanking the wall. Two wooden bunks were opposite. Cooking facilities cluttered the far end of the cabin. Clothing hanging on the wall indicated that Foley and the marshal were quartered here.

Ravenhill and the marshal eyed each other with a pretense of jovial surprise. The old peace officer was of bulldog breed. He had grown more paunchy, the heavy jowls above his regulation collar a little more bulging; otherwise he had changed but little since their historic encounter in Nome.

"Well, well, Riv!" he said. "Welcome to Alaska!"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Neat Feat

A girl must be clever to handle
A fellow who's getting too bold,
In order to keep him at arm's length
Without ever losing her hold.

Hal Chadwick

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Just a temporary visit, I hope," Ravenhill said. "What brings you so far from Fairbanks?"

"Business," Wiggins returned. "Official business. This is part of my district now. Got to check on all new diggings, you know." He indicated the youth at his side. "This is Buck Tilton. Another flyboy like yourself."

Buck Tilton advanced at once, hand outstretched. His smile was ready and confident. "I've heard of you, Ravenhill." It was obvious that he considered himself a cut above his shaggy and illiterate associates. "That's my ship out there. Perhaps you've heard of me, over on the Mackenzie?"

"Sorry," Ravenhill returned courteously. "I shall soon, I'm sure."

"Don't try to impress Ravenhill, bub," Foley cut in. "He was dusting off glaciers when you were stealing hub caps." Ignoring Buck Tilton's affronted scowl he waved him and the two old sourdoughs back. "All right, Horse. Let's get on with it."

The marshal stepped forward, his hand on his hip. "You're under arrest, Ravenhill."

"So? On what charge?"

"Enders' ship isn't licensed to fly in Alaska. You've no pilot's permit on this side of the line. You're still wanted in Nome. Turn around, please. Your hands behind you."

Ravenhill complied slowly. Steel clicked about his wrists. He was handcuffed. The marshal directed him to the nearest bunk, and Ravenhill seated himself stiffly there.

He remained erect and impassive, awaiting the next fall of the cards. There would be no partnership agreement, obviously. He was now, in Foley's viewpoint, a mere nuisance to be abated. How did Foley propose to abate it?

The marshal's presence here seemed to preclude outright murder. He could be the weak link in Foley's chain, in fact. The marshal and Foley had been drinking pals of old. Obviously the hard-bitten old peace officer was in league with Foley, brought here to give legal sanction to the Alaskans' looting of the bench, yet how far could he be paid, coerced or blackmailed into following Foley's lead blindly?

"Now listen," Foley told the others. "Horse and I'll manage this. You lads scatter to the other cabin. Jessop will be up soon." He drew out a huge silver watch and squinted at it. "Nine o'clock. At midnight we move the giant down the canyon."

"One question first," young Tilton said. "Our necks are in this wringer too."

"Shoot," Foley invited. "But make it brief."

"What do we do with Ravenhill?"

"Hold him prisoner until the show's over. Horse guards him while we work the bench. After the cleanup, Horse takes his prisoner down to Fairbanks."

"What about Ravenhill's ship?"

"Horse impounds it for the court to dispose of in Fairbanks," Foley replied. "They'll send a pilot up for it."

"But won't Enders be coming out from Aklavik tomorrow, or the next day, looking for his ship?"

"You're a bright lad," Flynn Foley approved, "but leave it to the older hands to copper all bets. This is Alaskan territory. Enders can't look for his ship up here—or the Mounties either—without going through channels. While those wheels are moving we're in business. Two weeks and we're gone with the dust. . . . Anything else?"

"It looks like you're making it easy for us morons," Tilton admitted. "We don't have to do any thinking at all."

"Do all the thinking you like, bub," Foley returned. "Just so you perform according to Hoyle. On your way, meantime."

When the footfalls of the trio had faded outside, Flynn moved to the center, facing Ravenhill. The marshal moved to Ravenhill's right and produced the handcuff key.

"The deal is," the marshal explained, "that I handcuff one hand to the post of the bunk here. You can sleep fairly comfortably, and have one hand with which to smoke, eat and fight off mosquitoes. Which hand d'you want free?"

"My right," Ravenhill said.

It was soon accomplished. With the left handcuff snapped into the third link, after encircling the wooden post below the bunk's headboard, Ravenhill's hand was imprisoned in a not too uncomfortable position. He flexed the free fingers of his right, and looked up at Flynn Foley questioningly.

"May I make a final suggestion, Foley?"

"You may not," Foley returned. "Not any. Let's step outside a second," he told the marshal. "We've got some loose ends to wrap up."

They went outside and moved to their right. Ravenhill could not hear the subject of their brief exchange. Once the marshal's voice rose in growling protest. Flynn's brittle tones rode him down. They whispered on for a space, then returned, with Foley in the lead. The marshal moved past him and seated himself with a touch of dejection on the bench flanking the table.

"Now look, Horse," Foley said. "You're committed to this deal now and there's no backing out. The minute you arrested Ravenhill you passed the point of no return. Correct?"

The marshal nodded gloomily. "I'll be walking a mighty tight rope when this is over, that's for sure."

"Pull yourself together," Foley advised sternly. "It's still legal, every inch of the way—provided you guard this wolf. And remember—he *is* a wolf."

"I know," said the marshal. "They don't let me forget it, over in Nome."

"I'll lay it on the line once, and it's final," Foley went on. "Until Enders has come and gone you'll stay right here fetching Riv's meals, giving him no chance whatever to break loose and foul up our deal again. If there's any slip-up you, personally, will be responsible. To me, personally. Got it?"

"Don't threaten me," the marshal objected, with more apathy than vigor. "And show a little more respect for my office, Flynn. You and I understand each other, but Ravenhill here ——"

"I respect your office," Flynn assured him. "I respect you as an old trail pardner. But there's a nasty side to my nature too. This could be the last shot at the moon for both of us. If there's any boners pulled, any false carding whatsoever ——"

"O.K., O.K.," the marshal said. "You've made your point. What else?"

"That's all." Foley took down various items from the wall. "I'll bunk with the boys. In the morning I'll have Buck Tilton bring over breakfast for both of you. Before noon tomorrow we'll have the giant set up on the bench. If Enders doesn't come by then we'll start assembling the sluice boxes. Provided these goings-on don't make the doc and the gal too jittery. But that's Jessop's department. Any more questions on yours?"

"Yes," said the marshal, with an attempt at sour humor. "Where's the pinochle deck?"

"And may I have my musette bag?" Ravenhill asked. "It's on the ship, hanging just inside the door."

"Sure," Foley said. "I'll fetch it. We like to have our guests comfortable—even though we don't expect 'em back."

He returned shortly with the musette bag, slid it through the open door, gave the cabin a final survey and departed.

Left alone with the marshal, Ravenhill made no attempt to engage him in conversation. Obviously the marshal expected it—hoped for it, even; therefore let him wait and force him to take the lead himself. Ravenhill accordingly loosened his clothing, placed his cigarettes within reach and lay back in relaxed pose. He was weary from the long day's activities. There was plenty of time. There was no use worrying over past errors or impending events. Moreover, one had to sleep somewhere.

He was awakened at midnight. The footfalls of Foley and the others passed the cabin, dwindled toward the gap. Their hushed voices came remotely as Foley supervised the moving of the cumbersome giant. Presently these sounds, too, faded toward the north, and the cabin and the dimly lit outer world were enveloped in the silence of the glaciered peaks.

The marshal arose from his bunk and strode restlessly about. He was in shirt sleeves and stockinged feet, but his service revolver was strapped about his bulging paunch. He paused by Ravenhill's bunk. "You awake, Riv? We can talk now."

Though it required an effort of will to do so, Ravenhill merely stirred comfortably, snuggling down into a more relaxed position. The marshal must fry in his own fat for a while longer. "Sorry, old chap. In the morning, eh?"

Rebuffed, the marshal returned to his own bunk. It creaked under his weight and continued (*Continued on Page 45*)

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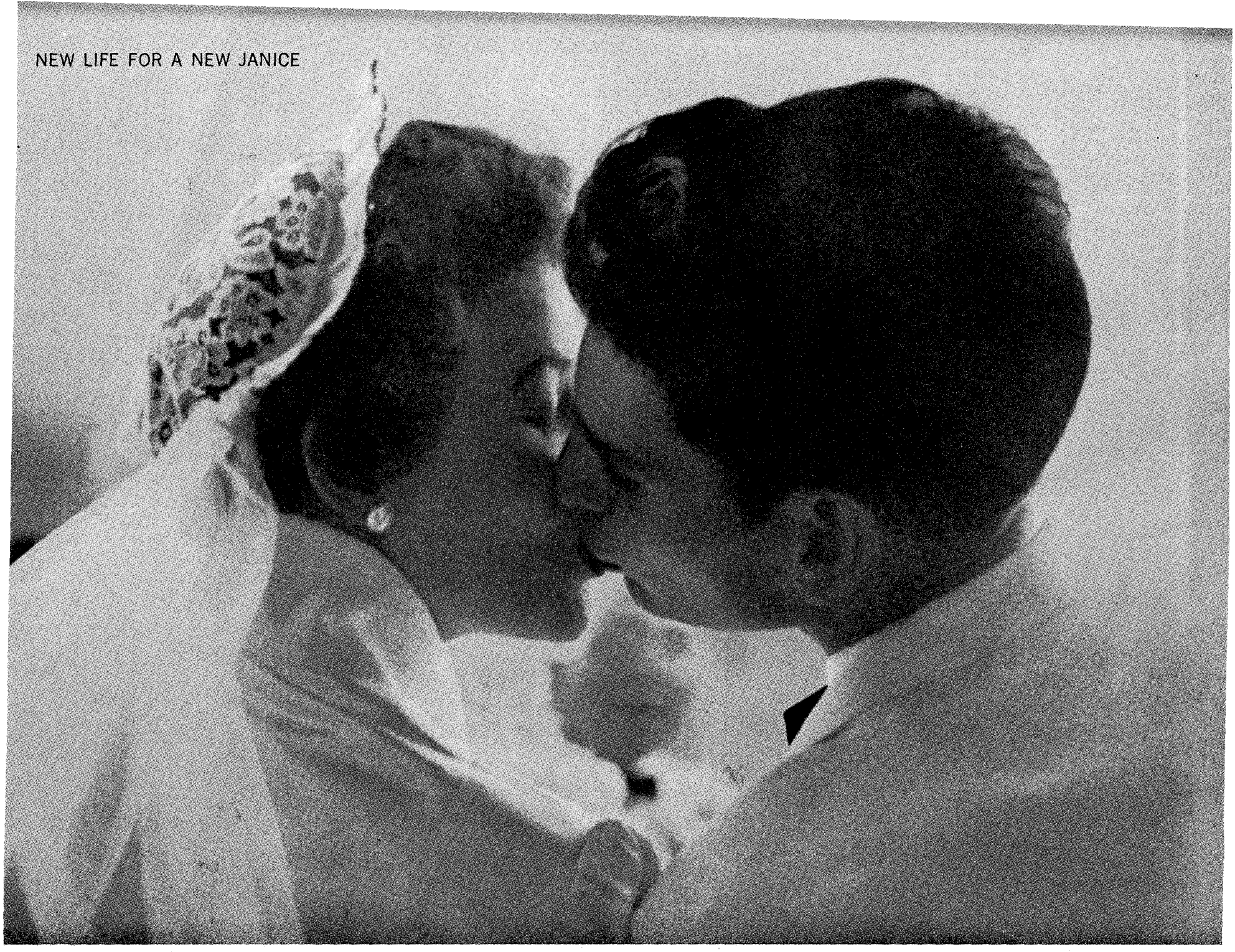


Charles Kinney bestows a lingering kiss on his beautiful and happy bride.

Jamestown's Bride of the Year

Jamestown, North Dakota, had always known Janice Peterson as a pleasant, good-humored girl. Although she was well liked and had many friends, Janice seldom had a date. The reason: she was far overweight, weighing 187 pounds.

Then one night at a party, she met Chuck Kinney. Janice knew from the start this was the man she wanted to marry.

Now she was more determined than ever to slim down. She had tried many times before—reducing fads, rigid diets and violent exercises. They only left her haggard and hungry. Weight came off—but in the wrong places. And then she would gain it right back again.

Fortunately, Janice read in a magazine how a great many people in Fort Morgan, Colorado successfully trimmed down with the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. She decided, "If they can do it, I can, too!"

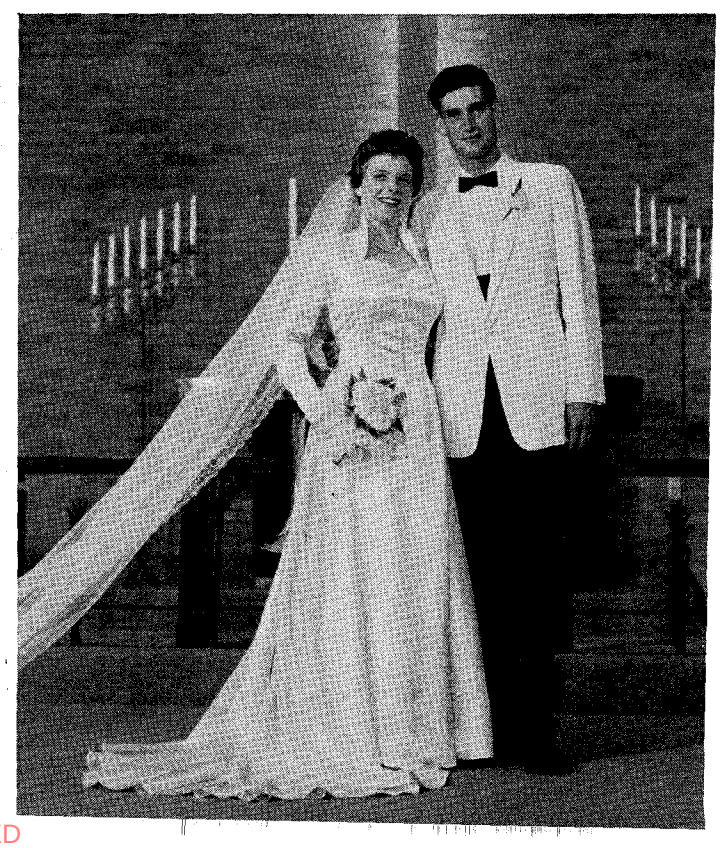
So she tried this famous plan of effortless exercise and calorie reduction. Almost right away she started getting results. Inches and pounds began to melt away.

A few months later, Janice unexpectedly met Chuck again. What he saw was a pleasant surprise. Here was a completely new and different Janice—now slender and graceful, a lovely young lady with trim proportions. For Chuck, it was love at second sight.

And so they were married. Jamestown people agree Janice is the happiest bride of the year. And Janice herself proudly says, "It wouldn't have happened, if it hadn't been for Stauffer."

The famous Stauffer Home Reducing Plan holds the promise of new-found happiness for every woman of every age who is overweight. It can bring new happiness to *you*, too—as it has to many thousands.

For more information about this open door to a new, happier life, look for Stauffer Home Plan in your telephone book, or mail the attached postage paid card.



Janice and Chuck Kinney pose for their formal wedding picture. Jamestown folks still find it hard to recognize this new and slender Janice.

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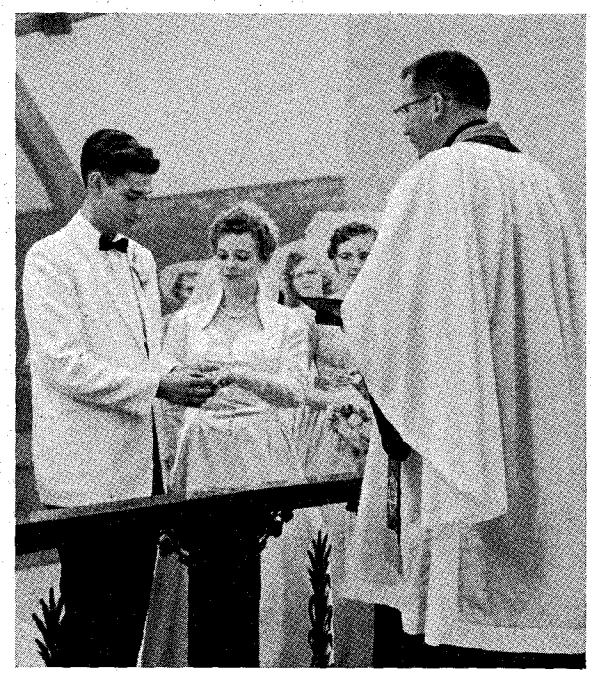
Before Stauffer, 22-year-old Janice Peterson weighed 187. In one year she actually put on 40 pounds. She was always concerned about her excess poundage and had tried many times to reduce. But hunger from starvation diets only made her gain more. And Janice never had the energy to exercise. She felt her problem hopeless until she read about Stauffer Home Reducing Plan in a magazine—and tried it.

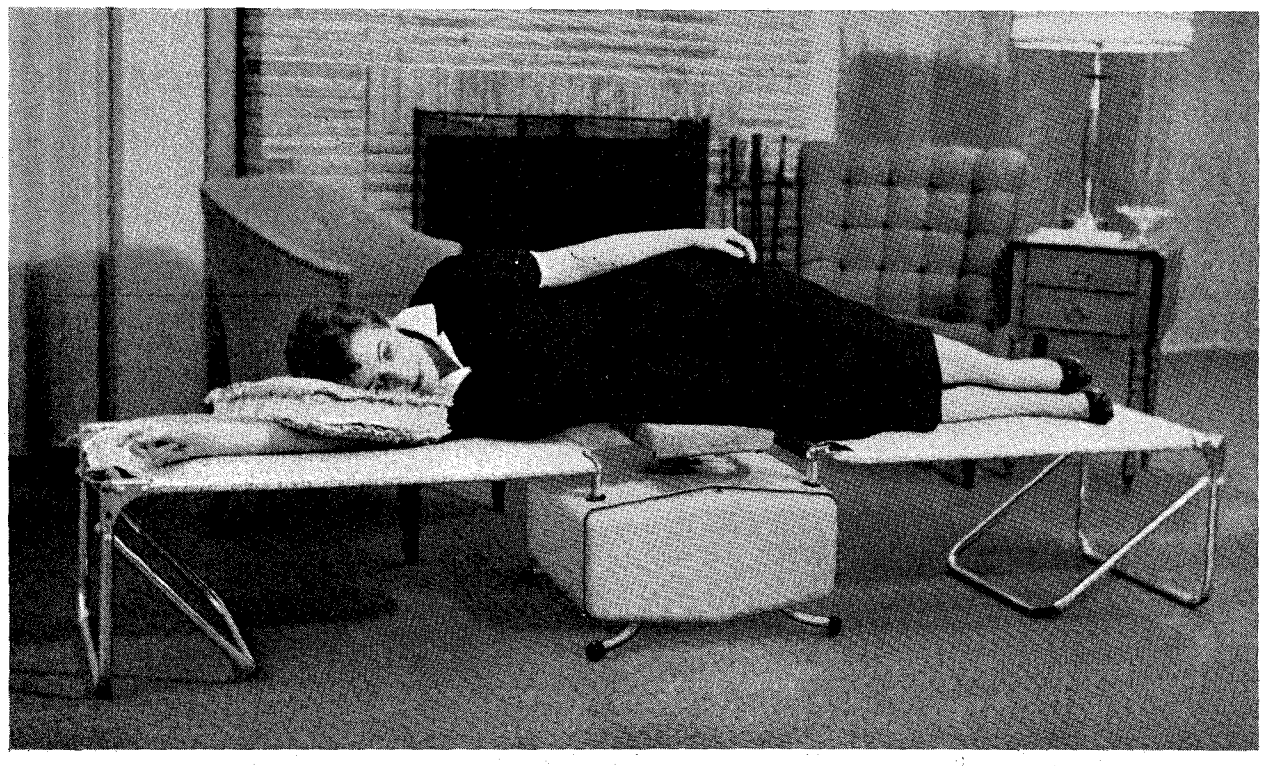
After Stauffer, Janice, a trim 134, happily chooses her beautiful size 13 trousseau from Orlady's. Not only did she lose 53 pounds, but the Stauffer Home Plan also firmed and toned muscle tissue and improved her posture. Janice is still losing to reach her goal of 125. The Stauffer Plan is a complete figure-beautifying program. It trims away pounds and inches where you need to lose—from hips, waist, tummy, thighs, upper arms, calves and ankles.

Getting ready for the big event, Janice is assisted by Myrtle Hurley, her Stauffer counselor. Mrs. Hurley visited Janice regularly to give important guidance to her slimming program—a *personalized* service included in the Plan.



Janice and Chuck exchange rings before Pastor J. A. Nestingen in Trinity Lutheran Church. The wedding was an evening candlelight service. Over 150 friends and relatives attended the ceremony and reception that followed.

Chuck carries Janice over the threshold to begin a new, happy life together. "When you become slender," Janice says, "you change more than your figure. You step into a completely different world—a happier one in every way."



Janice keeps her new proportions by using the "Magic Couch" (Posture-Rest®)—the heart of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan.

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Watkins

SINCE 1868

(*Continued from Page 38*)

to creak at intervals as he stirred and tossed restlessly.

Breakfast came at seven in the morning, young Tilton bearing two plates of beans, bacon and fried eggs. Blackie lumbered behind with a steaming coffeepot. Early as it was, the marshal had already built the fire. Ravenhill, freshly shaved, greeted the food bearers cheerfully.

"Let your beans cool for a minute," Tilton told the marshal. "The boss wants to see you." After the marshal had left he started to give Ravenhill the news of the day. "We got the giant down there. Brother, what a hassle! This morning, while Flynn keeps the bone hunters occupied ——"

"That's enough, son," Blackie said. "Flynn said keep our lips buttoned, remember?"

"Ravenhill knows the whole setup," Tilton objected. "You trailed me over as a watchdog, is that it?"

"That's it," Blackie said, setting the coffeepot on the table.

The young pilot stalked out, aggrieved. The marshal returned almost immediately, and Blackie left. The footfalls of the departing Alaskans soon passed the cabin and faded in the direction of the canyon.

Ravenhill maintained his disinterested pose during breakfast and through the pinochle game which followed. The marshal, too, remained stubbornly silent. At near noon, however, with Ravenhill himself near the bursting point, the marshal's resistance crumbled.

"The heck with this," he said, pushing the cards aside. "We're fiddling while Rome's burning. I've got some problems that are yelling for action. So have you. How come you can sit here so calmly, with the showdown getting closer by the minute?"

Ravenhill was inwardly delighted. He maintained his careless pose, nevertheless. "You have a problem, old chap?"

"Flynn's got his bets coppered," the marshal returned. "All he's interested in is cleaning up fast and getting out. But where does that leave you and me, afterward?"

"I'll be in a rather awkward position, certainly," Ravenhill admitted. "Wanted by the authorities both in Yukon Territory and Alaska. Already in your custody." He shrugged. "I can probably wriggle out of the charges down in Fairbanks, somehow."

"Exactly how?" the marshal asked. "You knew Enders' ship wasn't licensed to fly in Alaska. Yet you detoured up here. How explain that?"

"Rely on the truth. It usually prevails."

"Just what's the truth?"

Ravenhill did not hesitate. He had nothing now to lose. "I was trying to lend the doctor a hand. I detoured up here to get a copy of our agreement—proof positive of Foley's whole conspiracy. Then I'd have the whip hand on the bench tomorrow. Time was of the essence. The regulations I ignored were minor. I'm sure the court would take a lenient view of the whole matter."

The marshal scowled incredulously. "You'd pass up one sixth of a million iron men just to help the doc protect his penny-ante bones and spearheads and such?"

"Oh, no," Ravenhill said. "Protect the doctor, yes—but the gold would still be in the ground. At the worst, we could wash it out legitimately after the doctor was through with the bench next season—or the next. Foley might even have agreed to that."

"He wouldn't," the marshal said. "He won't. He's too close to the loot. Murder wouldn't stop him now." He studied Ravenhill in his intent, heavy-lidded way. "And down in Fairbanks, you'd hang out all the wash? Including that *in situ* business?"

"Naturally," Ravenhill said. "Jessop's failure to file the *in situ* permit would be proof enough of the whole conspiracy. The doctor would back me up. So would Carol." He studied the marshal narrowly in his turn. "That's the crux of your problem, eh, old cutthroat? With the *in situ* business in the record, you couldn't possibly claim ignorance of the conspiracy, eh?"

"You've named it," the marshal said bitterly. "Can you see me on the stand—in my own court, under oath—claiming I didn't know anything about the *in situ* deal? I could have, before you showed up. Not now. How far would I get, pretending I was just protecting Alaskan citizens? Dumb as I may be, d'you think I could persuade the court that I was that dumb?"

"It might be difficult," Ravenhill agreed. "And then?"

"Then I'd be hauled before my own board. Malfeasance of office, betrayal of public trust—they'd throw the whole book at me. I'd be dismissed from the service, my pension cut off, my name struck from the records."

"There'd be compensations, of course," Ravenhill pointed out. "You'd still have your share of the loot, wouldn't you? Whatever share Foley's promised you?"

The old peace officer's face flushed darkly. "That ain't fair, Riv. You know better. I've been in the service thirty years, less one month. In all those thirty years I've never accepted a dime for doing my duty, or for failing to do it."

"Will you state categorically," Ravenhill insisted, "that in this instance Foley is not sharing his loot with you?"

"Not an ounce. Not a thin dime!" Then the marshal lowered his eyes. "Maybe it stacks up to the same thing. I wouldn't know. Put it this way. Just assume Foley's got such a hold on me that I got no choice but to follow through on the bench tomorrow. Take it from there. You've had time to think. What's the answer?"

Ravenhill shook his head. "There's a way, of course. But until I know what hold Foley has on you I can't even risk suggesting it."

"But I can't tell you," the marshal said miserably. "And I can't explain why without telling you. Look, Riv, your neck's still in the wringer here. Worse than you think. D'you know what Flynn and I were whispering about outside the door last night? I was telling Flynn I couldn't go through with it tomorrow. Not with you running at large afterward. But Flynn already had that figured. He don't want you running at large afterward either. So he don't intend that you should leave Glacier Lake alive. That's the last bet he's coppering."

"So?" Ravenhill said. "How long before the execution?"

"Sometime tomorrow afternoon. After Enders and the Mountie have gone back to Aklavik and the show's on the road."

"Who'll be the executioner?" Ravenhill asked, flicking the ash from his cigarette. Then he answered his own question coldly. "No, that's immaterial. It won't be United States Marshal Wiggins. You must keep your skirts clean—naturally. Let Flynn Foley manage it, somehow, while you're looking the other way. You'll know you were party to murder, but who else will know? Not the good people of Fairbanks. After your retirement they'll point to you with pride as you go by. We can almost hear what they're saying, can't we? 'There goes our good ex-marshal. Thirty years in office and he retires with a clean record and clean hands. Not too smart, perhaps, but honest. A sterling citizen, that Wiggins.'"

"Don't," the marshal pleaded. "All I'm trying to figure out ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill interposed. "You're here, guarding me until tomorrow, then you'll turn me over to Foley. Don't your actions tell the story—Wiggins looking out for Wiggins and the devil take the hindmost?"

"I agreed to guard you, to give you an outside chance," the marshal explained. "Suppose it was Blackie guarding you, instead of me? I figured you'd come up with an idea, long before this. And you do have an idea. Can't you just lay it on the line?"

"I must know the hold Foley has on you," Ravenhill insisted. "If you're completely helpless I've nothing to offer."

"And I can't tell you," the marshal said, mopping his face. "Where does that leave us?"

"Deadlocked, I'm afraid." Ravenhill pointed to the deck of cards. "My deal, I believe. Will you cut, please?"

TO BE CONTINUED

"I think I'm getting the hang of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Pope's Commandos

(Continued from Page 13)

becomes in the United States an indoors garb—out on the street, the American Jesuit is dressed like any other priest, and the magnificent, cartwheel Roman hat deteriorates into a commonplace black felt hat. In hot countries the Jesuit wears white. And, when a delicate assignment calls for it, he may confront the world in civvies.

This singular adaptability is very much in keeping with the character and purpose of the order. Founded in 1534, by Iñigo de Oñez y Loyola, a Spanish nobleman and soldier known to the world as St. Ignatius, it was conceived as a spiritual shock battalion, a light cavalry of the Roman Church. Ignatius had been wounded by a cannon ball at the siege of Pampeluna and, convalescing, had vowed to lead the life of an ascetic, devoted only to the Church. Desirous of creating a brotherhood whose members would be ready for immediate action, at the Pope's command, in any sector of the world-wide front, he organized his "Company of Jesus" along military lines and freed the brethren from all time-consuming ritual, such as the choral recitation of Divine Office.

And he ordained a form of government closely resembling an absolute monarchy. According to his Constitutions, valid to this day, the order's highest legislative organ is the general congregation, or parliament. However, its chief function is the election of a general and his cabinet of personal "assistants" who advise him. Having installed them, parliament goes home, leaving the general to rule supreme during his lifetime. He is addressed as "Your Paternity," visitors may kiss his hand, and his tremendous power, combined with his black garb, has earned him his grim nickname—the Black Pope. (The real Pope, or Holy Father, who wears white, is the Black Pope's only superior among men.)

Under its chief executive, the society moves as one body, with orders coming down, through the provincial and local superiors appointed by the general, to the individual Jesuit—whose job is to obey, to do, and, when the need arises, die a martyr's death.

It was, perhaps, the wish to re-evaluate the iron rules laid down by St. Ignatius in the light of our times that prompted the present general—the Very Reverend John Baptist Janssens, a Belgian—to call an extraordinary congregation of the society in 1957. Such congregations are extremely rare—no more than five had been held previously, in the entire history of the order. And, as 185 Jesuit delegates from all over the world assembled here in Rome, the balmy air of the Eternal City buzzed with rumors. Was a rebellion afoot? Was the society about to modernize itself? Would sweeping concessions be made to the younger members who felt that the tight centralism of the order stultified rank-and-file initiative?

As it turned out, the meeting, which lasted from September 6 to November 11, 1957, was more important for what it did not do than for the relatively minor administrative measures it enacted. A welcome sounding board for big and little grievances, the congregation, in the end, decided to leave well enough alone. No doubt, an unexpectedly severe reminder of their duties, administered to the assembled fathers at the beginning of their sessions by the late Pope Pius XII, had a good deal to do with their decision.

Sharply recalling to their minds the meaning of obedience, Pius XII warned Jesuits not to substitute for it "a certain 'democratic' equality in accordance with which a subject would argue with his superior until they had arrived at a solution pleasing to them both." "May there be no room among you for that prideful spirit of 'free investigation,'" he warned. Exhorting Jesuits not to live like "men of the world seeking pleasure in what seems useful, agreeable and delightful," the Pontiff, finally, voiced his disapproval of "long, leisurely pleasure trips," and other "superfluities."

"Take care," he told his startled listeners, "that the use of tobacco is discontinued among you!"

Behind this now historic incident there lies a crisis which affects, in varying degrees, the life of every religious order. In fact, one may well wonder how these groups, organized centuries ago in a world very different from ours, have survived at all. And while the answer to this question may be found in the ever-present need of men and women to turn away from the activities and pleasures of the world and spend their lives in contemplation or the fulfillment of spiritual tasks, it is easy to see how these high ideals might clash with the realities of modern life.

Take, for example, the ideal of obedience, which has become the Jesuits' trademark to the point where fact and fiction mingle to create a myth. Much of the fifteen years it takes to make a Jesuit is spent, no doubt, in rearranging his personality. No Jesuit can forget that St. Ignatius himself described obedience as "a holocaust in which the whole man, nothing at all excepted, is offered up." Where ordinary obedience is a matter of subjecting one's own will to that of the superior, the Jesuit variety affects will, intellect and judgment.

Indeed, the Jesuit, in St. Ignatius' words, "must offer up his understanding . . . that he may not only will, but also think the self-same with his superior. . . . Obedience comprehends not only the execution, so that the person do that which is commanded, and the will, so that he do it willingly, but also the judgment, that whatsoever the superior commands and thinks good, seem just and reasonable to the inferior, so far, as I have said, as the will, by its force and vigor, can bend the understanding."

Hence, perhaps, the old superstition that, to a Jesuit, white must be black if his superior tells him so. In point of fact, Jesuit discipline has a deep spiritual meaning, as the obedient subject sees, in his superior, the Lord Himself. Still, when St. Ignatius, in the order's Constitutions, orders the brethren to obey "as if they were a dead body which suffers itself to be borne to any place and to be treated in any manner whatever," the outsider may wonder whether this degree of discipline can actually be maintained. The answer is, it can.

Time and again, the Jesuit, engaged in a scientific project or a stimulating job, is suddenly told to pack up and go far, far away. The president of a great university may find himself, tomorrow, the head of a remote and modest house of studies, or a hospital. A brilliant scholar may be ordered to teach small boys arithmetic. A young man may be sent—for the rest of his life—to a small mission station in the tribal lands of South America. He may be ordered to speak, henceforth, in another language, or change his nationality. And he is not expected to reply with a "See here . . ."

It's true, any command is void if it conflicts with moral or religious law, or with the evidence of patent truth. St. Ignatius thought of it: "If anything occurs to you different from the superior's opinions and it seems . . . that it ought to be declared, you may propose it to him." The loophole will, however, prove of no avail when used to wriggle out of an unpalatable order. American Jesuits, yanked out of some important job back home and called to Rome to work at headquarters, so often justify their remonstrations with an ailing stomach that the "American stomach-ache" is now proverbial among Jesuits here. After the third demur, a man is usually told to stop his mutterings and come on over.

Obedience has a sister, Poverty. As the society is, technically, one of the mendicant orders, living off alms—and, thanks to a papal dispensation, tuition fees—austerity is part of every Jesuit's life. He may own nothing. What he possessed, in civil life, he has disposed of, like a dying man, in a last will and testament before becoming a full member of the order. If he earns a salary as a teacher, writer or administrator, he turns it over to the community and is, in turn, allotted what modest funds he needs for certain specified necessities.

Send your Jesuit friend a fountain pen for Christmas, and he will take it in to his superior, who, if your friend already has a pen, may hand your gift to another of his subjects or present it to a visitor. The story is told that Father Janssens, the present general, cornered by several visiting American Jesuits while walking in the gardens behind headquarters, obligingly posed for their snapshots—only to order, the day after, the prompt surrender of all nonessential cameras.

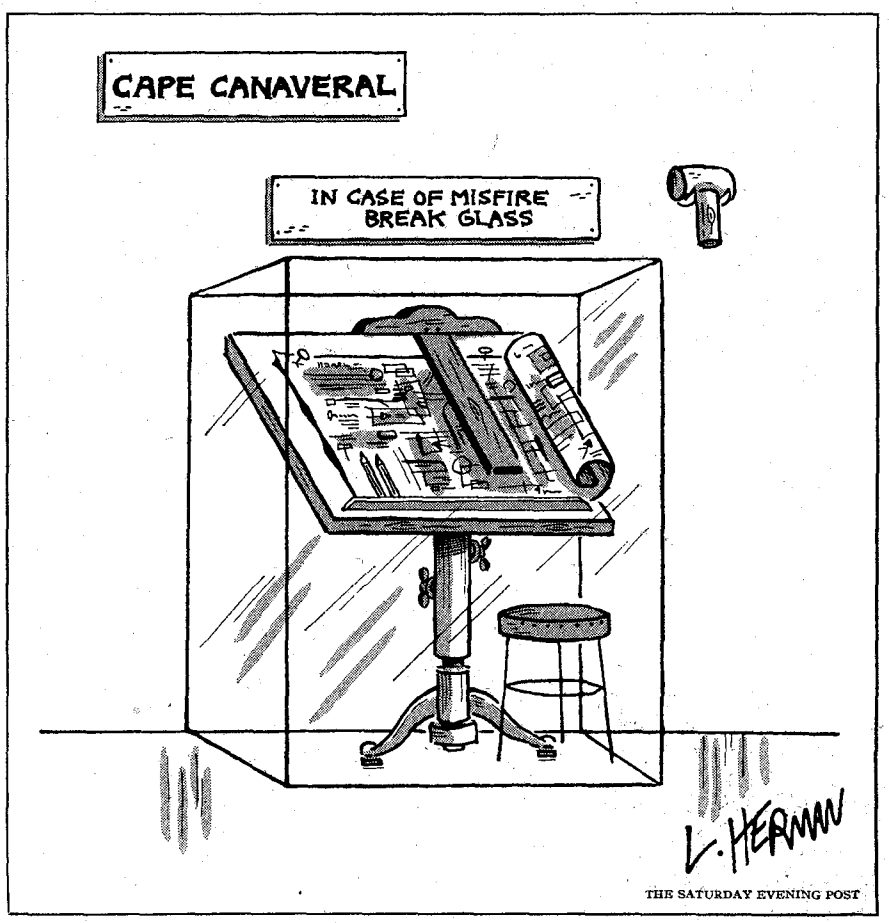
At home, most Jesuits, living in residential-hall-style buildings, enjoy a modicum of comfort in their rooms. There'll be a bed, a wardrobe, a bookshelf, a desk, a typewriter, and—in the United States—a washbasin with running water. (At world headquarters in Rome, a somber, five-story brick building put up some thirty years ago, the only running water is to be found in common washrooms.) However, in the outside world, where is the borderline between necessity and self-indulgence? In order to fulfill his apostolic mission, the Jesuit may have to travel. May he take an airplane? If traveling by train, is he entitled to a sleeper? The rule of thumb says that, if a good night's rest is necessary for the performance of his work, he may indulge. But things get tricky, once again, if it's a hot day and our man longs for refreshment. A dish of ice cream? A glass of beer? Well—maybe. And so on, through the myriad small temptations and conveniences of our century.

"For an adult and a free man," one Jesuit allowed, "all this is a great mortification."

The world was not exactly stagnating when St. Ignatius called into life his "Company of Jesus" which was confirmed, in 1540, by Pope Paul III. The Reformation was sweeping across Europe, shaking the Church of Rome to its foundations, and that huge, lumbering machine was ill-equipped for counter-attack. The unheard-of mobility of the new order, its willingness to tackle any spiritual task, made it a natural instrument in the ensuing battle.

Soon, Jesuits found themselves in the forefront of the Counter-Reformation. As the Pope's theologians, they animated the historic Council of Trent, which, in 1545–63, laid down the main lines of spiritual and doctrinal defense against Protestantism. Their shock tactics in going into hostile territory to preach and teach recaptured large portions of Europe for the Catholic faith. And overseas, their missionaries, swarming out by the hundreds, secured new worlds for Rome.

Themselves a product of the cultural upheaval known as the Renaissance, the Jesuits built their theology upon the humanism of their age. Because Man was the keystone of their reasoning, their theological approach was bound to clash with the great systems of medieval thought which started out with God and then descended to the human plane to see how Man fitted in. The Jesuits' bitter disputes with the older orders, especially the deeply intellectual Dominicans—disputes on how to reconcile our own free will with God's supreme dominion—make one of the most fascinating chapters of Church history. To this day, the Dominicans, in their religious teaching, stress God's omnipotence, while the Jesuits are more concerned with Man's free will, and both arrive (*Continued on Page 51*)



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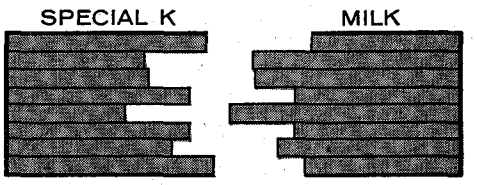

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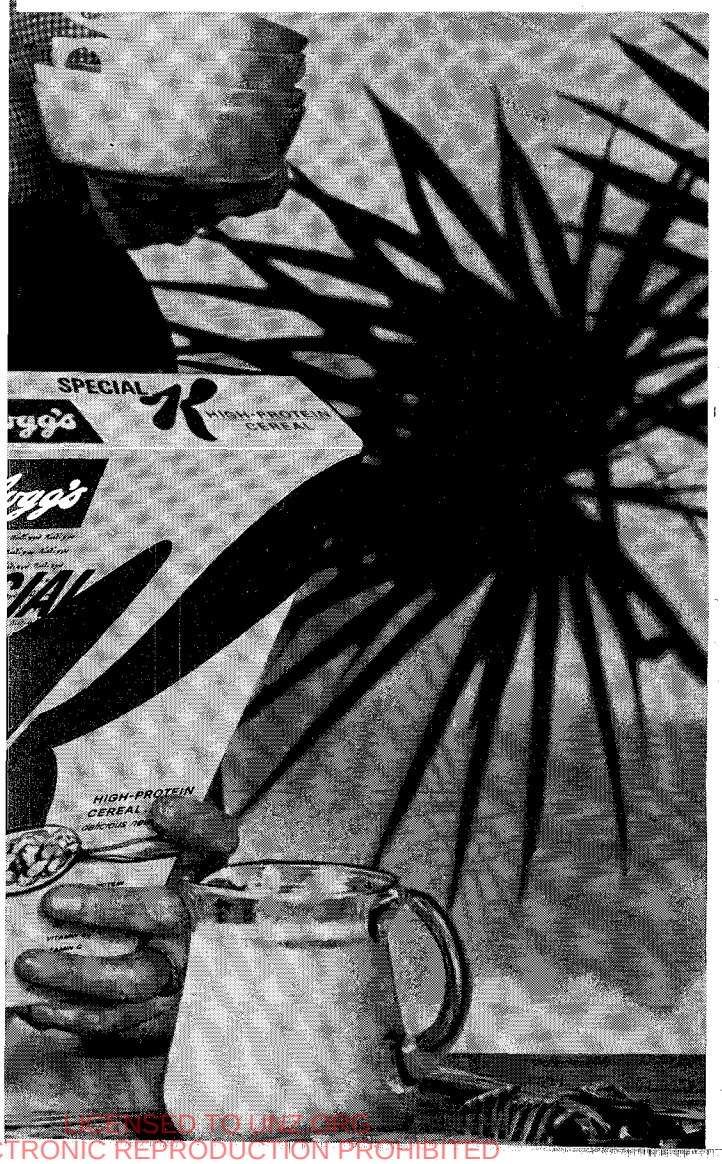

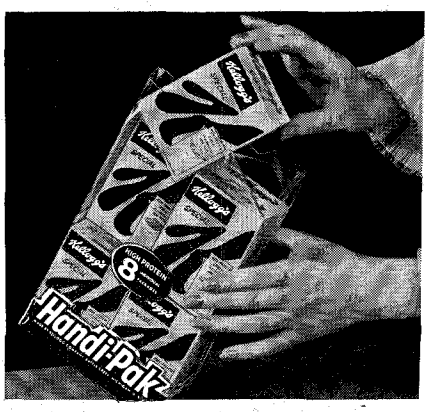

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(*Continued from Page 46*) at different interpretations of the action of God's grace. The friendly rivalry allows for some good-natured ribbing—if you want to hear some good Jesuit jokes, you'll have to go to the Dominicans.

When St. Ignatius died, in 1556, the order, whose first general he was, had spread across the breadth of Europe and penetrated into Asia, Africa and the Americas. It numbered about 1000 members. Because of their great skill in setting up colleges, and their ability as teachers, the Jesuits soon had a virtual monopoly of higher education in many countries. In their attempts to reach the multitude, they usually worked from the top down. Their own monarchic Constitutions, and the aristocratic background of many of their members, linked them, from the beginning, to the ruling classes. And, as confessors and advisers to princes, kings and queens, they often found themselves involved in politics. Whether they were, in fact, behind this or that revolution or conspiracy will keep historians arguing forever. What is important is that a large sector of the public had gradually come to see, behind the Jesuits' impressive front of world-wide influence, a sinister design—a secret drive for power.

No doubt, the wealth the order had amassed, its large estates, its water rights, its sugar plantations, and the fact that it ran, under Spanish suzerainty, a virtual empire of its own in South America, disquieted many minds. Nor had its association with the suppression of the Jansenists—a Catholic movement minimizing man's free will—contributed to the society's popularity. The unfortunate sentence, "When the end is lawful, the means are also lawful," culled from a book by the Jesuit Busenbaum, published in 1650, led to the allegation that, to all Jesuits, the end justified the means. And their ability to turn an argument to the opponent's disadvantage made people think of them as hypocritical and crafty.

When, finally, some leading spirits of the Age of Reason, including the brilliant—and Jesuit-trained—Voltaire, mounted an anti-Jesuit crusade, even some of the order's royal sponsors felt it expedient to switch sides. In 1773, the Pope, upon the urging of the Catholic kings of France and Spain, and fearing a schism splitting Catholic Christianity in two, suppressed the order. It was the ultimate weapon in his arsenal—the thunderbolt of Zeus, not used, before or since, against a major order of the Church.

It did not kill the Jesuits. True, when the Vatican, in 1814, solemnly reinstated them throughout the world—they had survived in Protestant Prussia during the life of Frederick the Great, and in Orthodox Russia under Catherine the Great and her successors—hostility still greeted them in many countries. Expelled, since then, four times from France, five times from Spain, and, on occasion, from assorted other nations, the order has been pushed around unmercifully. But it has won the battle for its rehabilitation. Today, the only Western country—besides the Soviet Union and most of its satellites—that outlaws the society is Switzerland; and even there a Jesuit is free to come and go.

How does one get to be a Jesuit? About 350 young Americans join the society every year. Nineteen years of age, and sometimes older, they come from every social stratum, and search for something that no worldly job, career or business can give them. Their serious intent, known as "vocation," should rest on something more than reason. "What we are looking for is a supernatural motivation," one senior Jesuit explained. Apart from that, good health, a virtuous life, a high-school education, a well-adjusted personality and a good brain are all that is required.

The grinding process starts immediately—to last for fifteen years. Donning the habit, the novice joins a group of about twenty others at a secluded Jesuit establishment, like the scholasticate at Florissant, Missouri, in spiritual preparation for his life in the society. His day is organized from five A.M. to nightfall, and the routine includes instruction, prayer, and a good deal of humble, menial work. It includes, too, a thirty-day retreat—the series of deep self-examinations based on the classic document of Jesuit introspection, the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. At any time, before the first two years are up, the novice may be told he is not fit to be a Jesuit and shipped back home; by the same token, he may turn in his cassock on his own volition and walk out the door.

But, at the end of the two-year novitiate, the young man takes the triple vows of perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience. He's in the army now. And he moves upward (leaving lay brothers behind at this point) through a two-year liberal-arts course, to a Jesuit college for priests where he spends three years studying philosophy, in Latin. A three-year "regency" of active teaching at a Jesuit high school or college rounds out a memorable and decisive decade.

The pressure, all this time, has been terrific. While senior Jesuits do not deny that some fine boys do crack under the strain, the miracle is that it happens to so few. Day in, day out, the student is closed in by the unyielding framework of a highly organized and regimented life. His study program is a heavy one, additional hours are spent in mental prayer, his character is put to many tests, his conscience is kept on a continuous alert. His teachers and superiors, closely observing him, report to their superiors and, in the end, the society knows more about him than he does himself.

And now the student, having come this far, narrows his field of vision to concentrate on the Divine. Transferred to a theologate, such as St. Mary's College, Kansas, he studies for the priesthood. After the third year of this four-year course, he is ordained a priest, and it is only now that Mr. Brown, S.J., turns into Father Brown, S.J. A fifteenth year of spiritual preparation, the tertianship, once more at a secluded place, puts on the polish.

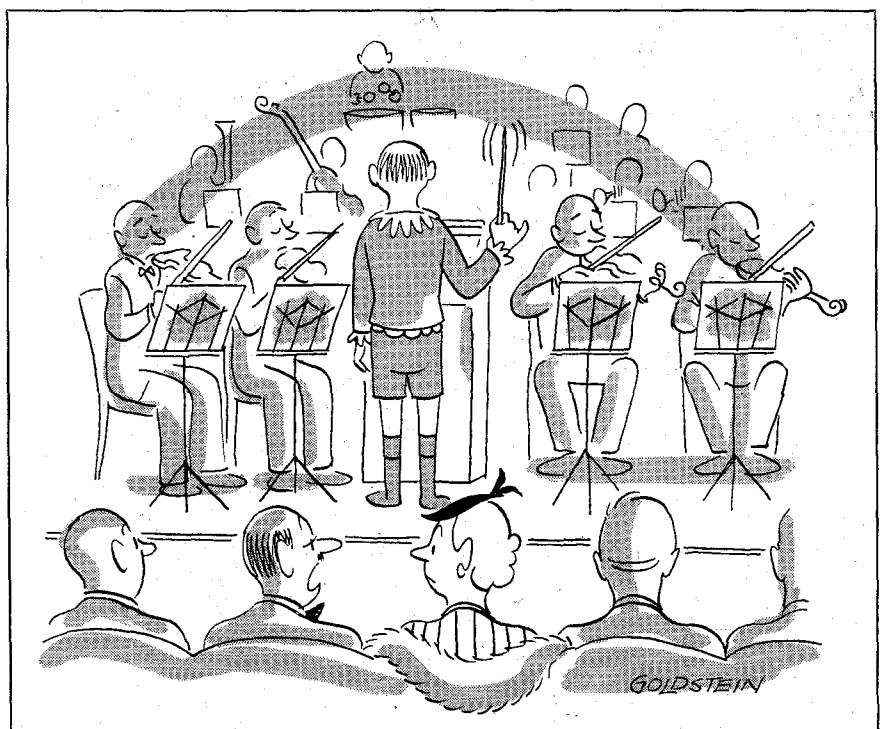
Still—there is one more step. All fathers must, some two years later, take their final vows, implying the definitive binding of order to man and man to order. However, those who have proved themselves the fittest in the long, painful process of selection, add to the standard vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, a fourth—that of perpetual obedience to the Pope. This fourth vow is the celebrated Jesuit refinement. Those asked to take it—one out of every four or five—henceforth form the elite of "professed fathers," and they alone may hold high office.

What kind of man is Father Brown as he emerges from his monumental incubator? He is, for one thing, an extremely learned fellow. He has read everything from Aristotle to Jean-Paul Sartre. He knows the ins and outs of philosophy, theology, history and sociology. He can converse in Latin, and he is, as a rule, at home in several other languages.

His personality is formed in line with the established pattern of the order. Down to the tips of his sensitive fingers, he is a Jesuit. While it would be absurd to say that the long grinding process had erased his individuality—you only have to put a German, a French and an American Jesuit around a table to see that even Jesuit formation has its limits—a certain norm has been achieved. Our Father Brown, S.J., knows how to think, to reason, to obey, to do without. Inhabited by a strong will, he is, at the same time, the perfect instrument of a superior will. A powerful *esprit de corps* links him with every member of his brotherhood. He is used to being baited by his enemies, and watched by his superiors. And he is honest with himself to the extent of formally examining his conscience for fifteen minutes twice a day, usually noting the results on a small card.

"At noon I may have given myself a five," one American Jesuit explained, "and in the evening only a three. 'What's wrong?' I ask myself. 'Why did I go downhill today?'"

With such a man, the order can take chances. It can send him, alone, to the end of the world, and know he'll do out there what he is told to do. But while the general has the final say in putting Father Brown into his proper niche—"We don't want to see a man carve out his own career," one leading Jesuit remarked—the individual enjoys, in fact, wide freedom of professional activity and, in the end, is apt to gravitate to what he's best at. Allowed to specialize with the society's approval in any subject from canon law to electronics, he may go off to study for a doctorate at Harvard, Yale or any other institute of higher learning at home or overseas.



"How many years now has he been called a child prodigy?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Working, as ever, "for God's Greater Glory," Jesuits are employed, today, at pushing back frontiers of human ignorance in an astonishingly vast variety of fields. You will find Jesuit archaeologists, script writers, language teachers, rocket engineers, economists, biologists, experts on agriculture, aeronautics, marketing methods, Marxian dialectics. Earthquakes have always been a Jesuit hobby—the order now runs thirty-one seismological stations, including seventeen in the United States. In addition, the society runs sixteen meteorological observatories, six centers for the study of geomagnetism, three for the study of the ionosphere, two for observing celestial bodies, three for observing artificial satellites, and five for the study of solar energy—all of them, with the exception of the center for the observation of artificial satellites at Georgetown University at Washington, D.C., located outside the United States. A group of Jesuit astronomers operates the observatory of the Vatican. Vatican Radio, whose powerful senders broadcast to the Iron Curtain countries, is staffed entirely by Jesuits, all of them linguists to whom the program's twenty-six languages present no problem.

An army of 6000 Jesuits—most of them native-born—now garrisons the order's mission stations, spreading the word by way of schools, hospitals and social work in territories where Christianity is not yet firmly rooted. Traditionally strong in the Far East—where Jesuits played a heroic role in an attempt to Christianize Japan, and where the famous Jesuit "Apostle to the Indies," St. Francis Xavier, died off the China coast in 1552—the order now considers India its most important mission field. As, in the missions, Jesuit priests man many parishes, all of the order's forty active bishops are to be found in mission territory.

Although the Jesuits, in contrast to their ancient rivals, the Dominicans, do not run a "third order" for affiliated laymen, so powerful a body as the Society of Jesus could not help attracting allies and satellites. The field of Jesuit influence is vast, affecting almost every social stratum. Professional and business men in many countries are conspicuous among laymen willing to work with the society, and Jesuit-sponsored groups of Catholic executives flourish in Germany, France, the United States, and elsewhere. But the chief vehicles of Jesuit thought are two world-wide organizations of men and women aspiring to a deeper spiritual life—the Apostleship of Prayer, also known as the League of the Sacred Heart, with about 40,000,000 members, including some 6,000,000 in the United States; and the Sodalities of Our Lady, with about 1,000,000 American associates.

Ready to serve the Church wherever action is required most, the order has, in recent years, given much of its time and energy to labor questions. In the United States, labor relations now rank with the Jesuits' prime interests. The order operates a string of labor schools across the country, Jesuit specialists have sat on many arbitration boards, and Jesuit priests, working directly with the unions, are now a common sight on many a tough water front. In France, where the de-Christianization of the masses has long preoccupied the Catholic Church, the Jesuits were among those who, after World War II, donned overalls and went into the factories as "worker-priests."

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And even when the Vatican, in 1953, decreed the end of the experiment, a few of them continued working, in their capacity as priests, with miners, factory hands and slum dwellers they had come to know and like. Among the rest of the society, French Jesuits, though sometimes called "Left wing" and "hard to govern," are more often saluted as the order's outstanding intellectuals.

Teaching the young, however, is still the order's most conspicuous activity. In Rome, the famed Pontifical University known as the Gregoriana, founded by St. Ignatius himself, remains a Jesuit preserve. Here, at the fountainhead of the Catholic universe, some 2500 ecclesiastic students, belonging to fifty-nine nations, sit at the feet of 120 picked professors—all of them Jesuits, and not a few of them Americans. A large part of the world's priest population thus owes its doctrinal formation, in no small measure, to the Jesuits.

In the United States, the order has gone heavily into professional training. Besides its twenty-eight universities and colleges and forty-three high schools, it now runs thirteen law schools, five schools of medicine, ten nursing schools, eight schools of engineering including a school of aeronautics, and a foreign-service school.

Contrary to a widely held opinion, the teaching in a Jesuit school is not always done by Jesuits. Although almost all Jesuit colleges belong to the society, and Jesuits hold most administrative jobs in them, some seven out of every ten teachers are laymen, and not necessarily Catholics. As for the students, one sixth of the enrollment is non-Catholic—a quiet tribute to the Jesuit ideal of an "old-fashioned" education.

One might well find a grain of irony in the phenomenal good health of the society in the United States. Born of the deep spiritual conflicts racking this troubled European continent, and intimately linked for centuries with the vicissitudes of the Old World, the order now looks to the United States for roughly half its annual crop of novices. Soon, what was only yesterday a tender branch may harden into the main root of the society, and the election of the first American general seems no more than a matter of time. Heirs to the role of leadership which, until recently, was held by Spain, the Americans are looked on, by the rest of the fraternity, as standard-bearers of the future.

At the same time, they are still something of a question mark. While universally admired for the humility of their approach, the purity of their religious spirit, and their good comradeship, American Jesuits are sometimes scolded by their European brethren for their extreme conservatism. Whenever minor changes or routine improvements are discussed—in the life of the order as a whole or merely in a Jesuit house inhabited by priests of many nationalities—it's the Americans who, in the words of one highly regarded European father, "hang back." Conformists by conviction, they disappoint those Old-World Jesuits who had come to see, in the spectacular growth of the United States contingent, hope for an "American Revolution" inside the society.

Still, the adherence to old forms, even if they may seem archaic, has always been part of the order's strength. And the Americans have on their side the often-quoted verdict of a former Pope, Clement XIII, who, when some changes in the rule of St. Ignatius were suggested, said of the Jesuits, in wonderfully telegraphic Latin: "*Aut sint ut sunt aut non sint*"—let them be as they are or not at all.

Escape Into Danger (Continued from Page 35)

They took a cab; money was precious, but time was more precious. Already the early workers were beginning to filter into the streets. Soon the fog would lessen. In an hour, at most, any citizen might recognize them from a newspaper picture. Their time to be free might be counted in minutes, now.

A blue-and-gold-uniformed doorman opened the cab door in front of a tall building with a sweeping view of the bay. Marc paid the cabby. He and Tresa stood for a moment, looking up at the plate-glass view windows of the luxury apartments.

"Is—is Natalie's high?" asked Tresa.

"The penthouse. On top."

"Oh," said Tresa in a small voice.

"At least we can't leave by the roof."

If we ever leave at all. Akim's men may be watching us right this minute, calling him, closing in.

Marc took Tresa's arm. "Fortunately that was a new doorman since I was here last. He didn't seem to recognize me. We won't take the private elevator to the penthouse. That might be the same operator, and he would remember me. We'll try going as far as two floors below and walking up the service stairs."

"More stairs. All your San Francisco is built on stairs."

They stood outside Natalie's Chinese-red door. As Marc was about to lift the ornate imported bronze knocker—Natalie hated bells—Tresa whispered, "I shall wait for you here."

"Why?"

"All men are fools," said Tresa. "To take another woman to see her!"

"I'm not leaving you here, where you can run away. Or make a phone call to Akim."

"Akim!" Tresa was very angry. "You could not think I would work for that—that ——"

"I only know he found us in that Oregon motel, and no one but you knew we were there. Hartford Cook died because Akim found us. And you're my only proof I didn't kill him."

Tresa put her small head high. Her gray-green eyes were blazing. "I would not run away. But never mind. Let us see your Natalie."

Marc banged the knocker. They waited. Presently they heard a scurrying sound and Coraline, Natalie's personal maid, said in her husky voice, "Who there?"

"Telegram." Marc muffled his voice. "Has to be signed. Open the door."

Coraline opened the ornate door a crack, poking one dark eye and one corner of her plump dark face around it. "Mr. Marc!" She tried to shut the door again. Marc shoved his foot in, then his shoulder. He pushed the door open. He held his gun in his hand, without pointing it.

Note With a Jar of Jam

By Elaine V. Emans

Who dips a spoon in, knows this ordinary
Jam pot contains more than the sugar blent
With glossy wild blackberry on blackberry.
Somehow the August day is here we went
Through meadow and woodland to sequestered thickets,
Filling our pails despite a protesting jay
And bramble thorns. Somehow the chant of crickets,
The grace of a cottontail that bounced away,
The breeze and oaks exchanging secrets near
At hand, with brown-eyed Susans watching us,
And children laughing somewhere—all are here.
So, chill white mornings, simultaneous
With snowflake-swirling, when you need it most,
Dip pure blackberry-summer upon your toast.

Coraline began to scream. Tresa slapped her quite efficiently.

"You know I won't hurt you, Coraline," Marc said.

Coraline gulped. "It's that gun, Mr. Marc. I'm scared of guns."

"So am I. You know I'm not going to shoot you."

Coraline's tight dark curls bobbed violently. She pulled her striped red flannel bathrobe more tightly about her amply padded body. She said uncertainly, "I always did say you was the nicest of Miss Natalie's young men. That time my boy was sick, you brought him games and things to play with, and had your doctor friend at the clinic help him. But you went to jail!"

"For something he did not do, but your Miss Natalie lied about," Tresa said fiercely.

"Who is here, Coraline?" Marc asked.

"Only Miss Natalie and nobody but me."

"I'll find Natalie. Can you tie her up?" Marc asked Tresa.

"Certainly," she answered. "There is a lovely scarf on the piano. The hall closet is right here."

Coraline moaned. "Mr. Marc!"

"You won't be hurt, Coraline. I promise you. I'm sorry to have to tie you up, but there is no other way."

Coraline said, "Maybe I'll be safer tied up. Miss Natalie's going to be plenty mad when she sees you, and when Miss Natalie's mad she throws things. Hard things."

Marc watched Tresa coolly tear the expensive scarf into strips and make a gag. "You do that as if you had been doing it all your life."

"I have had some practice in the underground," said Tresa grimly. "Perhaps it is wrong, but I never could bear to kill people, even Russians."

"I know. You only hit them in defense of your country and your honor."

Tresa said, "Walk into the closet, please. Then I shall tie your feet."

Coraline made a garbled sound behind the gag.

"We will not hurt you if you do not try to get away," said Tresa. "You cannot get away, believe me. But if you make a noise, it may become necessary to take further steps about you. . . . Do you really think there are just Coraline and Natalie in all this enormous place?"

"That's all there ever are at night. The butler goes home and the cook and cleaning maids come in by the day."

Tresa shut the closet door on Coraline. She locked it, but left the key.

"When we leave, they may as well be able to get her out quickly," she said. "Though there is plenty of air for hours and hours."

She turned to regard the huge, glass-surrounded living room with awe. "Such draperies!" she said. "Silk they are, I think. Yards and yards of red silk. Black walls! And the furniture! She has very good taste, your Natalie."

"It was done by a New York decorator. Natalie likes things sleek and streamlined and modern."

"But with the view, when you can see it, the space is probably nice. Anyhow, it makes it so much simpler to find the film."

Yes, Marc reflected. Natalie's living room, luxurious though it was, did not offer many hiding places. Smooth teakwood furniture, sparsely cushioned in red and gold, a mantelless stone-wall fireplace, a built-in-bookcase wall and some assorted *objets d'art*, mostly Chinese figures. The red-leather-topped coffee table; the long, curving, gold sofa.

Tresa moved swiftly about the room. She knelt by the coffee table, her fingers touching the leather edges. "Not loose," she said. "We'll try the cushions."

They dumped them all on the floor eagerly, their fingers exploring the edges.

"No rips," said Tresa. "No place that has been recently mended. The figurines. Perhaps in one of those."

Marc stood on a chair and handed the mandarins to Tresa, who shook them upside down. But there was no sound or rewarding piece of film.

Tresa said despairingly, "There must be a thousand books. How can anyone read so many books?"

"She doesn't read them. Natalie hates to read. The decorator chose those books for their covers."

"Boyd might have hidden the film in a book."

"He might," said Marc. "But which book? We haven't time to go through a thousand books."

"You certainly haven't," said a cool, familiar voice directly behind them. "How dare you tear up my living room?"

Marc turned. *Natalie's still beautiful*, he thought, *and her beauty still twists something inside me. I know what she is now, what she must be. Yet when I look at her, I still want to touch her, hold her.*

Tresa turned, too, her small straight figure in its shabby green raincoat an incongruous sight beside Natalie, tall and stately in a softly flowing negligee, her lovely blond hair loose over her shoulders.

"So you are Natalie," she said.

Natalie ignored Tresa; Natalie always ignored the people who were unimportant to her. She came toward Marc. Her perfume reached him, expensive as everything about Natalie was expensive. And a sense of shock hit Marc. The perfume was the same one Tresa was wearing, that she had found in Boyd's room. Were the blue wool skirt (*Continued on Page 54*)

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(*Continued from Page 52*) and jersey blouse also Natalie's? When Akim had not been able to get the microfilm from Boyd, had he sent Natalie to try, before his strong-armed thugs who had beaten Boyd to death? Had Boyd come here that last night asking Natalie for help, help he had thought he could count on, but which she refused?

Natalie put a soft, beautifully manicured hand on his arm. "Marc ——"

For months, even in the prison cell where she had sent him, Marc had wanted to touch Natalie; to smooth her soft blond head, to hold her long, slender body in his arms. Now that he could touch her, he found the longing gone. Akim was irrevocably between them—Akim and Boyd Rafferty. And Jamie.

Marc pushed Natalie aside, roughly. Probably never before in all her money-sheltered life had Natalie been handled roughly.

Natalie stepped toward him. She said softly, "Marc."

Marc met the lovely blue eyes. "Why did you do it, Natalie?"

"Do what, darling?"

"Lie about me."

"Lie about you?"

"In court!"

Natalie waved a languid, manicured hand almost carelessly. "Oh, that. Akim asked me to."

Tresa said, in a tight, angry voice, "You lied away a man's life and freedom as casually as you would light a cigarette. You have even forgotten it!"

Natalie looked at her now, and her blue eyes were not soft. She looked at Tresa's shabby green corduroy coat, her scrubbed-clean face and hair. She smiled faintly, contemptuously. "Who is this—this foreign person?"

Tresa flushed hotly. "I think," she said, "that for once I shall forget about my dislike of violence. I think I shall claw at your perfect face with my stubby fingernails and tear at that false yellow hair."

Natalie forgot to be languid and bored. For a moment, something of her pioneer ancestors appeared behind her pampered, sophisticated exterior. She said, "Try it."

"Tresa!" said Marc. "Remember what we are here for. We haven't much time."

Tresa was silent a moment. Then she said, in a quiet, controlled voice, "Of course. I am sorry. I shall not forget again. Shall I look in the bathroom? Boyd might have gone there."

"There are six bathrooms. The one at the end of the hall is for men guests."

Tresa said, "Perhaps in a bottle."

Marc and Natalie were alone. He went over and opened the back of the grand piano; Natalie had studied without interest at the best conservatories, and Boyd strummed a little jazz. But Marc found no microfilm. The record player, he thought. The tape recorder. But Boyd wouldn't have had time for that. He had only a second, a minute or two at most. Still, it wouldn't hurt to look. Marc knelt beside the expensive machine, pulling out tapes and records.

Natalie said softly, "Now that the foreigner is gone, must you be so stubborn, Marc? You know I'm sorry if it hurt you. I really didn't think. Akim asked me ——"

"Akim!" he said. "You could have any man you wanted, Natalie. You're young, and rich, and beautiful. Why Akim?"

Natalie said thoughtfully, "I don't know. Perhaps because he is so ugly. But quite apart from that, he fascinated me. The man has a charm no one else I have ever known has. A power. It's like a snake, rather. You're repelled, and yet you cannot look away. And when that voice of his begins, deep and intimate, you do what he tells you. It's sort of hypnotic."

"The man's a cold-blooded killer," said Marc, his fingers moving fast among the records. "Worse than a killer; he pays other men to do his killing. He's a spy against your own country. And you're helping him!"

Natalie stretched her beautiful arms. "I don't care about those things. All I know is that he's the first man that's excited me in years. I was so bored until he came along. In spite of your ridiculous ideas of our living on your salary and not touching my money, I nearly married you, Marc, until I met Akim. I was that bored. Nobody had ever loved me, before you. I mean, really loved me."

Did I love you, Natalie? Did I?

"My father left me all the money my grandfather made. My mother was in Rome with her fifth husband when that operation killed her. I was ten then. I had all the luxury money could buy, but nobody ever loved me, apart from my money and the position and power it gave me. I was meant for luxury, Marc."

"Yes," he said. "I was a fool to think you could ever live on a scientist's salary. You always thought your money could buy you anything. Money keeps your figure thin and your complexion lovely. But it couldn't buy you a heart."

Natalie went on as if he had not spoken. Natalie rarely listened to anyone else. "Akim does make me do this tiresome charity work daytimes, as a cover. All those grubby children. But when I'm with Akim —— He was the first man I ever knew who wouldn't come at the crook of my little finger. And around Akim things happen. The phone rings at all hours; strange people come and go. Why, one night a man even shot at us!"

"You're working against your own country."

"Akim says we have no country, really, he and I. We belong to the world."

"He at least has the excuse of doing it for money, for power. He's a professional spy. But you!"

Natalie put her velvet-muled feet up, allowing the negligee to fall away from her long, slender legs. "I do it for a reason only a woman would understand. I do it for Akim."

Do you, Natalie? Or are you one of them, betraying your country for their false words and promises? It doesn't matter now.

Marc stood up, looking around the room. There was a clicking sound, slight but repeated.

Natalie smiled maliciously, showing her beautiful teeth. "Your little foreign friend is making a telephone call. You can always hear the click of the dialing on the other phones."

She's lying. She'd have to be. I shouldn't have let Tresa go out of the room alone. But we have so little time. Too late to stop whatever she's done, now. Find the microfilm or we're done, anyway. I'll never find it this way. I'm just making a routine search, the same search Akim or John Dayn's men would make. Boyd left the microfilm here for me. He expected me to think as he would think, as they can't do, but I can because I knew him and how he thought. I'm Boyd, now. Sitting here that last evening, knowing Natalie has failed him, desperate, with the film in his pocket. Must hide it somewhere. Somewhere Akim couldn't find it, but Marc could. Some fact that only Boyd and I knew. The books. It has to be connected with the books. Because they would be the safest hiding place here—nobody ever looks at them—and because Boyd's life and mine, together, had a lot of connection with books. But which book?

Marc got up and strolled, he hoped casually, toward the bookshelves. He felt Natalie's blue eyes, suddenly sharp, watching him. To distract her, he said over his shoulder, "You'll never get Akim to marry you, you know. Ellamae wouldn't allow it."

"Ellamae!" she blazed. "That turnip!"

"That turnip," said Marc, running his eyes quickly over titles, "has character. And Akim is scared to death of her."

"Akim! Scared of her! She's his slave. Waits on him hand and foot. Why, I've heard him talk to her like the dirt under his boots, and she just groveled."

"That," said Marc, "didn't involve a matter of principle. Marrying you would. Ellamae will never allow it."

Natalie tossed her pale gold hair. "You'll see. If you live long enough!"

Kipling, Mark Twain, Harvard Classics—no connection with Boyd there. Marc said, "What makes you think I won't live long enough?"

"Because the doorman ——" Natalie bit her lip.

"Because the doorman called to tell you we were on our way up, and you called Akim and he told you to keep us here? Is that it?"

"No. I never said that."

Marc crossed the room to take her by the shoulders and shake her, hard. "Tell the truth!"

"I a-am!"

Marc slapped her deliberately and hard. She cried out, more in indignation than in pain. She pulled away from him and ran to a mirror to examine her perfect features.

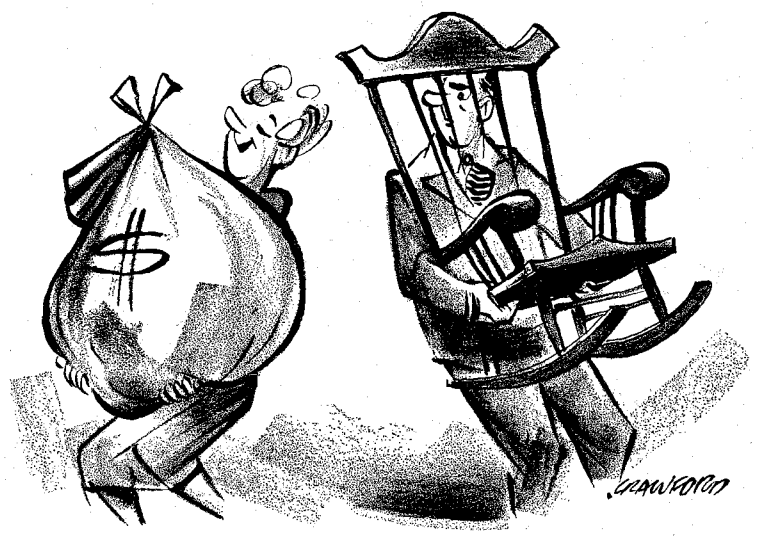
She said viciously, "All right! Akim is on his way here. He came by plane last night. He heard at the motel that John Dayn's men had searched his apartment and office. Not that they really knew who he was, apparently, but just a routine search because he was at the motel. But routine search or not, they found the short-wave equipment and all sorts of other things. Coffee cans filled with photographic negatives, microfilms in hollowed-out pencils, mechanical pencils with the fillers removed and films put in. Cuff links and even nails for carrying messages. He said now that his cover was broken, his work in this country is ended. He told me to be packed and ready for ——"

"For what?"

"For a sea voyage!" she spat at him. Her face was no longer beautiful; it was distorted by rage and spite.

Tresa came in quietly. "The microfilm is not in the bathroom. I emptied all the bottles and shook out all the towels in the cabinet. I even broke the case of the telephone. A telephone in the bathroom! How embarrassing!"

Her story was plausible. She might have broken the case of the telephone. Or she might have telephoned, as Natalie said. What difference did it make now? Akim knew they were here and was on his way anyhow. But if they left without the microfilm, Akim (*Continued on Page 56*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Jake, a bachelor, willed to his cousin Mary "any part of my personal property that she may desire." The rest was to go to his lifelong friend, Tom. Jake left $100,000 worth of stocks and $250 worth of furniture. Cousin Mary took the stock and most of the furniture. Friend Tom, stuck with only an antique rocking chair, disputed Mary's grab in court.

"The legal definition of 'personal property,'" Mary maintained stoutly, "includes stocks as well as furniture. And Jake's will clearly authorized me to take 'any part' of it."

"Technically, yes," Tom replied, "but you know very well that Jake didn't mean it that way. He was referring to his personal effects, such as furniture and jewelry. He meant me to have the stock."

If you were the judge, to whom would you award the stock?

• •

Tom won. The court said that the language of the will, leaving Mary what "she may desire," indicated that Jake meant "a gift of personal effects, furniture and furnishings, many items of which a legatee might not want, rather than a gift of valuable securities which ordinarily a legatee would not be expected to reject."

Based upon a 1957 California decision.

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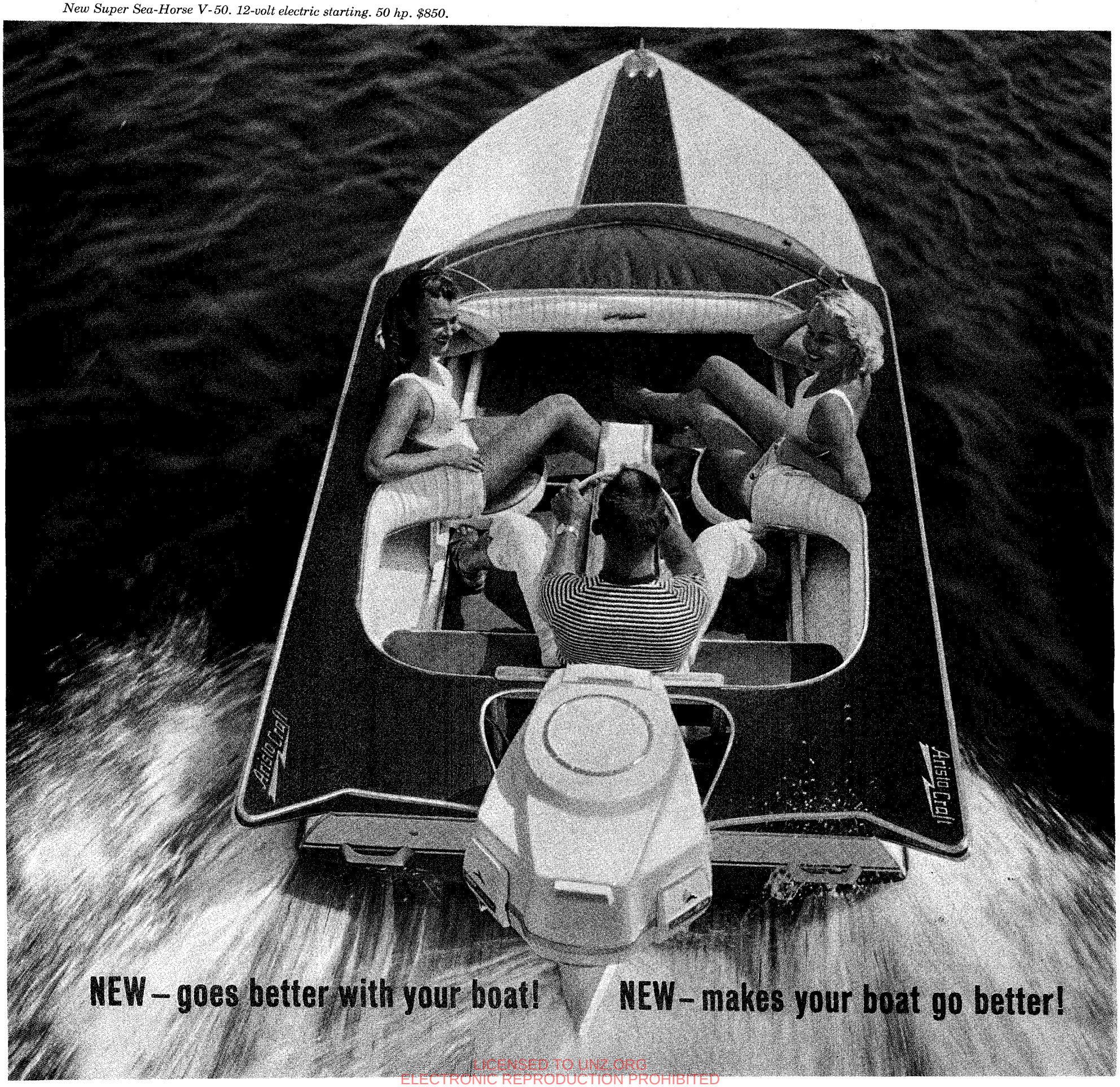

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(*Continued from Page 54*) was bound to realize now that it was hidden here, and knowing that, he would find it.

Longfellow, Sandburg, Dickens —— The book titles blurred. And then Marc saw it. UNITED STATES HISTORY. And he thought, in his careless, laughing way, Boyd was proud of his family's place in history. He would laugh when he said his father was a senator, his grandfather an ambassador, that his great-grandfather broke the Western trail. But his eyes were proud. In the end, Boyd died under torture, rather than let those other Rafferty down. He stood here with the microfilm in his hand, knowing perhaps that he was going to die, and he thought that in this one thing at least he would live up to them.

Marc had only to find the index: "Rafferty." A moment later he held the microfilm.

Marc stared at it, his back to the luxurious room and to small Tresa and tall, lovely Natalie. Such a tiny thing, this film. Even the information on it was not earth-shaking; it might buy the Communists a little time, for blackmail, but that was all. And yet for it Reed Michaelson and Hartford Cook had been shot in the back, and Boyd Rafferty beaten to death. And before the cycle was through—Jamie and Tresa and Marc?

Not now, Marc thought. *Now I have something to bargain with. Something to give for our lives. Akim hates us, but he hates failure more. He'll let us go, if he has to, to get the film. But not if he can get it without letting us go, of course. I'm in the same position as Boyd was. I have the film; I need it to bargain with. I have to hide it quickly, before they close in on me. But where?*

He put the book back. He took out another, shook it, and another, to confuse the watchers. Both watchers: Tresa's gray-green eyes as well as Natalie's blue ones. *Trust no one*, John Dayn had said.

Marc said to Tresa, "The desk. Why didn't we think of the desk?"

Get their attention away from me; they mustn't see me writing.

Marc said, "Is that someone at the door?"

Both Natalie and Tresa ran for it. Natalie's long legs got there first. Tresa pulled at her arm. Natalie shook her off contemptuously, and struggled with the lock.

By the diversion, Marc had bought the precious seconds he needed. He had written the seven words fast, without either girl seeing him; he had affixed the stamp to the envelope. He left the desk in a shambles, as if after a search. He crossed the room at a run and pulled Natalie back as Tresa again clung to her, determinedly impeding her progress.

Marc said to Tresa, "Nothing in the desk. Come on. We'd better get out of here. Akim is on his way. We'll lock Natalie in the closet too. The apartment is soundproofed. Natalie can't stand the slightest noise."

Natalie said, "Do you think I'm going to get in that closet?"

"Will you walk or shall I carry you?" Marc asked.

Natalie looked at him, her blue eyes very stormy. Then, being Natalie, she did the unexpected, the quixotic. She smiled at him. "You know, Marc, I'm not sure I haven't been underestimating you."

"Think about it in the closet." Marc locked the door after her. He left the key, but he knew he himself would never again want to turn it to see Natalie. He took a deep breath. He had lain awake so many tortured nights, knowing what she was, and yet wanting her. And now all that was gone and he was free.

He took Tresa's arm. With one hand on his gun, he opened the door. The hall appeared to be empty. He shut the door behind them and headed for the service stairs. Only a few steps now. The steel service door was locked.

"But we just came up those stairs!" said Tresa. "We left the door open!"

"Someone has closed and locked it. The only other way out is the elevator. Hurry!"

He saw the hand indicator of the private elevator coming up, though he had not rung the bell. Someone was on the way up. Marc looked around the wide hall frantically. The plate-glass window was straight down, glass and concrete; no handholds or footholds. Behind them, Natalie's door was locked. There was no place to go, nothing to do. Akim had them trapped, neatly and finally, with no escape possible. They could only stand in the luxuriously carpeted hall, waiting, as the elevator climbed—slowly, it seemed, but without stops. Six. Seven. Eight ——

Marc's hand was wet on the gun. He had to make his decision, and he had to make it now. *The microfilm.* He stood against the wall, his back to it. His hand moved, without Tresa's seeing it, he hoped. His fingers slid under his coat, touching the envelope. Then out, and behind him. Then they were relaxed.

They waited, not speaking. The elevator stopped. The bronze doors opened. And Marc heard the voice he had expected to hear—that deep, resonant voice.

Akim said, "Well, good morning!" and smiled at them charmingly. He looked like anything but the fugitive he now was. Suave, dapper, confident, immaculately groomed in his gray pinstriped suit.

Beside Marc, Tresa shivered involuntarily. She said, very low, "That man's smile is more of a threat than a knife or a gun."

"I've decided while I'm waiting for the right man to come along I might as well get married."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Akim looked at the gun in Karl's hand. "Karl is an excellent shot, Mr. Hollis. If you use your gun, you will certainly be dead. You and your brother. Much better to hand the gun quietly to Karl. . . . Good. You are a sensible man." Akim smoothed his wavy, dark-streaked-with-gray hair. He looked at his manicured nails. He said very pleasantly, "Now we shall do business." And this time he laughed.

John Dayn said, "We couldn't have missed them by more than ten minutes, according to what the maid, Coraline, said."

He stood in the middle of Natalie's expensive living room and glared at the Chinese-red draw draperies and the black walls. "I should have had a guard here. I should have known they would come here."

The man with him—a tall, very thin individual—drawled in accents unmistakably from Texas, "After what Natalie Poole said about Marc Hollis on the witness stand, I would have thought this would be the last place he would come. And for Akim to have the nerve to come here, facing the death penalty if he's caught!"

"That's been our mistake all along—underestimating Akim's nerve. He still has his organization protecting him, remember, until somebody talks. They must have been watching this place, and known we weren't. Akim wasn't taking too much of a chance."

"But why did they all come here and tear the living room apart?"

John Dayn said, "This was the only place Boyd Rafferty came that last night that neither Akim nor we searched, because it seemed impossible as a hiding place. That's what made it the best hiding place. The microfilm was here all the time! Marc Hollis figured this out somehow, Tex, and he came here to get it. The only question is: did he find it?"

"We'll know when we've made our own search."

"Yes. The sooner we get at it, the better."

Tex nodded, as laconically as he did everything else. He watched sympathetically as John Dayn paced up and down the Chinese rug. He said, "There are general alarms out for all of them. Maybe they'll be picked up."

John Dayn shook his head. "These people are too smart for that. Akim's through here; he'll get the gas chamber if we catch him and can use our evidence in court. We know he's the head of the spy apparatus—this one, anyhow—but we know too late. Akim will have taken steps long ago for an exit from the country in an eventuality like this. He can't disguise himself, with his physical deformity, so he couldn't take a plane or train, however expert his fake passport is. The harbor is full of boats. But which boat? We can't stop 'em all and search 'em. The State Department would never stand for it."

"Sometimes," drawled Tex, "I think the State Department should be repealed. When I think of that Akim sitting in full sight of Seventh and Mission, almost across from the U. S. Attorney and the Federal courts, calmly developing his stolen microfilm—that magnificent radio to get messages from Russia ——"

"Don't think about that, Tex. We have our own tricks, remember. We're as good as they are. Think about our having to sit on our tails for nine years while he was working to subvert key U. S. service personnel, smuggling out secrets—and that unless Marc Hollis can stop him now, he'll probably slip through our fingers scot-free with the microfilm."

"Marc Hollis we'll probably find floating in the bay," said Tex. "If we're lucky."

"If he's lucky," said John Dayn. "To get it over that quickly. He didn't have much of a break, Tex. There's no question, now, that Natalie Poole lied and that Marc Hollis went to jail an innocent man. If Akim hadn't gotten him, Hollis would have been completely cleared and reinstated in his job."

Tex shrugged his broad shoulders. "Hartford Cook's wife, Molly, had a boy this morning. Called him John Dayn Cook. Said Hartford wanted it that way. What kind of a break did he get?"

"Two wrongs don't make a right. I got Marc Hollis into this without even telling him. He got away from Akim that time in the Washington café, but he'll never do it again. And we aren't even close. We know some of their rendezvous—the railroad station, the different street corners—but they'll never use those now. They could be anywhere in San Francisco or on any boat in the bay. We'll try, but the only help Marc Hollis can expect now is from himself and God. He'll probably need both."

Jamie Hollis moved confidently up and down the narrow room. Tall like his brother, Marc, his brown hair barely cleared the low ceiling. Six steps this way, before his knobby knees would touch the lower bunk. Ten steps, the other, before he reached the door to the washroom. No window anywhere; only a narrow air vent in the washroom. The door locked, of course. Each time anyone came or went, he tried it carefully. But no one ever left it open. He had searched the room, inch by inch, but he found nothing metal with which to work on the lock. His table silver was always carefully counted.

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Jamie had gone over the walls, too, with his fingers, testing, feeling. Then the floors, and finally the ceiling, as far as he could reach it. Twice he had fallen. But Jamie was used to falling. He had simply got up and started again.

By now he knew this room as few people with eyesight ever know a room. His fingers knew its textures, its dents and weaknesses, the rat hole under the bunk, the cracked spots in the corner of the ceiling. His nose knew the smell of the salt air that came in the vent; his ears the location of the foghorn that had sounded so close by, last night. He knew the sound of the door hinge, opening.

It opened now, and he knew the footsteps too. Heavy, clodding footsteps, slow but strong. The tray thudded down on the table.

Jamie smiled his engaging boyish smile. He said, "Hello. What do we have to eat this morning?" There was only silence for an answer. Never had he got so much as a grunt in return, though he had tried each time the footsteps came. "How's the weather out? It smells like fog. I like fog. Do you?"

The footsteps began again, going toward the door.

Jamie said, "Look here. I don't want to be unreasonable, but this is the third day now. You certainly searched me thoroughly; you must know I don't have whatever it is that you're looking for. If you won't tell me what this is all about, can't you persuade someone else to come and tell me? I'm sure it's just a mistake. If you would let me talk to the captain ——"

The footsteps halted for a moment, then went on. Jamie heard the door hinge again, and the bolt on the outside of the door. He ran over to it quickly, and listened to the footsteps as they receded. After three days, he was sure he could move down that hall, fast and without hitting anything, if he got the chance. Six steps straight ahead, then a metal staircase, up which the footsteps went.

This is a boat, Jamie thought. *It has to be. Not out on the water, for there is no movement or engines, but tied up, probably along the Embarcadero. Footsteps hesitated when I spoke of the captain. Perhaps next time he comes I should risk it. Throw myself at him and take a chance on knocking him down. Run down the hall and up the stairs.*

And then what? After the stairs, he could hear no footsteps. Where did he turn then? A blind man deep in a strange ship, a maze of corridors, all filled with enemies?

"Another day of this," said Jamie to himself, in the same cheerful tone he had used to the owner of the footsteps, "and I'll do it anyway."

He fingered his Braille watch carefully. Eight o'clock. It must be morning, for he was sure he had kept accurate count, and they would not eat that late in the evening. He had tried holding his hand at various hours under the air vent, but no warmth of sun ever reached it at any hour.

"No use in letting good food go to waste," said Jamie, liking the sound of his own voice better than none. "Scrambled eggs again. And sausage could be breakfast or supper. At least no mixed vegetables. I really must speak to the cook about getting those every day."

He ate heartily, including two slices of toast and butter, and an orange. He got up and walked again, not restlessly, but because, like his brother, Marc, he thought better on his feet.

"My being kidnaped has something to do with Boyd and Marc. It has to have. Nobody would want me for myself, and nobody would pay ransom for me. But what does it have to do with Marc and Boyd? Boyd is dead and Marc is in prison. What do they want me for? If I only knew that, I'd know what to do. If I wait, somebody's bound to tell me what it's all about sometime. They're waiting for somebody. Who? Should I wait too? It could just possibly be a case of mistaken identity. They could let me go quite safely. I haven't seen any of them or heard their voices. I could identify this stateroom again, of course, with my fingers: the rat hole, the ceiling. But they can't know that. Anyhow, first we'd have to find the boat with the stateroom. If I wait, and this proves not to have been a mistake, it may be too late then for me to jump the seaman and try to make the break. But my chances of getting shot are pretty good that way. I'd feel silly dead if, by waiting a few hours more, I would have just been let go free."

He had been over it all before, not agonizingly, as Marc would have fought the problem, but with the cheerful unconcern which had always been characteristic of Jamie. He took life as it came. With his blindness, there had been a sense of stunned shock, a quietness that was unnatural to him, but no bitterness. If his laughter was less frequent than before, it was as gay. He asked how things looked, quietly; he explored them for himself, with hearing, feel, taste and smell.

He heard sounds now. Strange sounds. Footsteps, only this time many feet, and not in ordered procession. These feet were scuffling, as in a struggle. The door was unlocked; there was more struggling, the sound of knuckles and some hard object striking bone. Then a body was thrown roughly into the room and the door was locked again.

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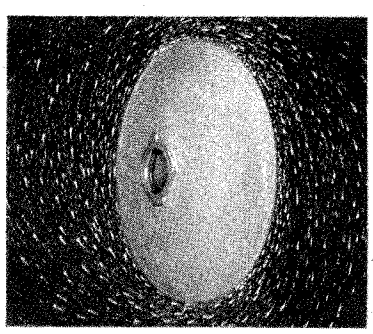

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It was not a dead body. Jamie could hear heavy, labored breathing. He moved carefully across the room. He was not fearful for himself, but trying not to step on the person lying on the floor. His toe touched flesh. He stooped, his fingers moving rapidly. A man. A man with a growing bump on the back of his head, apparently from a blackjack; a swelling at the side of his face and on his knuckles. Jamie loosened the man's tie and belt. He ran his sensitive fingers expertly over arms and legs; as far as he could tell, nothing seemed to be broken. He got up and hurried to the washroom to make a cold compress of a towel, for the bump, and another to wipe the man's face.

The man moaned and thrashed his arms wildly. Jamie said, in his gentle voice, "It's all right. They're gone now."

There was an unintelligible muttering as the man fought for consciousness. Then he spoke thickly. "Jamie!"

"Marc!"

Marc tried to get up, failed, and fell back. "You're—all—right?" he stammered.

"I'm fine. What are you doing out of ——"

There was silence, as Marc apparently lost consciousness again. Jamie changed the compress and sat patiently on the floor by his brother, his fingers on his pulse.

Marc said, "Thought I saw—Jamie ——"

"You did. Just lie still, Marc. It's all right. It's bound to be all right, now you've come."

Marc groaned.

The footsteps were in the hall again. This time they seemed to be dragging someone. As the door was unlocked and opened, there was an exclamation in a foreign tongue from one of the men, and then a resounding slap, as light footsteps came flying into the room at a forced pace. Their owner landed on top of Jamie and Marc.

"No!" she screamed, at the sight of Marc. "He is dead! The Akims have killed him!"

Marc said crossly, "Where were you, anyway?"

"Ellamae had me—Akim's red-haired niece. She still is trying to convince me of the errors in my thinking."

Marc sat up again.

"Your head is swollen like a dome," said Tresa.

"Your own face doesn't look so good. Who hit you?"

"A guard. I bit him."

"Well," said Marc, and his voice held a weariness Jamie had never heard there before, "here we are. In the depths of a Polish freighter, waiting for clearance to sail, probably. Akim has the whole width of the Pacific Ocean to work on us. And beyond."

"We must get out."

"Of here?"

"The only way," said Jamie, "is when the meals come. It is one man, and if we rush him, there are six steps to the iron stairs, which go up fourteen steps."

Marc put a hand on his shoulder. "We'd still be below decks on a ship loaded with killers; unarmed, not knowing our way. We couldn't possibly make it to the deck, and if we did, we couldn't get off the boat."

Jamie said, "I had thought to jump over and swim. Except that I did not know which side was dock and which side water. Now you can tell me."

Tresa said, "The water is on the right as you go up. . . . I like this brother of yours, Marc. Very much I like him."

Marc said wearily, "You're crazy, both of you. Do you think Akim is going to take the slightest chance on our getting away?"

Tresa sighed. "I suppose not. If you could only have found the microfilm!"

Marc's voice suddenly had a different note. "I did find it."

Tresa gasped, "You —— Then we must try to escape. They cannot have that, whatever happens to us."

"Don't worry. I don't have it on me. You should know that. They certainly searched us thoroughly enough."

"But where ——"

Marc said, "This room may be wired. Probably is. I don't have it on me."

Jamie said, "I'm sure the room isn't wired. I've been over it, inch by inch. You see, I didn't want to be unduly cooperative. And I talk to myself."

Tresa laughed with him.

"This isn't funny!" Marc was cross. "Don't you realize what we may be facing? Their tortures aren't funny. Lighted matches, water cures—those are just the beginning."

Tresa said, "So white you are again. Your head?"

Marc's hands motioned her to silence. But he got up laboriously and went into the washroom and took the two remaining headache pills.

Not supposed to take so many. But I'll never need them more than I do now, he thought. *For myself, I might have a chance of surviving. But when they have Jamie and Tresa to torture before my eyes ——*

He fell on the bunk, which Jamie had made up neatly. He shut his eyes and let the pain and weariness and discouragement take over. Dimly he heard Tresa and Jamie talking. Their voices sounded very young, like children.

"Is it so bad, being blind?" Tresa asked.

Jamie said slowly, "I minded dreadfully, at first. And then finally I thought, it's all still there. The birds singing and the flowers blooming, and the mountains and the lakes. The world hasn't really changed, only two little pieces of one little human being. My eyes. In the hospital there were men so much worse off than I was. And I found that to be able to help them in their trouble was the most wonderful feeling in the world. Sometimes I think that now I would like to be a minister."

Tresa said softly, "Perhaps trouble is not always a misfortune."

"No."

Their voices went on, but the words were blurred.

Time was not measurable now, to Marc. He did not know how long it was before the door opened again. He heard Tresa say, "You!" Then Ellamae saying crisply, "I hope you have thought over our talk, Tresa, and read the Book of Principles I gave you?"

But these were background sounds. The main sound was that deep and resonant voice directly beside Marc. Akim saying, "I want that microfilm now, Mr. Hollis. Or what happens to your brother and Miss Tresa will not be pleasant."

With a supreme effort of will, Marc rolled upright in the bunk. He had to hold the side, for steadiness. He saw Akim note the fact.

Marc put his fingers to the bump on his head, hoping Akim would think the blow was what ailed him and not realize how fuzzy the migraine had made his thinking, how acute was the pain with which he was struggling.

The pills helped a little, he thought. *So did the rest. I'm beginning to get better. But I need to be clear. Clearer than I ever was in my life. Because that's what I'm bargaining for now. Life. Jamie's life and Tresa's life and my own. There is no more time. Time has run out completely. This is it.*

TO BE CONCLUDED

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The Bachelor Couldn't Sleep

(Continued from Page 25)

and something went wrong. My hair, formerly pure gold, came out green. I wanted to kill myself. I was in light opera then and didn't think my public would appreciate the change. But I went on anyway in The Merry Widow and do you know, they ate it up. I've kept it green ever since." The sound of her voice, picked up by the receiver on her chest and relayed to her left ear, reminded George of mice scurrying around in a cage.

"You think I'm queer, don't you?" she went on, again accurately reading his thoughts.

"On the contrary ——"

"Don't apologize. You're too good-looking to have to eat your words."

The penthouse, beautifully furnished, commanded a view which could only be described as soul-stirring. George stood on the deck and looked down at the bay. The air was cool and clear.

"Like it?"

"It's incredible," he said. "How much ——"

"Two hundred a month."

"Ouch."

"And worth it."

"Agreed," he said. "I only wish I could afford it."

"Shall we go down and look at Number One?"

In the lobby they came upon a young couple having an argument. The man was tall, dark and very lean. The woman was short and plump, with a pink face and yellow hair. The man had her by the shoulders and was shaking her like a mop. They stopped reluctantly to be introduced. George said hello to Pietro Fortunato and Grace Williams, tenants of Number Three. The young man glared and said nothing. His companion managed a tight smile.

"The plumber was here today," the green-haired houri told them as she unlocked the door to Number One. "That's the third time this month. When are you children going to learn not to pour paint down the drain?"

There was no answer, the children having fled.

"Those two," Laura sighed as George followed her into the apartment. "Always quarreling. He's very jealous. I wish they'd get married."

George was confused. He had been brought up to regard such things as sinful. Yet this creature thought nothing, apparently, of renting an apartment to a couple who not only were not married but who also poured paint down the drain.

The apartment, though well laid out and tastefully furnished, did not begin to compare with the penthouse. Nor was the view nearly so inspiring. In addition to which, he reflected, the whole building seemed to be a refuge for eccentrics. Still, it was the best he had found so far.

"Well?"

"I'll take it," he said.

"Good," Laura said, lowering herself into a chair. "Sit down. I like young people around me—makes me feel young too. Tell me about yourself."

George said he was from Chicago, where he had been a salesman for a carbon-paper company, and that he had come to San Francisco to succeed the former West Coast manager. He added that he was twenty-eight, a graduate of Northwestern, and a registered Republican.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"I didn't think so," Laura said, patting her spinach-colored hair. "You good-looking ones always try to see how long you can stick it out alone. It's a big mistake. People should get married young, have lots of children, live the full life." She leaned over and tapped his knee. "I warn you, George—you don't mind if I call you George, do you?"

"Not at all."

"After all, I'm old enough to be your mother—and by the way, please call me Laura—I warn you, I'm an incurable matchmaker. Stay here long enough and I'll have you married."

"That'll be the day," George said, grinning.

"You sound so positive."

"I am," he said. He told her what had happened in Chicago—how the girl he had been going around with the last two years had given him the gate just as he was about to pop the question.

"I may not stay a bachelor all my life," he went on, "but it'll be a long time before I get serious about another girl."

"Ha! You're like all young people—intolerant. Those two you met just now—they love each other madly, but every time she makes a move without him he goes wild. Marriage is the answer to their problem, of course, but Pietro won't hear of it—says it would stifle his artistic soul. Ha!"

She went on to tell George about the building, which had been left to her by her fourth and—so far, at least—last husband. There was only one apartment to a floor. The penthouse, as he knew, was empty. Her quarters were immediately below, on the fourth floor. Number Three was occupied by Grace and Pietro. Grace was a weaver, Pietro a painter. Number Two, directly above where they now sat, was rented by a girl named Hilda Craig, who wrote copy for an advertising agency.

"You'll like her," Laura said, brightening. "She's small and very pretty. Ambitious, too—she's not content with just holding down a job; she's writing a novel in her spare time. One of those sinewy things that young people so delight in nowadays—pokes fun at love and middle-class morality. Takes a dim view of men too. Stick around and maybe you'll be in it."

"I feel like a Philistine," George said as he wrote a check for the first month's rent. "All I do is sell carbon paper."

"Don't take it too hard," Laura soothed, patting his arm. "No one as good-looking as you has to worry about how he earns his money." Stopping at the door she turned and smiled at him. "I like you," she said in a way which left no doubt of her sincerity. "I hope you'll be happy here."

"Thanks," he said as she started out. Then, because he found to his surprise that he liked her, too, and because he knew it would please her, he went on, "Thanks a lot—Laura."

Later that afternoon, in the lobby, he met the girl from upstairs. He had just emerged from a taxi and with muttered oaths was wrestling two suitcases, a briefcase, and a fat laundry bag through the front door when he heard a voice.

"Wouldn't it be easier," the voice inquired, "to take them in one at a time?"

With a final effort he got his things inside and lowered them to the floor. In the dim light he saw what he first took to be a dark-haired boy, whom he subsequently identified as a young woman in snug velvet pants and a pull-over whose contours made him realize how wrong initial impressions can be.

"I'm Hilda Craig, in Number Two," the girl went on as he straightened up. "Laura was just telling me about you—you're the carbon-paper peddler who loathes women."

"And you're the novelist," George said, in a tone which indicated that novelists to him were in the same class with people who pinch babies.

"Not yet," she said seriously. Her eyes, he saw, were large and dark, and her mouth was shaped for kissing. "Excuse me," she went on, stepping around the obstacles on the floor. George marked her progress toward the front door.

Watch it, bud, an inner voice warned him.

Sighing, he picked up his bags and staggered toward the elevator.

Later, smoking a cigarette before the empty fireplace in Number One, he paused to take stock. Things, he told himself, looked pretty good. He had a fine job with an excellent future; only a few weeks ago he had narrowly escaped getting married to a girl who undoubtedly would have given him a bad time; he was on his own in one of the most beautiful cities in the world. He put on his jacket and walked down to North Beach, where he had a superb dinner with a flask of Chianti for a dollar and a half. He went to sleep around midnight with the foghorns roaring musically in his ears.

At first, as he sat up groggily in bed, he thought it was distant machine-gun fire. Then, as his senses cleared, he realized that someone was pounding on a typewriter. Groaning, he turned on the light and reached for his watch. Five-thirty. At a time when only milkmen and policemen were supposed to be about, some muttonhead was making the night hideous with his industry.

The sounds, he discovered, came from above. It was the girl, of course—the dark-eyed, would-be novelist. Resisting the temptation to climb up on the chest of drawers and bang on the ceiling with a shoe, he turned out the light and lay back trying to ignore the commotion. No sense losing his temper, he thought. Tonight, after work, he would go up and have a little talk with her. Meanwhile, the thing to do was go back to sleep. But sleep would not come. All he could do, while the air shuddered with her hammering, was recall how she had looked yesterday in the lobby—how long her lashes were, how agreeably she had filled out her clothes. He was in a fearful mood when he got up two hours later. He cut himself while shaving. It took him a long time to get back to normal.

That night, after another good dinner, this one at a sukiyaki palace where he was introduced to the pleasures of rice wine, he went home and after shaving again and changing his clothes, took the elevator to the second floor.

"Miss Craig," he began, as the door opened, "I just wanted to ask ——"

"Yes?"

"May I come in?"

She hesitated. "Very well," she said, standing aside. "But I'm afraid it'll have to be for only a minute. I was just about to go to bed ——"

George followed her into the living room, in one corner of which, on a table, stood the instrument that had disturbed his sleep. The directors of the Smithsonian, he thought, would have loved to get their hands on it. It was the biggest typewriter he had ever seen, and probably the oldest.

"Belonged to my grandfather," she said, following the direction of his eyes. "He ran a paper back in Oklahoma when it was still Indian Territory. It isn't pretty, I admit, but I love it."

She wore a man's pink shirt and denim shorts. Her legs were slim and straight. George sat beside her on the sofa and tried to figure out a way to tell her the purpose of his call. He was conscious of her scent, which reminded him of fresh-baked bread.

"Yes, Mr. Broderick?" she prompted.

"I came," he blurted, "to ask if you couldn't manage to do your typing sometime other than the middle of the night."

Her brows rose.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'm just a growing boy," he went on, trying to keep the mood light. "I need my sleep. You woke me at five-thirty this morning, banging on that museum piece ——"

"Mr. Krishnaputra never complained," she said frostily. "He lived in Number One for two whole years and never said a word."

"I applaud his restraint, so lacking in us Occidentals," George said, rising. "Nevertheless, I must insist you choose a more reasonable hour."

The girl stood up, her lovely bosom heaving. "Go climb a tree," she said

"He can roll over, bring in the newspaper, shake hands and eat two dollars' worth of horse meat a day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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crisply. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks very pink.

"Is that your last word?"

"Give me a minute," she said, "and I'll dredge up a few more."

"No need to lose your temper," George said, keeping a precarious grip on his own. "You should see how silly you look, breathing hard and sticking out your lower lip like a spoiled brat."

"Get out!"

"I'm going," he said, retreating. "Right up to Mrs. Halstead. Maybe you'll change your tune when she lays down the law."

The door slammed after him.

What a disagreeable girl, he thought as he took the elevator up to the fourth floor. Pretty, yes, but about as easy to handle as a prickly pear. Once again he congratulated himself on having escaped the hazards of matrimony.

"My dear," said Laura, after hearing him out, "don't you suppose you'll get used to it after a while? I mean, you're young and healthy ——"

"I won't stay young and healthy if I don't get enough sleep," George said indignantly.

"Think of it this way," Laura said, pushing her grass-colored hair out of her eyes. "Think of Hilda as an expectant mother. Could you live with yourself, knowing you'd killed her unborn child? I refer to her book, of course. Don't misunderstand me—I have nothing but contempt for novels that poke fun at love and marriage, but I also think the girl should have her say."

George made a strangled sound.

"Of course," Laura went on, "if you continue to find the situation intolerable I can let you have the penthouse."

"I don't want the penthouse," George said.

"You want it, all right," she said, reaching stealthily inside her wrapper to shut off her hearing aid. "It's just that you have the odd notion you can't afford it."

George started to dilate on his rights as a tenant, but realized after a while, from the faraway look in her eyes, that she had not heard a word. He stood up and left, muttering to himself. A Merry Widow air trailed him down to his apartment.

"I admit he's good-looking," Hilda said. "If he had a soul he might even be attractive. But I'm not here to discuss him. What I want to know is, is it all right if I stick to my schedule? If not, I'll have to move."

She was in Laura's apartment, sitting where George had sat half an hour earlier. A bottle of domestic sherry and two glasses stood on the low table before them. Laura, her hearing aid turned on again, shook her head.

"I'd be the last one to stand in the way of the creative urge," she said, "though it irks me to see a girl as young and pretty as you, act as though the whole world's your enemy. What happened, by the way? Did your high-school hero take up with another girl?"

Hilda looked uncomfortable, for Laura had come close to stumbling on her secret. Two years ago Hilda had been interested in a young man who had given her every reason to believe their path would end at the altar. But the young man had neglected to tell her he was married—and now Hilda, still smarting with humiliation, was writing a novel to air her low opinion of the sex.

"Of course," Laura was saying, "if you feel too bad about robbing George of his precious sleep you can always have the penthouse." She refilled their glasses. "You could raise seventeen kinds of hell up there," she added, "and I'd never know the difference. When I turn this dingus off I can't hear a thing."

"Thanks," Hilda said. "There's no other place I'd rather be, but I can't afford it."

"Here's to men," said Laura, raising her glass. "May they always be around to give us trouble."

"What a strange toast."

"Men are strange creatures. Incidentally, have you written him into your book?"

"I'm seriously considering it," said Hilda. "Only trouble is, no one would believe anyone could be so poisonous."

It became routine after a while. Promptly at five-thirty every morning except Sunday he was aroused by the massive reverberations of her ancient machine. Cursing, he would turn on the light, stagger out into the living room, seize the poker and beat a tattoo on the ceiling, which was beginning to show signs of wear. Nothing ever happened. The hammering went on as if he did not exist. Protesting to Laura did no good. She would only smile enigmatically and suggest he move into the penthouse, which was still empty. If he continued to complain she would turn off her hearing aid and sing something from The Merry Widow.

The obvious thing for him to do, he realized, was get out while the getting was good. But every time he started reading the classified pages a strange reluctance seized him. He found he did not want to leave. This worried him. Was he, like the others in this unfranchised madhouse, going off his rocker? Did he actually enjoy having his sleep disturbed by a girl who, though admittedly beautiful, was obviously a close relative of the Gorgons? He seriously considered seeing a doctor.

One afternoon he returned from work to find the pair from Number Three, the sculptor and the female weaver, rolling around on the lobby floor like wrestlers. As he watched, fascinated, the man pinned his adversary down with his knees and seizing her hair began methodically banging her head against the tiles. George dragged him off and rendered him inoperative with a short right to the diaphragm, whereupon the girl rose like an avenging fury and attacked George with her nails, which were long and cruel.

George retreated to the comparative sanctuary of his apartment, where, after repairing some of the damage to his face, he started packing. Enough was enough, he told himself grimly. He was battening down a suitcase when he heard a knock on the door.

It was his green-haired landlady, magnificent in mottled silk. "My dear," she began, "I have good news ——" She broke off, staring. "What happened to your face?"

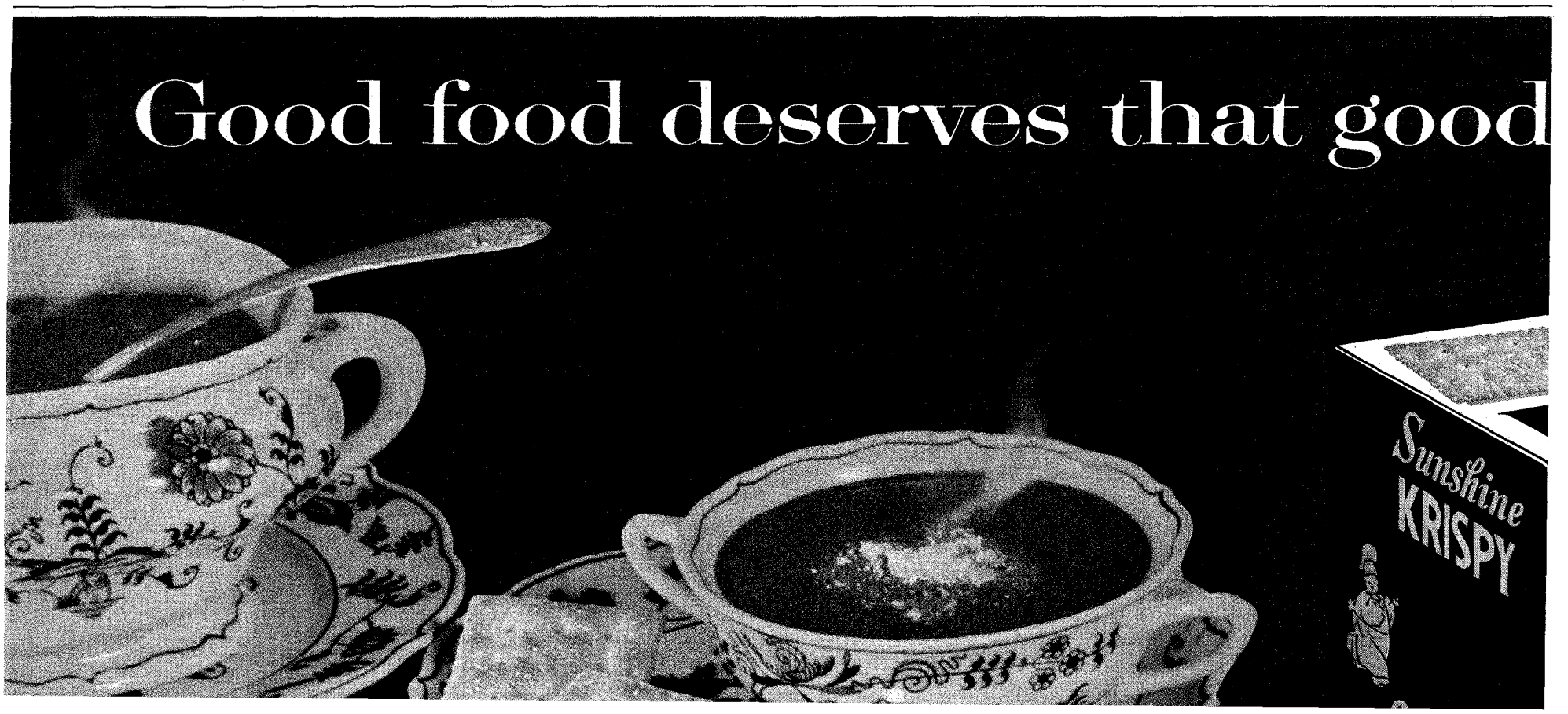
"I fell off a cable car." No use explaining, he thought, she would only turn off her hearing aid. He opened his mouth to tell her he was leaving, but she beat him to the draw.

"You've been so unhappy about the noise upstairs," she said, "that I know you'll be glad to hear that Number Three is vacant. Grace and Pietro are getting married at last and moving to Iowa, where her parents live. You can have their apartment for what you're paying here ——"

"No, thanks."

"Of course, the penthouse is still available," she went on, ignoring the interruption. "For only a few dollars more ——"

"Wait a minute," George said. "Did you say Number Three? That's the one immediately above the Craig creature, isn't it?"



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"Yes. Of course it's not in the best condition right now. Grace and Pietro are artists and you know how they are, but the view is better and ——"

"I'll take it," George said, snapping his fingers. An unholy thought had just occurred to him. He was so happy that he failed to notice the smile on Laura's face.

Number Three, which Grace and Pietro, their union legalized at last, had vacated only a little earlier, though not exactly a shambles, was definitely the worse for wear. George spent the hours up to midnight straightening things as best he could. Then, after helping himself to a can of beer which the previous occupants had considerately left behind, he went into action.

Opening his bedroom window he looked down and saw with satisfaction that the apartment below was dark. Humming a martial air he rolled up the rug, exchanged his shoes for a pair of hobnailed hiking boots, and did a tarantella on the naked floor.

As to form, the dance left something to be desired. Its effect, however, was gratifying. George was barely warming up when he was interrupted by a pounding on the door.

Hilda Craig stood in the foyer, her lovely face flushed with sleep and anger. When she saw George, instead of Grace or Pietro, her jaw dropped.

"I might have known," she said bitterly. Under her robe, which she had forgotten to fasten, she wore a garment of some pleasantly sheer material. Intercepting George's gaze she wrapped the robe tightly about her; then, chin high, went on: "I suppose this is your idea of humor! Well, it isn't mine! I need my sleep! I——"

"I know," George said, grinning. "You've got to be up at five-thirty to play tunes on that ill-tempered clavichord. You don't like it, do you, getting a dose of your own medicine ——"

They argued energetically for ten minutes. "All right," she said at last. "What do I have to do to insure the peace?"

"Apologize," George said. "Just say you're sorry you were mean to me and I'll behave."

"I wouldn't do that," she said after an explosive pause, "if you had a pistol at my back. Right now all I want to do is add a few inscriptions to those carvings on your face. Bet I know how you got them—someone caught you telling kids there is no Santa Claus." She whirled abruptly before he could see the tears in her eyes, and ran into the waiting elevator.

George returned to his bedroom and essayed a Charleston, then switched to a kind of rigadoon, snapping his fingers and singing a song about an amorous young lady who lived up the Chippewa River. Finally, exhausted, he went to bed. He expected he would fall immediately into the dreamless sleep that is the reward of virtue, but instead he tossed all night. He kept thinking about Hilda. To his consternation he kept picturing himself kissing her soft young mouth. He felt as helpless as a sitting duck.

"Men," said Laura, pouring another glass of sherry, "are just boys who shave. There's another difference too, of course—you can spank boys or cut off their allowance, but men have to be endured. It's every woman's burden."

"Aren't you going to speak to him about it?" Hilda asked. It was a few minutes after the incident with George, and she was still shaking with rage. From below came sounds like soldiers sprinting across a wooden bridge.

"I don't think it would do much good," said Laura.

"You could threaten to evict him, couldn't you?"

"I didn't threaten you when you annoyed him, did I?"

"That was different; I had a reason ——"

"Noise is noise, no matter what the reason. Of course," Laura went on, "if he keeps it up there's always the penthouse."

... ...

Night Plight of an Urbanite

Neon throws its circus hues
Into my bewildered sight;
Lovely reds and greens and blues—
But who can find the traffic light?

Irene Magee

... ...

"Please, Laura ——"

"You're a very pretty girl," the older woman said, rising. "Too bad you're so stubborn." Going over to the door she detached a key from a bunch hanging from a hook. "Here," she said, giving it to the unhappy girl. "Go up and sleep in the penthouse. The bed's made; there are towels in the bathroom. It won't cost you a cent. Keep the key till I ask for it."

"I could kill that man," said Hilda.

"Oh, sure," said Laura, smiling. "Tell me, how's the novel coming?"

"I've given it up," Hilda said gloomily. "I took a long look at it and decided I wasn't cut out to be a writer."

"I'm glad to hear that, frankly," Laura said, draining her glass. "Know something? The most exciting career a girl can have is a man."

Laura was in the lobby when George returned from work the following afternoon. George was in a bad mood. Not only had he lost a lot of sleep the night before; he had also, thanks to the fact that he had been thinking of a girl with dark eyes and a turned-up nose when his mind should have been on business, failed to close a deal with the second largest consumer of carbon paper on the Coast.

"I don't like to tell tales," Laura said as she turned on her hearing aid, "but I think you ought to know you've made an enemy of Hilda Craig."

"That makes me very sad," George said.

"She called you names."

"I'm desolated."

"She said you were a pompous, illiterate, thick-headed boor. She's pretty sure you have a criminal record. It's her opinion that as a boy you pulled the wings off butterflies."

"Illiterate, am I?"

"Don't get mad, George."

"I'm perfectly calm, thanks."

"I'm worried about you. This thing can raise hob with your blood pressure. Be sensible for once. Take the penthouse; it's only a few dollars more a month and if you feel like doing calisthenics, that's all right with me; I can't hear a thing with my aid turned off."

"No, thanks," George said, and went up to Number Three, where he built himself a drink. Sitting before the fireplace he pondered what Laura had just told him. The more he pondered the angrier he grew. He did not mind being called names when there was reason—and there had been, in his life—but to be called names by anyone so inconsiderate

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as Hilda Craig made him seethe. It was creatures like her, he thought as he poured himself another drink, who had made the world the mess that it was in today.

Around midnight, made resolute by a few more drinks, he rolled back the bedroom rug, pulled on his hiking boots, and proceeded to repeat his performance of the night before. After a while, feeling he was not getting enough bounce into the act, he varied his repertoire by getting up on the bed and jumping off, making sure each time that he landed on his heels. After the fourth such flight he heard a familiar pounding on the door.

"You!" gasped Hilda, standing white-faced in the foyer. She gulped as the rest of what she had to say stuck in her throat. Under her robe she was trembling violently. For a moment George had the absurd impulse to take her in his arms.

The moment exploded in a shower of stars. George, staggered by the blow, groped blindly, found her left wrist, and yanked her toward him.

"So you want to play rough!" he growled, ducking quickly, but not quickly enough, as her right fist caught him on the jaw. He fell, dragging her down with him. One of the end tables toppled with a crash. His breath abruptly left him as her elbow jabbed his midriff. Suddenly everything was very quiet. One moment they were rolling on the floor like Grace and Pietro; the next they were in each other's arms, kissing in the friendliest possible way.

"Sorry," he said gruffly as he let her go. He helped her to her feet. "Don't go," he went on as she started for the door. "Please—let me make you a drink."

"I could use one," she admitted, sitting on the sofa. She looked up at him from under her incredible lashes. "Sorry I hit you," she said. "I have an awful temper."

They smiled shyly at each other over their glasses, like children getting acquainted at a party. He saw that she had freckles—three at the end of her small nose, a sprinkling on each cheekbone. Over him came the wonder of it—that this lovely creature, whom he had so thoroughly loathed only a few minutes ago, should now be so desirable. He blushed at his earlier behavior.

"This calls for a celebration," he said after their second drink. "Why don't we get dressed and do the town? I've been working so hard I haven't had a chance to get around. I've always wanted to see the view at night from the Top of the Mark ——"

"I know a view that's just as good," she said, "and more convenient. Wait a moment; I'll be back."

Together, when she returned, they took the elevator up to the penthouse. With the key Laura had given her she unlocked the door.

"Don't," she whispered as George groped for the light switch. She crossed over in the darkness to the wall of glass at the far end.

"Top of the world," she announced as George followed her out onto the deck. Below, the city lights glittered like diamonds on black velvet. The air was cool and moist. From the bay came the bellow of a passing ship.

"Sounds corny, I suppose," he said after an awe-filled interval, "but to me it's like a fairyland." He put his arm around her slender waist. It seemed the natural thing to do.

"Someday," she said, resting her head on his shoulder, "I'm going to live in a place like this."

"So am I," George said. "If I could afford it I'd move in tomorrow."

"So would I. Matter of fact, Laura's been hounding me to take it."

"Me too."

The silence which followed was broken by odd sounds from just below—sounds which George presently identified as singing. Laura was still up, apparently, and happy as a bird.

A thought occurred to him.

"How come," he asked, "you had the key?"

"Laura gave it to me."

"I see," he said, and did. He knew now why Laura had not scolded Hilda for annoying him with her typing, just as later she had not objected when he had danced over Hilda's head. *The old matchmaker*, he thought, *knew what she was doing when she kept offering us the penthouse. She knew neither of us could swing the thing alone; but together* ——

He groaned at how easily he had been taken. *Just a sitting duck*, he thought.

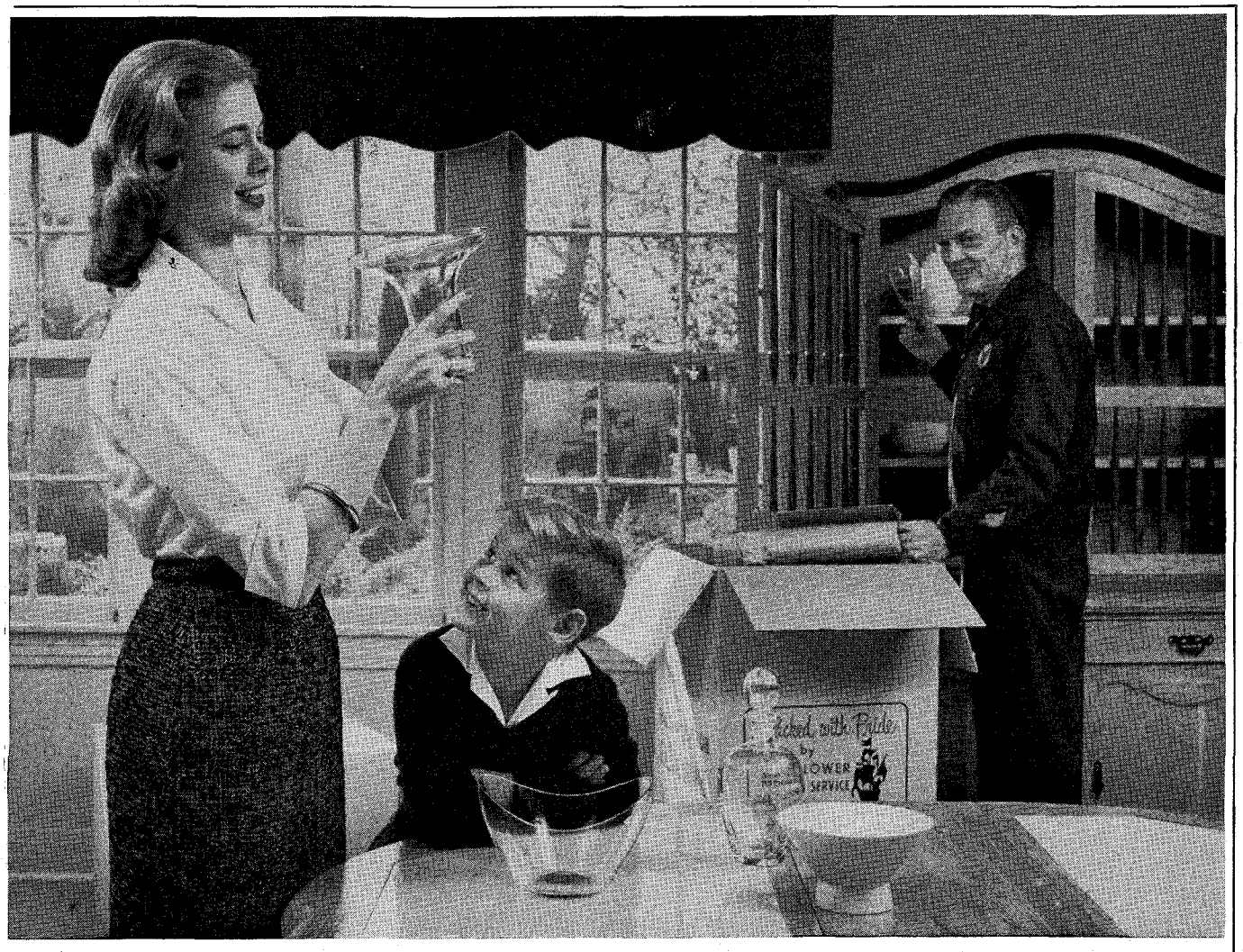
"Are you all right?" asked Hilda.

"I'm fine," he said automatically, then realized that what he said was true. He felt wonderful. What had happened to him a thousand years ago in a remote place called Chicago was forgotten. Nothing mattered now except the immediate and lovely present.

"I was thinking," he said. "How'd you like to move in now—or Saturday at the latest? I know the rent is high, but the two of us could manage it. Not that I'd expect you to work forever; I have a raise coming next year ——"

"What sort of arrangement did you have in mind?" Hilda asked shakily. "Like Grace and Pietro, you mean?"

"Like George and Hilda Broderick," he said, taking her in his arms. Below, in Number Four, the singing ended on a note of triumph. THE END



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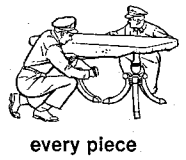

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I Call on Danny Thomas (Continued from Page 21)

moved to Toledo from Deerfield. By 'all' I mean Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia and my folks.

"My brothers and I have eloquent Arabic names. The Arabic meaning of my brother Tom's name is 'Tiller of the Soil.' My brother Bill's name means 'Welder.' My brother Fred's name means 'Solvent.'"

"Your dad must have been doing fine the year Fred was born," I said.

"That was before the sad days of the horse farm," Danny said. "At that time, dad was driving a dry-goods wagon through lower Michigan towns like Dundee, Tecumseh, Monroe and Coldwater. My Arabic name is Muzyad, which means 'A Little Better.'" He grinned. "I'm surprised dad didn't add a syllable meaning 'but not much.'

"Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia moved into a two-family house in Toledo with my mom and my dad and my brothers. My folks lived downstairs because Uncle Tony couldn't stand our feet battering the ceiling over his head. When I was a year and three months old, Uncle Tony was offered a good business opportunity in Detroit, and he decided that he and Aunt Julia should move there. Aunt Julia, who had continued to take care of me, wouldn't go without me. That created a crisis.

"Mom and dad realized that it would be a problem to take a baby—meaning me—away from a woman whose knowledge that she could not have children was eating on her. But if Uncle Tony didn't move, he would lose a setup which would be good for him, so he said, 'Why can't we bring up this baby ourselves? My sister and her husband have very little money and they have four sons.' Aunt Julia went downstairs to have a talk with my dad; Uncle Tony sent for my mom, and each of them made a different pitch."

"Did anybody ever tell you what they said?" I asked.

Danny nodded. "In marrying Aunt Julia, Uncle Tony had taken my father's intended bride. Dad had come to America to marry Julia, although he'd never seen her. The match had been made by the parents."

"Not even a photograph sent back and forth?" I asked.

"Nothing," Danny said. "But by the time my dad arrived in this country, Aunt Julia had fallen in love with a man named Tony Simon, and was determined to marry him. Aunt Julia's parents said, 'We've given our word that we will deliver our daughter,' and my father's parents said, 'We've given our word we are going to deliver our son,' but Aunt Julia was in love with Tony and that was that."

"What was Tony's nationality?" I asked. "Italian?"

"He was Lebanese too," Danny told me. "To complicate things further, he was my mother's brother, but Aunt Julia and Uncle Tony went off by horse and buggy and got themselves married in Dundee, Michigan. That uncomplicated things.

"This is the B-movie part," Danny went on, "only it wouldn't go over even in a B script. When dad went to my grandmother's house to tell her there were no hard feelings, he met mom for the first time. She was just fourteen. She came into the room and asked, 'Would you care for anything, sir?' Dad said he'd like a glass of water. He told me afterward, 'When she walked away I knew I was not going back to the old country.' She was still fourteen when they were married. She was fifteen and a half when she bore dad his first son.

"About the pitches Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia made as to who should have me, Aunt Julia told dad in Arabic (which is untranslatable into English or any other language which will make it as beautiful as it is): 'Fate plays strange tricks. You came to America to marry me. From that marriage you expected many sons. Luckily for you, you didn't get me, because I am barren. But the Lord has blessed you with many sons. Now I'm asking you for one of them.'"

I listened and my throat tightened. Even at third hand it was touching.

"My dad rolled a cigarette and thought," Danny went on. "He never spoke before he thought. I wish I had that trait. I blurt things out and sometimes they're terrible. Dad put the cigarette behind his ear, then he said to Aunt Julia, 'My answer is you can't have him legally, but you can have him personally. From us. From the heart. Not from the law. All I ask is that you bring him up in the love of God.'"

"What was your father's religion?" I asked.

"Maronite Catholic," Danny said. "I'm one too. A Maronite is an Eastern Rite Roman Catholic. Saint John Maron is our patron saint. The Eastern Church of the Byzantine period split up into Greek Orthodox, Syrian Orthodox, Russian Orthodox and Ukrainian Orthodox, but the Maronites stayed a part of the Roman Catholic Church.

"I stayed in Detroit with Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia until I was five years old, when my foster parents brought me back to Toledo again. We lived about eight or nine blocks from my father, mother and brothers. Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia raised me. I was seven years old before I realized that Aunt Julia wasn't my mother."

"Did somebody tell you?" I asked.

He said, "I finally realized that the other kids at school had mothers instead of Aunt Julias, and I asked why I was different. Aunt Julia and Uncle Tony looked at each other, then he took me on his lap and said, 'As little as you are, you must know I love you as much as any father could love his son, yet you're not my boy. You belong to my sister and my brother-in-law. They trusted you to our care. To us, you *are* our son.'

"He told me very simply," Danny said, "but I was so young I didn't get it at first. I had to hear it several times before I understood."

"Were you shocked?" I asked.

"No," he told me. "But although I hadn't realized my brother Ray was my brother, I was very fond of him, and when I found that he was really my brother, I was glad. I kept on living with Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia all the way through grammar school and high school. I put in six years at Saint Francis de Sales parochial school in Toledo, and I spent two years in the seventh and eighth grades at Saint Joseph's. My fourth-grade teacher is now mother superior of an Ursuline convent. A few years ago, when I went to Toledo to appear in a benefit to rebuild the convent, I saw her again. She looked at me, her steel-gray eyes welled tears and she said, 'Praise the Lord, it's you. I was afraid you'd been executed for some deviltry or other.'

"While I was attending Saint Francis de Sales Cathedral School with my brother Ray, I played basketball at the Jewish Educational League gym. I belonged to the Newsboys Association, and the association played ball there and studied such vocations as shoemaking, basket weaving and journalism."

I thought that lumping shoemaking, journalism and basket weaving together was a pretty casual grouping, but I kept my thought to myself.

"For a year I sold papers," Danny told me. "Then, when I was eleven, I began to sell soda pop in the gallery of a burlesque theater. I did that for seven years."

"You must have learned a lot," I said; then I added hastily, "I mean about such things as timing."

"I saw Fanny Brice and Clark and McCullough there," he told me, "but a Yiddish comedian named Abe Reynolds was my idol. The thing I remember most about him is that he was one of the cleanest comics I've ever seen work. The burlesque house in which I sold pop was part of the Columbia Wheel. The shows there were funny. That is true burlesque. It bothers me when people instinctively connect burlesque with smut. What burlesque really means is 'making fun of the original,' like taking a play and parodying it. But let's get back to my semi-adoption by my Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia. It became a serious matter for me when they decided to leave Toledo. Now I knew who my brothers were, and this parting was great sorrow. I would miss my brother Ray and Toledo, too, because every year Toledo's Woodward High put on a two-act musical show in twenty-two scenes. The sketches used were stolen from acts on the Columbia Burlesque Wheel. I stole them. I also borrowed costumes from the burlesque theater. If you worked in a Woodward High musical you got classroom credit for it, even if you were still in grammar school. My brother Ray and I were in the Woodward High musical when we were in eighth-grade parochial school.

"But after all my foster parents had done for me, it wouldn't have been fair to leave them simply because they were quitting town, so I went to Rochester, New York, with them and enrolled in East High there. A few days later I passed a Columbia burlesque theater and, remembering the Columbia house I'd worked in in Toledo, I asked to see the manager. I was still in knee pants, but I told him, 'I'd like a job candy-butchering for you.'

"'Think you can sell prize packages?' he inquired. I said, 'Sure,' but my heart jumped, for in Toledo prize packages were the top items. There was a prize in each package, and now and then a special prize. He gave me a tray of prize packages, and I spent the next half school year breaking all local truancy records. Mornings at nine I went to the Family Movie Theater, bought a ten-cent ticket and sat there until noon. That meant I had fifteen cents left for lunch. With that fifteen cents I bought two slices of bologna, a bun and a pint of milk. It was O.K. to go outside at noon because lots

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of high-school kids were on the streets then, and no one paid any attention to me. When I finished lunch, I went into the burlesque theater and sat in an upstairs seat until matinee time. Then I sold my prize packages. I did that for four and a half months, but finally the truant officer caught up with me.

"Aunt Julia was horrified to find out I hadn't been going to school," he went on. "She didn't know that I was in rebellion against being uprooted from Toledo. I wish now that I had had more formal education, because I speak by ear, and verbally I'm often up a dead-end street. I went back to school for four days the first week after the juvenile authority caught me, but Friday of that week I skipped school and I was never forced to go back again.

"The following year I couldn't stand being away from Toledo any longer, so I moved back there by myself. Uncle Tony and Aunt Julia followed me. It turned out that Aunt Julia had missed her folks as much as I had missed mine, but she hadn't told me. Back in Toledo, my brother Ray was a high-school sophomore. I'd caught up with him classwise in parochial school because he'd drunk a glass of kerosene on a dare, and it had made him sick for a long time, and later a stove fell on his legs; but now he was a sophomore. He'd gotten a year ahead of me again because I'd played so much hooky in Rochester, but I wasn't going to be separated from him any more, so I enrolled as a sophomore. My teachers passed me at the end of the year and I became a junior.

"I got straight A's in English. My English teacher, Miss Hammond, liked my oral reports. The other kids liked them too, for when I was called upon to give one on a book we'd read, every kid in the class shoved his books inside his desk. They knew that once I was on my feet I was good for forty minutes.

"At the beginning of my junior year in Toledo, the principal called me in and inquired about my freshman credits. He said he hadn't found any record of my having attended school in Rochester. 'Did you use a different name?' he asked. I said, 'I used my uncle's name, Simon, instead of my own name, Jacobs.' So he wrote to Rochester again, but by the time he heard from them once more it was mid-term, and the rehearsals for the annual Woodward High musical were under way.

"This time I was a major part of the production. My brother Ray and I not only produced it, we were its principal comics. Ray was top banana and I was second banana. To make sure that no catcalls came our way, we used the school's football and basketball players for our male chorus, and we had some gorgeous sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls in our chorus line. Then the report came back from Rochester that Amos Simon (also known as Jacobs) had strung together a total of nine days as a high-school freshman. The verdict was that I would have to drop back and *really* take my freshman subjects, although I was earning passing marks as a junior. What hurt most was that if I didn't do that, I would have to drop out of the musical show, although the show was keeping the athletic department alive. We had a sorrowful football team that lost money, and the show made up the difference. It ran for two days in the city auditorium and it made around $17,000, which was handed over to the school."

I said, "I should have thought that with that much at stake, somebody would have saved your bacon."

"Some kindhearted folk did try," Danny said. "And the principal was asked to work out a probationary compromise with me. He decided that I should take three junior subjects and two freshman subjects. Even after that I'd still have some postgraduate work to get my diploma. I said, 'Yes, sir,' but when the curtain fell on the 1932 musical show, it ended my academic career—with the exception of a brief interlude.

"That interlude came in 1950. I was planning a trip to London to play the Palladium, when I got a wire from the Toledo Board of Education, asking me to stop off en route to New York and accept an honorary high-school diploma from the mayor of the city, Michael V. Di Salle, who is now Ohio's governor. As usual, I couldn't refrain from making a speech. My opening line on that occasion was, 'As valedictorian of my class . . .' This struck the Class of 1950 as hilarious but, after all, as the only one in my class—the thrown-out class—why shouldn't I elect myself valedictorian?"

"Did you meet your future wife in high school?" I asked.

"Afterward," he said. "First I was a bus boy, a punch-press operator's assistant and a night watchman in the city coal-and-lumber yard. I saved enough money to buy two suits, two shirts, two ties and four pairs of shoes; then I went to Detroit. I knew trying to get into show business would mean a lot of worn-out shoe leather."

"Was there theatrical work there?" I asked.

"Yes," he told me, "and for a while I got lucky. I was hired as a straight singer for a radio program called the Happy Hour Club. My future wife, Rosemarie Mantell, was a member of the Happy Hour Club too. She'd graduated to it from a kids' program, although when I first met her she was just a kid herself."

"This business of falling for a girl as soon as she's nubile seems to run in your family," I said.

He grinned at me and said, "I waited until Rosemarie was seventeen before we married. On January fifteenth we were married twenty-three years. This marriage has blessed us with three children: Margaret, twenty-one; Theresa, sixteen; Tony, ten.

"After singing on radio, I occasionally worked in radio plays at WJR and on a program called News Comes to Life, which dramatized the news. I had tried to get on WJR for three years; then, when George Gershwin died and WJR dramatized his life, there was a scene between Gershwin and Al Jolson, with Jolson singing Swanee. The station librarian remembered a hook-nosed kid in a beer garden doing a take-off on Jolson. That hook-nosed kid was me. They called my apartment and asked me to audition, but I had infected ears and I said, 'I'm sorry, I can't. I'm sick.'

"But they were desperate to put on the show that very night and they said, 'We'll skip the audition. Just come over and you can have the job.' I gulped codeine to kill my pain and went over. They said, 'Read these lines the way Joley would read them.' I did, and a fellow named Eric Howlett came out of a booth and said, 'Who's doing the Jolson stuff?' He was told, 'The kid with the beak.' And Eric said, 'If he can only sing like him, we're in.' I said, 'There's no trick to that. I've been doing it for years.' He said, 'Sing me eight bars of Swanee.' I did, and when I was through, they gave me a whole chorus of Swanee to sing.

"Nevertheless, I wasn't doing very well in Detroit when, in 1940, I heard of Saint Jude Thaddaeus, the patron saint of the forgotten and the hopeless. Charley Deale, the head stagehand at the Michigan theater, told me about him. Charley's wife had cancer, supposedly a hopeless case, but he prayed to Saint Jude Thaddaeus to give him his wife's life, and she lived."

"It sounds miraculous," I said.

"It was," Danny told me. "But for the benefit of those who don't like to call things miracles, it could have been a good doctor. Whatever it was, Charley Deale credited his wife's cure to Saint Jude, to whom he had prayed kneeling on a marble floor for so many hours that his kneecaps flattened out and he had to be helped to his feet. Charley got down on his knees about midnight; then, at dawn, his wife's doctor came up to him and said, 'Charley, I don't know who you're talking to, but whoever it is, thank him, for something peculiar is taking place. Nature is doing things for your wife that I don't understand. I'm calling the surgeon and I'm having him come over with the staff doctors to see what's going on.' What happened was this: the cancer loosed itself from the body and it came away in one mass, clean as a whistle."

"I've never heard of such a thing," I said.

"Neither have I," Danny said. "But you couldn't convince Charley Deale that Saint Jude didn't do it if you spouted all the scientific jazz at him you've ever heard. Charley went out into the street shouting the name of Saint Jude like a madman. He seemed drunker than a hoot owl. I was doing a café act at the time, and Charley came into the café, grabbed me and said, 'Sit down. I want to buy you a drink.' I said, 'No, thank you,' but he said, 'You must listen.'

"I listened. He began to tell me about how he'd prayed, and I thought, *I not only have a drunk on my hands, I have a religious rummy on my hands.* Charley took out a little pamphlet and said, 'I want you to have this.' It was a two-page prayer to Saint Jude. It had been mailed by the Dominican Fathers from Saint Jude's Shrine on Ashland Avenue in Chicago. After Charley left me, I read about Saint Jude Thaddaeus. It turned out that he was the Apostle who's second from the right in The Last Supper."

"He must have been called Thaddaeus in the Bible I studied," I said. "I don't remember any Jude."

"They didn't usually call him Judas because of Judas Iscariot," Danny explained. "There was Judas Iscariot and Judas Thaddaeus. That's why Saint Jude became the forgotten saint. His name being Judas too, people sometimes got him mixed up with the other Judas and said, 'skip him.' And because so few pray to him, the prayers of those who do are answered promptly. Saint Jude isn't too busy.

"It just happened that when I studied that pamphlet, I had reached an impasse in my own life. My contemporaries were being booked out of town at more money than I was getting. I couldn't get into the nice places, which were sprouting in Detroit, because I was known as a two-buck beer-garden entertainer. The owners of the better places were booking classy stuff from Chicago and New York. I didn't fit in.

"My wife kept after me to quit show business. 'Get a job in a grocery store,' she begged. 'Do *anything*, but let's lose this uncertain life of ours.' It was then that I went into the Church of Saints Peter and Paul in Detroit, to ask Saint Jude to help me find my way. I said to him: 'Help me find my place in life and I'll build you a shrine that the poor, the helpless, and the hopeless can use when they come to you for aid.' I told him, 'If it's not meant for me to keep on in show business, I'll appreciate a sign, and if I get it, I'll get out. If it *is* meant for me to stay in show business, I want to go all

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the way to the top. If I do, I'll build you a shrine.'"

"Was there a sign?" I asked.

He said, in the voice of a man ashamed, "I forgot about my deal with Saint Jude for a while. It was the beginning of summer. My wife, our little daughter, Margaret, and I went on a vacation trip to see my brother Ray in Toledo. I planned to spend a couple of weeks there, but suddenly, for no reason, I said to my wife, 'I think I'll run into Chicago to look around. There's a lot of good radio work in Chicago, and radio actors there do well, living in the suburbs and all. Why don't I get out of the saloon entertainment business and go back into radio?' My wife said, 'All right, if that's the way you want it.'

"My going to Chicago was where Saint Jude got in his first licks. That was the hinge in my life. Everything since has turned on that. I auditioned for N.B.C. radio and got a job. I'd done dialect stuff in night clubs. I not only spoke different dialects, I spoke different languages—Italian, Yiddish, Arabic, Greek—and that stood me in good stead. I began working around Chicago radio stations the second week of July, 1940, and on the twelfth day of August I took a job in the Fifty-one Hundred Club on Chicago's north side. Supposedly that job was for one week, at fifty bucks. I'd been working in radio under my real name, Amos Jacobs—Amos was my middle name—but when the man at the Fifty-one Hundred Club asked me, 'What's your name?' I said, 'Danny Thomas.' I wasn't happy about the crummy appearance of the joint as it was then, and I didn't give my right name for fear that my friends in Detroit would think I was working in a honky-tonk."

"Where did you get 'Danny Thomas'?" I asked.

"The Americanized version of the names of my baby brother and my oldest brother were Danny and Thomas," he said, "so when I needed a name, there it was. I stayed with that one-week job three years."

"How much were you getting when you quit?" I asked him.

"Five hundred a week," he told me. "It was then that Abe Lastfogel, head of the William Morris Agency, took over my career. I'd been booked by the Chicago office of the William Morris Agency, but I was about to drop the agency on the ground that I didn't need a representative any more. I planned to go in business with Mr. Roscoe, who owned the Fifty-one Hundred Club. Mr. Lastfogel happened to be in Chicago and he came out to the club and caught my act. Hearing he was in the audience, I did my best. It also helped that I had reached a point with my regular audience where I could do no wrong."

"You mean you had faithful followers?" I asked.

He reminded me, "I was in my third year at the place, and people were coming back to catch my act, some of them as many as three times a week. Mr. Lastfogel said, 'I hear you're thinking of becoming part owner of this place. Which do you want to be, an entertainer or a saloonkeeper?'

"'I want to be an entertainer,' I told him, 'but it looks as if being a saloonkeeper is the best bet for me.'

"'Properly schooled and handled, you'll be a big star,' Mr. Lastfogel said. 'You have that certain thing, and I don't mean looks.'

"'That I'm sure of,' I told him.

"'Come to New York and go night-clubbing with me,' he said. 'Then you pick the club where you think you'll fit in best, and I'll get you a job there.'

"This intrigued me, for Mr. Lastfogel's honesty is not the least part of his impressiveness. When he takes you over, the commission you pay him is the last thing he considers. I went night-clubbing with him in New York, and he said, 'When we come to one you like, just nudge me. That's where you'll open in September.' I thought, '*Nudge me'! Who does this guy think he is? Santa Claus or the President of the United States?* But I nudged him at La Martinique because it was where the people laughed hardest. It had class, not high-society class, but it wasn't a place you fell into off the sidewalk either. It cost about eighteen-seventy-five just to sit down. There was a three-seventy-five minimum. There was a five-dollar tip to the maître d', and five to the captain and a further five to the waiter, so already your tab was eighteen-fifty. In spite of such arithmetic, the place was doing good business, and I told Mr. Lastfogel, 'This is it.' Mr. L. was as good as his word, and that's where I opened."

"How was the Martinique audience?"

He grinned. "I guess I'm the only entertainer who ever opened to Chicagoans in New York," he said. "On opening night, with the exception of the ringside tables, the joint was packed with my Midwestern pals, who were there at a convention. The few New Yorkers present wondered what was going on. From the moment I walked on, the Chicagoans beat their palms to a pulp and yelled, 'Go, Danny, go!'"

"Like at a football game?" I suggested.

"Like a football game," he agreed. "So that first night," he said, "I had this going for me. Tell anybody, especially a New Yorker, that he can't get into a certain spot because it's crowded and see what happens."

"I get it," I said.

"But I was prepared to be murdered in another way," Danny told me. "I was sure that all the comics who came to catch my act would tear me to shreds."

"You mean from the audience?" I asked.

"Where else?" Danny asked. "They'd bring their verbal switchblades to openings and cut you up into thin strips of pemmican—which brings up Milton Berle. I met him that week, and I told him I was afraid I wouldn't be able to cope with the patter from New York comics which would sizzle my ears. You'd walk on and they'd ask such things as, 'Are you breaking that face in for a bulldog?' So I said to Milton Berle, 'I'm scared stiff.' He said, 'You mean it, don't you?' and I said, 'Certainly I mean it. If those fellows pick on me, I'm dead. I'm not one of those who come out, say, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," then put on the boxing gloves.'

"'I'll be at your opening,' he said, 'and the first guy who throws a crack at you I want you to bring your mike over to me and say, "I've got a fellow here who takes on my small fights."' Milton sat there on my opening night like a mother hen, but I didn't need him. No one heckled me."

"That's the nicest thing I've ever heard about Berle," I said.

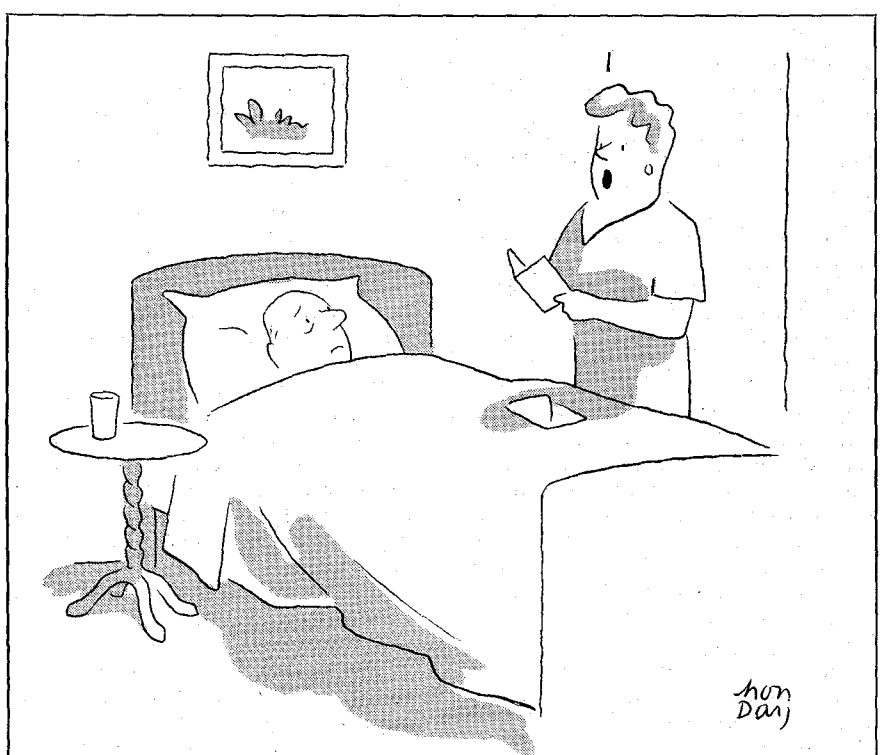
"Milton is a product of an era of challenge," Danny told me. "He was Mr. Television, and as The Champ, he was naturally picked on. People said he was a road hog. So what's a road hog? He's a fellow who's driving where you want to drive."

"When did you start worrying about your promise to Saint Jude again?" I asked. "We've kind of lost track of him."

"As I told you," he said, "I'd been offered a partnership in the Fifty-one Hundred Club; I was very happy about that. I'd been offered fifty per cent of a booming business. All I had to invest was the value of twenty-five per cent of the club's liquor inventory plus my services. Also, I was to work only nine months of each year as master of ceremonies. I could take the other three months off if I hired a substitute to take my place. I'd be living like people. My wife and I could be members of the P.T.A. It had always been her desire to raise a family in one community instead of bouncing around. But I had completely forgotten my promise to Saint Jude. I was doing good. The wrinkles were out of my belly. I don't want to be irreverent, but what I was saying mentally was, 'O.K., Saint Jude, I'll take it from here,' and I wasn't worrying about that shrine."

"What made you remember it?" I asked.

"I attended a five-o'clock morning Mass at Saint Clement's Church—Saturdays our show ran until four A.M.—to give thanks for being offered a partnership in the Fifty-one Hundred Club, and there before me in the pew was another pamphlet announcing a special novena



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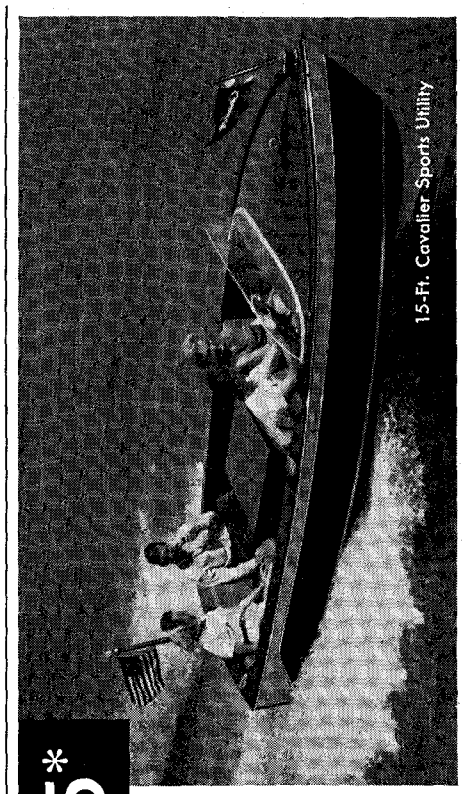
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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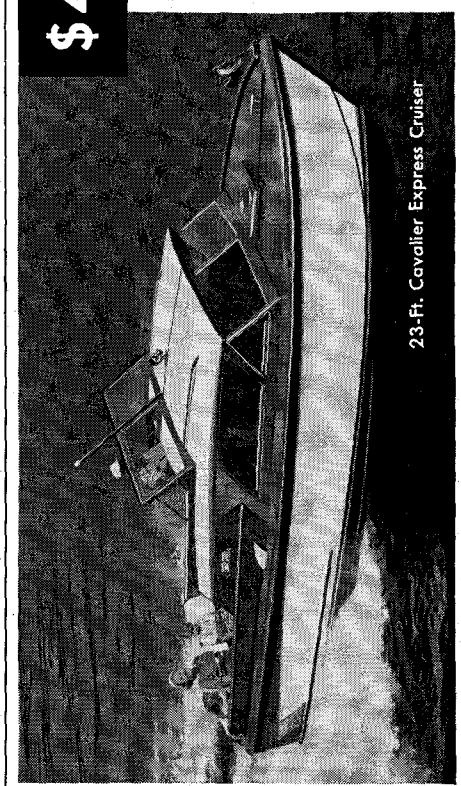

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in honor of Saint Jude Thaddaeus, to be held—and this got me—at the national shrine of Saint Jude on Chicago's south side. The sudden realization that Chicago, the city where something—I don't know what—had persuaded me to try my luck, was Saint Jude Thaddaeus' home in the United States knocked me out. To me, it meant only one thing: 'Build that shrine. You promised. This pamphlet is a reminder.'

"I went home and slept for a few hours. When I got up I told my wife I couldn't go in business as a night-club partner. I'd never be able to build the shrine that way. The money wouldn't be big enough. She called me a religious fanatic, but I said, 'I can't help it. I love you, but this I owe.' I had no idea what my shrine was going to be. A shrine can be almost anything. It can be a side altar in a church, it can be a statue, it can be an arbor in a vineyard. But while I didn't know it, my shrine was going to be a hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, dedicated to a search for cures for catastrophic diseases of children. But at that point there was no hospital, only me telling Saint Jude, 'I'll build your shrine, but where do I go from here?' I got my answer a week later when Abe Lastfogel came to Chicago, caught my act and took me to New York. From that moment on, building Saint Jude's shrine was always on my mind.

"First I began to study Saint Jude's life. There's not much to know. He was one of the Twelve Apostles. He preached the Gospel to the Arabic people. Later he was martyred by them."

"How did they kill him?" I asked.

"They clubbed him to death," Danny told me. "That's why he's shown carrying a club in his hand. And there's the flame of the Holy Spirit on his head, to show that he's an Apostle. He was Christ's cousin and he wears a medallion of Christ on his chest to show his relationship to our Lord.

"For a while during World War II, I went off to the E.T.O. with Marlene Dietrich to entertain the troops. After that I went to the South Pacific with my own theatrical company. Then in 1945 (two years after I'd left Chicago), I was booked into the Chez Paree in that city at $3000 a week. I stayed there for seventeen weeks. That was the beginning of my big earnings. During that engagement, I hired a car and made a sentimental pilgrimage to the places I'd haunted when I'd lived in Chicago. I went to Saint Clement's again, for old times' sake, and lighted a ten-cent candle before his white marble statue in memory of all the times I'd done it in the past. I was certain that that statue was a statue of Saint Clement, because I recognized all of the other statues there, such as the Holy Family and Saint Theresa, whom I knew well.

"It was one of the most awe-inspiring moments of my life. You've heard the expression, 'My hair stood on end.' Mine did. I walked into the church and to a little alcove where the statue stood. Then I looked at that statue closely and I said, 'You mean you've been here all the time?' It was a statue of Saint Jude. It always had been a statue of Saint Jude, with the club in his hand, the medallion on his breast, and the flame of the Holy Ghost on his head, only I hadn't known what those things meant before.

"Right after that, I had a talk with Cardinal Stritch about my shrine idea, and it was his suggestion that I build a hospital for underprivileged children. I wanted to build it in the most forgotten, out-of-the-way place I could find, but the cardinal said 'No.' There were transportation and hotel facilities to be considered and suppose a specialist was needed from Europe or the Mayo Clinic or Johns Hopkins or the Children's Medical Center in Boston, how would such a specialist get to an out-of-the-way, hard-to-reach hospital?"

"The cardinal was practical," I said.

"He had a cute punch line too," Danny told me. "He pointed out that the University of Tennessee's medical school is in Memphis, with one of the largest medical student bodies in America; and Memphis has fine hotels and good transportation. Then he smiled and said, 'Besides, it's my home state.'"

"How much did you think it would cost?" I asked.

"At first," he said, "I figured on a clinic costing half to three quarters of a million. But when I advanced into the general-hospital field, it began to run higher, and when I finally decided upon a research hospital, it ran higher still."

"How much will it cost when it's finished?" I asked.

"Two million," he told me. "We're still half a million short. The big remaining task is maintenance. When my people, the Arabic-speaking people of America, selected me the Lebanese of the Century, I asked them, 'Why did you do it?' They said, 'Because you have been successful in theatrical business and because, although you're a member of a minute minority, you're not ashamed of your heritage.'

"I couldn't understand why a fellow should get a trophy for that, so I said, 'I want to *earn* this trophy. Only when I've done that will I put it in my trophy room, not before.' Then I asked myself, *How'll I earn it?* and the answer came, *By unifying your people, you dope. They've been in America a hundred years: they have many clubs and each has contributed to every nationally known charity, but they've never done anything together.*"

"They seem to have an even harder time getting together in Lebanon," I said.

"Don't they?" Danny agreed. "That's where A.L.S.A.C. comes in. Originally it meant American-Lebanese-Syrian-and-Associated Charities. This has now been changed to embrace all of the Arabic-speaking people in the United States—Christians, Moslems, and Jews. I was told that for many reasons—all of them petty—this couldn't be done; yet now my people are united in a common endeavor."

November 2, 1958, was the groundbreaking day for the Saint Jude Hospital. For that event, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant clergymen assembled a shovel which had been made in three parts. "They handed it to me," Danny said, "and I dug up the first spadeful of dirt. I have it encased in glass in my living room." He added proudly, "That is mine."

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Bird of Paradox

By Arthur Frederic Otis

The pelican's voracity
Is somewhat more than nominal,
With limitless capacity,
Both oral and abdominal,
His face full-fashioned, as it were,
For gobbling all that's gobblable;
His whole appearance, I aver,
Is something quite improblable.

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Big Parader (Continued from Page 24)

greatest effort—the Inaugural Parade for President Eisenhower, in Washington. He did not produce it—a committee of civic-minded citizens did that—but he was summoned as a consultant, and so overwhelmed was he by the honor that he resolved to outdo himself. He designed a float 480 feet long, about forty yards longer than a football field.

"That float," Sazani says excitedly, "was unquestionably the longest ever made." Built by Dallas Mead Pageantry, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, it was the theme float of the parade. "It showed six different phases of our way of life, today and tomorrow," Sazani says, even more excitedly. "Industry! The Modern Home! The St. Lawrence Waterway! Peaceful Use of the Atom! The Multi-Billion Dollar National Highway Program! Finally, the Earth Satellite Program! Think of it! Thirty people rode it!" (Even when speaking in a normal tone, Sazani uses the heated superlatives of a pitchman.)

Bets were laid as to whether the 480-footer would be able to get down certain streets and negotiate some turns along the route. Sazani took them all and won them all. Providentially, he had the department of streets chop off all low-hanging tree branches, and at some corners he had the lampposts removed temporarily. The behemoth lumbered through the entire route and took all turns neatly.

Still, the Inaugural was not without those incidents that keep Sazani's life as a parade producer from becoming dull. When he arose at five A.M. on the day of the parade, it was raining. Rain is the bane of Sazani's existence; it haunts him so continually that he refuses to think about it. "I act as though I know it'll stop," he says.

That was what he did that morning. An Army colonel in charge of the building where the floats were parked was in an extreme state of nervous tension. He had had instructions to get the floats rolling at eight A.M. "I went nuts stalling him," Sazani says. "I kept talking to him about everything under the sun; I told him some floats had mechanical difficulties, and I kept telling float drivers to get lost. I stalled him until nine-thirty, the rain pouring down. Then it let up a little and stopped. The floats started out. It wasn't that they weren't waterproof, but does a new hat look good in the rain? Neither does a float."

The skies cleared. Sazani got up beside the driver of the tractor pulling the 480-foot theme float, and presently, to his immense satisfaction, he found himself in another lovely parade. He was riding along joyfully—"drinking in the applause," as he puts it—when, ahead, he saw something dreadful. Another of his floats, manned by the Washington local of the American Federation of Musicians, had pulled off to one side and appeared unable to go on.

This float, which Sazani was especially proud of, was forty feet long and so wide the builders had put outriggers on either side, so that its floor could support the weight of the brass band it carried. Sazani says now that he is certain that the fattest musicians in the Washington union had been assigned to ride it. Somewhere along the way their weight had been too much for the float. The rim of the outrigger wheel on the left side had been stripped off, the spokes had begun to dig three-inch holes into the macadam pavement, and the driver had stopped.

Sazani leaped off his tractor. To appreciate his panic fully, one must realize that according to an old parade rule, the float maker does not get paid for his float until it passes the parade's reviewing stand.

"What is it?" Sazani demanded of the driver.

"We can't go on without that wheel," the driver said dispiritedly, pointing at it.

"This float," Sazani said sternly, "must go through!" He rushed up to the jeep that had been towing the float, grabbed a hammer and a wrench, tore back, scrambled underneath and, in seconds, knocked off the wheel, which he threw into the gutter. He emerged triumphantly, hat and overcoat and face begrimed and greasy, and addressed the brass band, the members of which had been observing him with interest.

"Fellows," he said, "get back on, but this time, everybody get on the right side."

Hesitantly, the musicians climbed back on and crowded onto the right side of the float, which began to list like a torpedoed ship. But their weight kept the left axle from dragging along the street, and the float floated proudly, if a bit crookedly, by the reviewing stand.

"I would have pulled it through that route," Sazani says, "if I'd had to pull it by myself."

That statement is partially rooted in Sazani's understandable desire to get paid off, but it also has tendrils that reach down into his soul. Demetrios Apostolis Sazani is primarily a showman—in his own view, a showman of an old, nearly forgotten school. Parades are gradually disappearing from the American scene, principally because parades traditionally have been staged on holidays. These days, holidays cause people to get into their cars or to board planes or trains and go somewhere. They don't stay at home as they used to. In Sazani's biased view, this is a sad state of affairs. It has come about, he believes, because parades—that is, parades which he does not produce—fail to hold the public's interest.

"A parade," Sazani says, "is really a show. It tells a story, with a beginning, a middle, a climax and an end. It's the hardest show there is to produce. Every other producer in show business can rehearse. Do I ever get a rehearsal? Never. My show has got to be exactly right the very first time."

The key to a successful parade is planning, Sazani declares. He likes to take as much time as he can get—as he did when he gave a full year to arrangements for the first Green Cross Safety Day Parade, in New York. More often, he gets only a few months to work in, and sometimes only a few weeks. "The local committee starts out by thinking a parade is just (*Continued on Page 68*)

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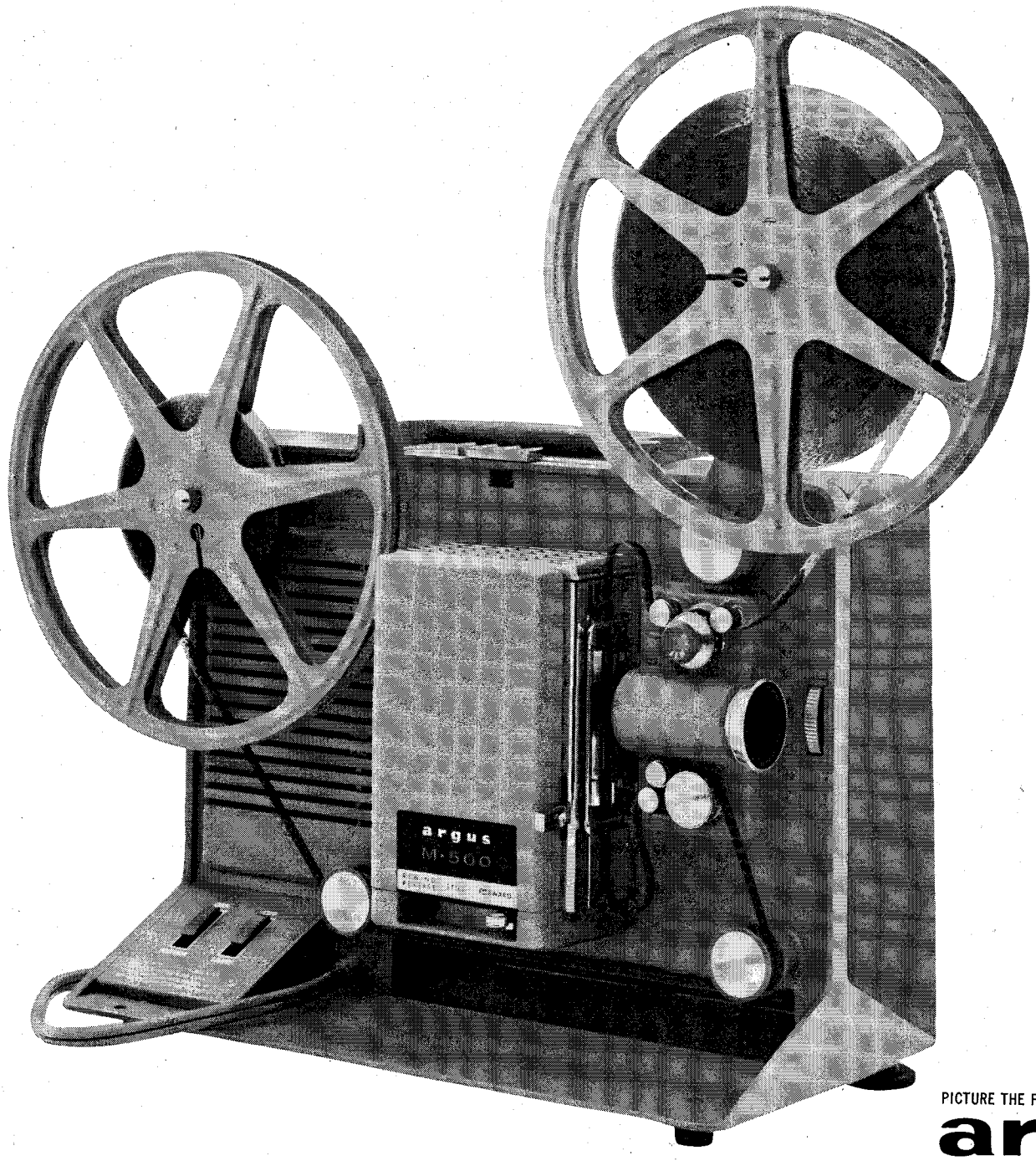

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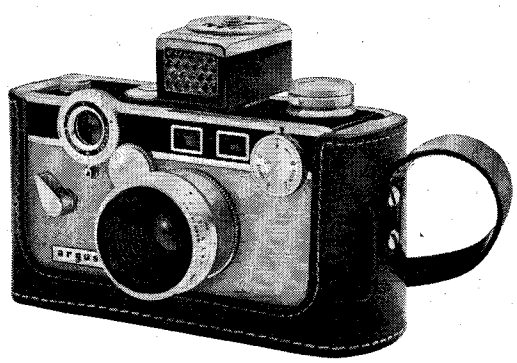

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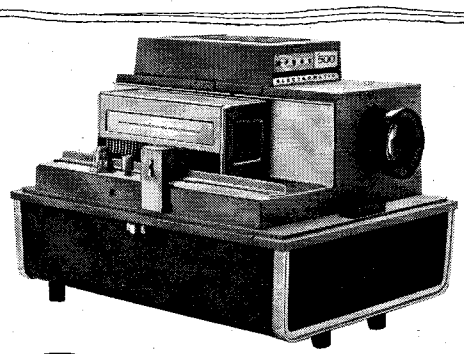

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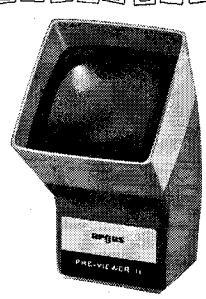

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(*Continued from Page 66*) a matter of lining up a couple of bands and floats and starting them off," he says. "Then they get in trouble and send for Sazani."

The complications are legion. Sazani first meets with the committee and says, "Now, gentlemen, what do we want this parade to say?" When the theme has been determined—ordinarily, after considerable wrangling—Sazani discreetly inquires about the amount of money that is to be spent. He can produce floats for as little as a few hundred dollars, but as a showman in the great tradition, he prefers to spend thousands. He looks upon the Inaugural Parade as ideal. "Money was no object," he says.

After his meeting with the committee Sazani returns to his office on West 40th Street in New York City to create. The office measures about nine by thirty feet and is furnished with a desk, Sazani's files—which he calls "my archives"—and a plaster bust of Hermes left over from the Greek-American Independence Day Parade. Sazani's files are rather surrealist in composition. Folders are marked LIONS, RUBBER STATUARY, WATERFALL MAKERS, PREHISTORIC ANIMALS, CABINET MAKERS, GOAT SKINS, FAKE HORSES, CLOWNS, CALLIOPES.

"Calliopes are very hard to find," Sazani said to me one day. "I can only lay my hands on about five right now."

In the office he begins making preliminary sketches for floats. After they are approved by the committee, he turns them over to artists, who, in turn, make detailed drawings, which he then gives to float makers. It takes a builder anywhere from a week to several months to put a float together. Sazani is in awe of the contractors who make the floats for the Tournament of Roses. "Think of the planning!" he cries admiringly. "Months and months beforehand they must make arrangements for *millions* of flowers!"

Sazani's next concern is planning the parade route. He likes to simplify this problem by having either the city's police commissioner or some safety official appointed honorary parade marshal. He regards a mile and three sixteenths as the ideal parade-route length. "A person can walk that distance briskly and a band can play steadily through it," he says. Also, he has firm notions on the duration of parades: "An hour is ideal; two hours a little too long. People get tired of standing, and kids get fretful."

Finally, and rather reluctantly, Sazani grapples with the problem of precedence. Frequently he finds himself in the middle of organizational jealousies in the community. One band will refuse to march behind another; a veterans' organization will not march if another one does; the police insist on marching ahead of the department of streets.

"I settle these problems autocratically," Sazani says. "I say, 'Gentlemen, this is the order of the parade.' Because I'm an outsider, they forget their rivalries and they listen." Unfortunately, bands do not always listen. Most bands are proud of their drilling ability, and according to Sazani, they sometimes go out of control in front of the reviewing stand. "They execute all sorts of maneuvers and hold up the parade for fifteen or twenty minutes," he says. "Oh, how I sweat when they do that!"

Parade crashers also give Sazani a bad time. In every city there are people who evidently are as crazy over parades as he is, and who can't resist the temptation to sneak in and march along. "At the 1954 Coney Island Mardi Gras there was one fat woman I had to put out every night for six nights," Sazani says. "One night she got into a horse and carriage, the next night she tried to ride on the Miss WNBC float, the next night she was in the caboose of the Schaefer Beer Train, and so on."

Sazani sympathizes with the crashers' desire to be a part of the show, but says, "I have to put them out; if they happen to get hurt, they're sure to sue."

Some crashers are extraordinarily persistent. "There is an Uncle Sam in the New York area," Sazani says, shuddering at the memory, "who always turns up in costume, marches along, bows, doffs his hat and gives the dignitaries a show. I've put him out of at least twenty-five parades, but he always turns up. The funny thing is, we've never been formally introduced."

Sazani admits that as a boy he was a parade crasher himself. He was born in New York City on August 17, 1917, son of a Greek immigrant who came over from Canakkale, in the Dardanelles, and went into the horse-dray business. Sazani grew up in the West Forties between 8th and 9th Avenues. The theatrical district was nearby, and most New York parades passed within a few blocks of the Sazani apartment. Many residents of that neighborhood were in show business, as stagehands, set builders, carnival barkers, circus freaks or actors. Sazani himself was an actor as a boy. "When managers needed kids for parts, they came over and picked us off the streets," he says. At eleven he appeared in the Ethel Barrymore play, The Kingdom of God, and two years later he was with Frank Morgan in Topaze.

Although he enjoyed acting, Sazani was more interested in a wonderful world he had discovered in a huge building at 27th Street and 9th Avenue, the headquarters of a firm called Messmore and Damon, builders of stage sets, props, animated figures and parade floats. On 43rd Street, Sazani had become rather forcibly acquainted with Francis Messmore, son of one of the partners. Francis used to beat Sazani up regularly, but after he tired of that, the two of them became close friends. Nearly every day after school they would run down to the shop and play hide and seek among the prehistoric monsters in an exhibit called The World a Million Years Ago, which Messmore and Damon had built over a period of five years.

Sazani was around the shop so much that he eventually was given odd jobs to do. In the summer of 1933, between terms at Stuyvesant High, he hitchhiked to Chicago to take a job with The World a Million Years Ago, then being shown at the Century of Progress Exposition. "I worked the arms of a monster gorilla," he says, "for six bucks a week." The following summer, and for the next four summers, he worked at Coney Island, sometimes in Messmore and Damon exhibits, sometimes as a barker or ticket seller.

From high school he went on to City College of New York, resolving to be an economics teacher, but he soon discovered that he could not get show business out of his blood. At the end of his sophomore year he built his own carnival showpiece, a life-sized figure of Joe Louis which customers were supposed to hit to test their strength. Not many customers were interested in punching Joe; after the second week on the road, Sazani found that he had not taken in enough to pay the rent he owed the carnival owner. He packed up Joe, went back to New York and sold him for scrap. Then he returned to Coney Island and another Messmore and Damon exhibit in which he operated a guillotine that cut off Marie Antoinette's papier-mâché head. Subsequently he labored in other M. & D. shows—The Spanish Inquisition, a replica of Barnum's Museum, and The Electrocution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

All this time Sazani was nagged by the notion that he ought to return to his first love, parades. His first opportunity came with the preview parade for the New York World's Fair. He helped design and build a float called The Girl of the Golden West, which featured a waterfall. Sazani rode the float and operated the waterfall, but he did it a bit too eagerly; by the end of the parade, everybody on the float, including Sazani, was soaking wet.

The next float with which he was involved ended disastrously. Built for the New York at War Parade, in 1942, it featured a thirty-foot statue of Father Knickerbocker. It was built on a Hudson River pier, and in order to get to the parade route it had to be towed beneath the elevated West Side Highway.

"That statue will never get under the highway," someone warned Sazani.

"Oh, it'll make it," he said airily. It made it, all right—minus Father Knickerbocker's head, which was neatly sheared off by an arch. He stopped the float and hastily put the head back on in time to join the parade.

Later that year Sazani attempted to enlist in the Army, but was kept out by poor eyesight. The following year he made it. He went into the Air Force as a special-service noncom with the 29th Tactical Air Command. His assignment was to provide entertainment and diversion. Sazani loved his job; "Lots of parades for reviews," he explains.

When he was discharged in 1946, Sazani immediately set up as a parade producer and consultant. Pickings were slim, at first; most people had the notion that they could produce their own parades. Sazani had to be content with designing and contracting for floats. "Some of the ones I did were beauts," he says, with an excusable pride born of artistry. "In 1948, for New York's Golden Jubilee Parade, I built a whale that spouted water; two girls sat on top of it in mermaid costumes, with parasols that they opened when the whale spouted. It cost around ten thousand dollars and stole the show. I said to the officials, 'You ought to put a sign saying DON'T WASTE WATER on the float.' They said, 'Don't be silly, we'll never have a water shortage.' The next year they had the worst one in the city's history."

Sazani traveled all over the country, watching parades and contracting for floats wherever he could find work. This had the result of getting him much valuable experience, but it also hurt his marriage. In 1942 he had married the former Constance Wolz, whom he had met at Coney Island, where her father operated a scooter ride. They were separated and eventually divorced about a year after Sazani became preoccupied with parades professionally. Today he is single, and he gives the impression of being totally absorbed in his work. In addition to his parades, he also produces displays for department stores and constructs animated models for various exhibits.

His first all-Sazani parade was the Green Cross Safety Day Parade produced in New York City in 1952. It taught him that simply planning the floats and order of march was not enough. He had to consult with the police department (a New York parade requires around 2000 policemen to handle the crowds), with the sanitation department (which would clean up afterward) and with various city officials who had to be seated with their parties in the reviewing stand. It also taught him that personnel for the parade had to be selected with great care. He picked a Safety Queen who reviewed the parade with a fitting dignity, but who, five months later, turned up in traffic court for violation of ordinances. To make matters worse, the Safety Queen hobbled into court on crutches because of injuries she had suffered in a skiing mishap. The following year, when he began planning his safety parade, Sazani selected a policewoman as queen.

The Safety Day Parade made Sazani's reputation, and after a few months he began getting calls for his services from all over the country. Nevertheless, he began to recognize around 1954 that parades, as a show-business art form, are rapidly dwindling in popularity.

"Even the old-time circus parade, a purely commercial parade, is seldom seen these days," he says.

"Unless I want to go out of business, I've got to branch out. I set up some exhibits at the Brussels Fair, and after I got home I went into the Santa Claus House business, beginning with one I constructed outside New Haven. After all," he adds ruefully, "I don't know where my next parade is coming from."

THE END

"I think he's going to make another plea for peace."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Double Exposure (Continued from Page 15)

"Pasquale Morano. Twenty-six years old, single, second in his class at the Police Academy. Has a law degree. Been in the department for two years. Was appointed third-grade detective last week after he made a good grab, and they sent him here. And don't take it out on him."

"No," McNary said. "Why should I take it out on him? Tom and I work together for four years and we have plenty of tough ones, but nothing happens to either of us. So I go on a lousy vacation and Haggerty gets killed, but it's nobody's fault."

Sullivan pointed to the file. "Read it and ask some questions. It was one of those things."

"I'll do that," McNary said. "And where do I find this Morano?"

Sullivan answered slowly. "It's a day off for him. If you want to come back to work tomorrow you'll see him. He'll be riding patrol with you on the nine to six."

... ...

Skating by Moonlight

By Mildred Hatch Graves

Glide, glide,
Night is so wide,
Look, leap,
Feel the wind sweep,
Breathe the sharp air.

Spin, swing,
Speed is a wing,
Reach, race,
Soar into space—
The moon is so fair.

Dart, dash,
White crystals flash,
Fly, fly,
Snatch from the sky
Stars for your hair.

... ...

McNary exploded out of his chair. "I don't want him!"

"You'll take him. This kid will make a good cop. He's down now, because of this. Way down. He needs a boost. Riding with his boss might give it to him."

McNary stared at Sullivan for a moment, but said nothing; then turned and walked off with the folder, somehow containing his anger. He'd never thought Sully would pull something like this on him.

He went up to the detective squad room. At a corner desk taking squeals, Flynn said, "Hi'ya, sarge." His voice lowered. "It was rough about Haggerty."

McNary said, "Yeah."

Big Corrigan came down between the rows of desks. Corrigan's heavy voice was soft. "I'm sorry about Tom."

McNary nodded. "I guess we all are."

Sheridan was there, and O'Reilly and Murphy, and they all spoke softly and regretfully, and McNary nodded and said something meaningless in return. He thought absently of the identities and the names and was again aware of why they called the 147th "Little Ireland."

And now they had a Morano.

In the tiny cubicle that was his office he examined the file. From the formalized sentences he withdrew the meat and substance of the matter, and it was all pretty much as Sullivan had told him. He learned that there had been four people in the store, two customers, the owner and a clerk. They had all been questioned and had described the gunmen variously; they had all been taken to the Bureau of Criminal Identification and had looked at thousands of pictures to no avail. The gunmen had worn sunglasses and sports shirts. There would be nearly a million men in the city without a record, McNary thought, who would answer that description. There had been no fingerprints, and the men handling the trays had probably been wearing gloves. It looked like one of the bad ones.

He knew there were fifty men doing nothing but looking for the killers, and that every cop in the city had the murder in mind and was working on the thing in one fashion or another. But this was his precinct. He ought to know more about what was going on here than anyone else.

He looked at his watch and was surprised to see that it was only two o'clock. He put the file folder in a desk drawer and went out through the squad room.

It was a moment before he became aware of the unnatural silence, and when it registered on him he raised his head and looked around. Then he saw the strange face, the new man, at a desk within reaching distance of his right hand.

Twenty-six, Sullivan had said. Dark, regular features, slender. Heavy circles under the dark eyes, as if he'd been on the town all night, the eyes bloodshot. This boy really enjoyed his days off. So this was the monkey who had stood by while they gunned down Haggerty.

McNary said, "You must be Morano," and was strangely aware of the flatness of his voice in the silent room.

Morano stood up, tall, maybe an inch shorter than McNary. "That's right. And I guess you're Sergeant McNary." His voice was low-pitched. There was no apology in it, none in the tired eyes.

McNary nodded, looking him over from his polished shoes right up to his coal-black hair. He turned and continued on through the room and down the stairs to the street.

He had wanted to ask why Morano had stood still for the killing—why he hadn't made some sort of move that would distract the killer; he had wanted to shout, to take him by the collar and jerk the answers out of him. And if he had stayed any longer than that brief moment, he might have done it. All right to say that none of those things would have done any good. But Haggerty was dead, and the man had been a silent, immobile witness to his dying. It was something McNary could not erase from his mind. And now he would be riding with the clown. What was Sullivan trying to prove?

The hot street somehow dispelled his anger and reminded him that he had a job to do. There were stops to make. He checked them off on a mental list, found his car, and started rolling.

He saw Sonny Markson, Doc Eaton, Johnny Fedler and Lib Fabio. They were some of the tools of his trade, and he used them like a craftsman, granting their petty activities an uncertain immunity in exchange for the really important information they could frequently give him. By unspoken writ no one else bothered them. They were his pigeons. They had been, of course, the joint property of Haggerty and himself. But now they were his.

Markson was a small-time bookie whose office was the phone booth of a tiny candy and soda store. He first voiced his regrets, but he knew nothing. Nothing. He hadn't heard a word, a whisper.

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(Based on Company File 97H20454)

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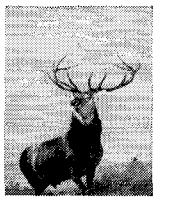

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At the slightest murmur he would get in touch.

On a high floor of Borden's big garage, Doc Eaton ran a comparatively honest five-and-ten-dollar poker game. Eaton had heard nothing, he knew nothing.

Fedler's poolroom was a scratchy layout where he sold fairly good, but totally illegal liquor. It was lousy about Haggerty, Fedler said, but he hadn't heard the big word. Out-of-town punks, he figured. Hopped up, too, to kill a cop. He'd keep the big ear open.

Fabio worked as a mechanic in a garage used by a fleet of cabs. He was a three-time loser McNary and Haggerty had caught in the flagrant theft of an automobile, his fourth arrest on the same offense. If he had gone up again, it would have been for life, so they had got him this job with the rap still hanging over him. He now had all the cars he could handle, and the tips he picked up from listening to hackies were often important. But about this he was dead in the water.

By six o'clock McNary was hot and tired and filled with a futile anger. At this point the thing looked impossible. No decent description of the men or of the car. No prints. Nothing. And the jewelry probably wouldn't come to light for months. No sane fence would dream of touching stuff a cop had been killed for until it had cooled off. He headed home. The night was filled with hours he could use, but he hadn't eaten all day and he was feeling the pace.

Driving uptown to the apartment, he was astonished to find himself nursing the ridiculous wish that he had Haggerty helping him on this. Four years of it together, the nights and the days, the minds intermeshing, the intelligences complementing, made this ultimate separation difficult to accept in so short a time. It seemed almost that he was waiting for the shrewd thought beside him, the nearly infallible instinct, the hunch born of some earlier, half-forgotten experience. But he'd get no more of that. He'd get Morano, the guy who had stood around while they were pounding the lead into Haggerty. He was getting a man you couldn't be sure would back you up when the tough one came along.

Home meant Helen with a big encouraging smile, and a long shower and a change of clothes. Then dinner with Helen and her sister. Marie Glennon was a dark, intense girl with a nice wit, a lovely face and figure, and an affectionate disrespect for her brother-in-law. She had known Haggerty well and liked him, and her expressed sympathy was deep.

Helen said, "How are things downtown?"

He knew what she meant. "Bad. No one ever heard of these lice. They came from the moon."

"We're going over to see Joan Haggerty after dinner. Come with us."

He shook his head. "I've got a little work to do."

Her eyes were understanding and afraid. She said nothing until later when he was leaving, and then said it softly at the door. "Take good care of my Joe."

He kissed her. "We'll try to do that."

The night was as frustrating as the day. He hit bars where he was known, talked with beat cops, stopped at a couple of dance halls and spoke with the owners, visited three precincts adjacent to his own. And he turned up nothing. He went home exhausted at three, set the alarm and was asleep before he could draw the sheet over himself.

He was at the precinct house early, looking over the squeal sheet, checking on what had happened while he'd been away. He went across the hall to speak with Harry Sullivan, to learn if anything had been turned up. He met with a surprise.

"The first break we've had," Sullivan said. "The punk who was holding the woman in front of him has a tattoo on the inner side of his right forearm. Very touching bit of art. A heart with 'Mother' in it."

"Where did you get this?"

"It popped into her head all of a sudden. She couldn't see the man, of course, and could remember looking at nothing but the gun. Then suddenly she remembered the tattoo. It happens like that sometimes."

"She come to you with this?"

Sullivan shook his head. "Morano talked with her for an hour yesterday before he dredged this up. She's not what you'd call a really bright woman."

Morano working hard on this? The big conscience twinge! Trying somehow to get out from under. But it didn't matter how or why; he had turned up something.

"The BCI give you anything on it?"

"Not yet, but they're checking out of town. It's all we have. Let's hope it sticks somewhere."

McNary went back to the squad room, and Morano was there. He looked worse than he had before. All right, give him that. He was working it out.

Morano said, "The car's downstairs whenever you want it."

"I'll be right down," McNary told him, and Morano left. The day's work to be done, in spite of what had happened. The job couldn't stand still just because Haggerty wasn't around any more. He cleaned up the papers on his desk, shuffled them into a drawer, got his hat and went down to the street.

Morano was at the wheel of the plain black sedan and that was the first mistake. Haggerty had hated to drive, and McNary had done most of it. He went around the car and said, "I'll drive," and Morano moved over.

He went over to Fifth and turned north, driving easily, and it was fully two minutes before the silence was broken. Morano said, "I'm damned sorry about Haggerty."

McNary said nothing.

"There wasn't a thing I could do. Not a thing."

"Nothing? You couldn't have moved? Done something?"

"There were three guns on me steady," Morano said slowly. "I guess maybe I could have spit. Three times. That might have done some good."

"But after they started to move," McNary persisted. "When they were getting out."

"When I dropped my gun it bounced under a counter. It took me maybe five seconds to find it. They were gone." He turned to McNary and there was anger in his voice. "Hell, you think I liked it, just standing there with those apes grinning at me? I'm not bulletproof. It wouldn't have done Haggerty any good for me to have got myself killed. Besides, he isn't the first guy to have died on this job."

"It was the first time for Haggerty," McNary said.

At ten o'clock, at Fourth and Avenue T, McNary stopped. There were five or six youths standing in front of a candy store. McNary said, "Hey, Ryan," and one of the boys walked over to the car.

He was a short, husky kid with red hair. He said, "Hello, sarge." Then he said, "We're sorry about Haggerty."

"Sure. How are things going?"

The boy shrugged. "It's been keeping down for a while, but I dunno. The word's out that we might have a visit from some friends. We had a ball game rigged with some guys over in the park this afternoon, but that's no dice if *they're* comin' over."

"Maybe I'll bump into Rodriquez."

The boy's mouth went sullen. "Don't do us any favors. Don't tell them ——"

"I never saw you," McNary said. The boy nodded.

McNary drove away from the corner. "Ryan is leader of the Titans. They're Irish. The other bunch is the Lions. Not Irish."

At eleven o'clock they answered a Signal Thirty-two—Investigate—in a walk-up apartment on Grant Street. All the tenants were crowded into the halls and there was an unearthly amount of noise on the third floor. A husband-wife deal. He'd slapped her a couple of times, and she'd kicked him. McNary separated them and told them that if there were any more disturbance they'd both be hauled in.

And going down the stairs, it suddenly occurred to McNary that he had been the first one up, the first into the apartment. Maybe it had just worked that way. Maybe.

A half hour later, in an Italian section along Jennings Street, Morano said, "You want to stop over there for a couple of minutes?" He pointed to a small restaurant.

McNary stopped. "I'm not hungry."

Morano shook his head. "Just friends of the family. I wanted to say hello."

McNary sat in the hot car for ten minutes, the anger rising in him. It wasn't anything you could squawk about, stopping to see a friend, but he wasn't in any visiting mood.

When he came out Morano said, "Sorry I was so long." Then he said, "You speak Italian?"

McNary shook his head. "I never picked it up."

"Comes in handy," Morano said. "Not this time, though."

A little after twelve, over East, McNary stopped in front of an old brownstone. A group of older boys sat on the stoop and McNary called, "Chico, *¿ qué tal?*"

A slim, handsome youth rose from a lower step and came to the car. His hair was coal-black and carefully combed, his teeth a startling white as he smiled. "Hello, sergeant." Then he said, "About 'Aggerty we are sorry."

McNary nodded. "A little bird told me you were going over West this afternoon."

The boy shrugged. "*¿ Quién sabe?* One goes for a walk."

McNary's voice stiffened. "It's a lot too hot to walk, Chico."

The boy regarded him silently for a moment, then the flashing smile broke again. "Maybe it is that you are right. And maybe too many of my boys are away at the camp. And maybe these girls they do not always tell the truth, eh? Hokah. It is too hot to walk." He did not look at Morano.

McNary grinned at the boy and drove away. Morano said, "A minor-league U.N. on wheels."

When they passed Fourth and T again an hour later, the bunch was still in front of the candy store. Young Ryan came over and McNary said, "You won't have any company this afternoon."

The boy said, "Good. We wanted to play ball. You didn't ——"

"I didn't do anything. I just got the word."

The boy said, "O.K. Thanks."

A day's grace is something, McNary thought. *Not much, but something.*

They had sandwiches at Berger's delicatessen and McNary said, "Today is Friday. Payday. Good business day. We watch the factories, the supermarkets, people leaving the bank with payrolls."

Morano said, "I know some of the spots," and when McNary looked at him he said, "I was with Haggerty last week."

So you were. So you were. That was a long time ago.

Then it was four o'clock, and the bank deposits and withdrawals had been made, and the next two hours would be a breeze. McNary was thinking of the men who

"You realize, of course, that what this amounts to is practicing medicine without a license!"

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had killed Haggerty. Either they had managed to get out of town or they'd have to make a move soon. All exits from the city had been carefully watched since fifteen minutes after the commission of the crime. It was foolish to believe they couldn't have slipped out, but if they were still here they'd be getting a little desperate for money. They'd try another job soon or they'd attempt to get rid of the stuff they'd stolen. There was no other way for them.

At half past four Morano said, "You want to stop here at the drugstore for a minute? I've got to make a phone call."

McNary stopped. It was the third phone call Morano had made. A very social boy. It had been a great big day. He had spent five or six hours chauffeuring Morano around, had censored a man for slapping his wife, had put off a rumble for a day or two. And nothing had been done about Haggerty. He had called in a couple of times, but the case wasn't developing. The tattoo was getting them nowhere.

Morano came out of the drugstore looking a little tight around the mouth. "We have a date at five o'clock. The corner of Fourth and Washington."

At five o'clock, the corner of Fourth and Washington would be a crowded, busy spot with everyone running for subways. "What's this all about?" McNary asked angrily.

"I'm not sure yet. It could be nothing. I've got a date with a friend of yours. Johnny Fedler."

It brought McNary up short. "What do you know about Fedler?"

"A little more than Haggerty told me." His voice was urgent. "Listen, McNary. In four days I've had maybe ten hours' sleep. I've been combing gutters. I've been on rooftops and in cellars. They don't know me around here yet, and I was able to get away with a few things. I learned this and I learned that and I picked up a few items that even you don't know."

It could be, McNary thought. You cemented yourself in the years, sometimes. You discovered a positive fact and were satisfied with it, didn't bother to explore beyond it. You became complacent with what you knew and didn't suspect that the knowledge could be extended.

"What happened to me was bad," Morano said. "A cop on the wrong end of a thief's gun. That's unimportant. What happened to Haggerty is important. They think they can get away with this?"

"What have you got?" McNary asked.

"I'll know when I see Fedler. Until then I've got nothing."

McNary thought about it. If Haggerty had tipped Morano off to Fedler, he must have seen something in Morano. But then Haggerty had walked into a stick-up with Morano and had died while the other man had held his breath. Haggerty could have been very wrong.

Trying to make up his mind, McNary tooled the car around for the better part of half an hour with Morano consulting his watch every two or three minutes. He finally drove to Fourth and Washington, and the corner was a madhouse. Everyone was trying to get home at once. McNary double-parked the car and said, "You'll never find him in this mob."

Morano was out of the car without a word, and McNary watched him cross to the opposite corner.

He had a flashing glimpse of Fedler, then the crowd swallowed them. He waited, wondering what this was all about, wondering what he had missed in Fedler. He would have sworn he had him cold all the way.

Morano was back in three minutes. He said, "It's still a maybe, but it's a chance. He gave me an address. Three forty-seven Avenue B."

McNary went swiftly through the catalogue of his mind. "It's a store in a row of tenements. The guy sells old pictures, frames, vases—stuff like that."

"His name is Norton," Morano said. "He's also a fence."

You live and learn, McNary thought. He said, "So?"

"These bums are starving. They've been holed up around here someplace and they can't stick it any more. This Norton will take the stuff, but he'll give them next to nothing and they've got to take it. They're dead."

"Fedler told you this?"

"I made him spread the word that he had a drop for them, and he turned up this Norton. They're supposed to see him sometime after five. After he closes shop for the day."

"Fedler couldn't have told you this at his place?"

"He's scared to death. He insisted on the big crowd."

"What have you got on Fedler besides the liquor?"

"He sells sticks. Also heroin capsules. A recent enterprise. I guess he's got to go up. I'm afraid we lose him."

Old, McNary thought. *At thirty-six I'm getting old enough to miss the bets. And I knew all the answers. This was my precinct. I had it cold.*

He took the car over West through the heavy traffic, wondering if this kid knew what he was talking about. The whole thing could be a bum steer Fedler had given him under pressure, telling him anything just to get out from under. But there'd be no point in passing it up.

He parked the car on Kane, just off Avenue B, a block and a half away from the shop. He said, "It's twenty after five. We'll go in. If they're in there, we'll know about it. If they're not, we'll wait for them."

"We could use some help," Morano said. "It would be the smart thing."

"Sure. We send in a call, get fifteen men down here, then open an empty can. We'll do it alone. Maybe Fedler is conning us."

There was plenty of pedestrian traffic on B and they examined the store from across the street without fear of being spotted. It was closed. A shade had been drawn on the dingy street window and another on the half-glass door.

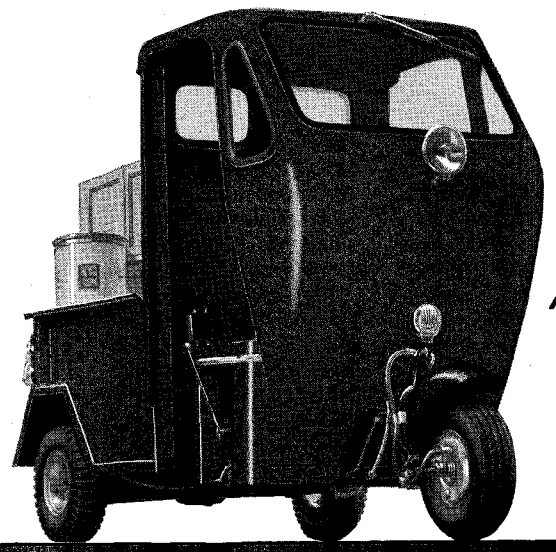
Morano said, "We go in the front, they go out the back."

"Not if you're there." McNary pointed to an alley in the middle of the block. "That'll take you into the back yards, about three houses away. There might be a fence or two. I'll give you three minutes to get in back of Norton's store, then I'll go in the front."

McNary looked at his watch and saw Morano do the same. Morano said, "I'll see you inside," and walked across the street. He had taken the rear door without argument, McNary noted. It wasn't likely that much would happen back there.

He observed his watch carefully. Three minutes. No time to get scared. The hell there wasn't time to get scared! You could get just as scared in three minutes as you could in three hours. For a few moments he was sure the minute hand on the watch was stuck. But it moved, finally, and then moved all too swiftly. He crossed the street with fifteen seconds to spare and stood in front of the shop door.

And then there was the temptation to stall. Maybe Morano had had trouble in the back yards. Maybe Morano was three blocks away. Maybe there was no one in the place at all. And maybe, just



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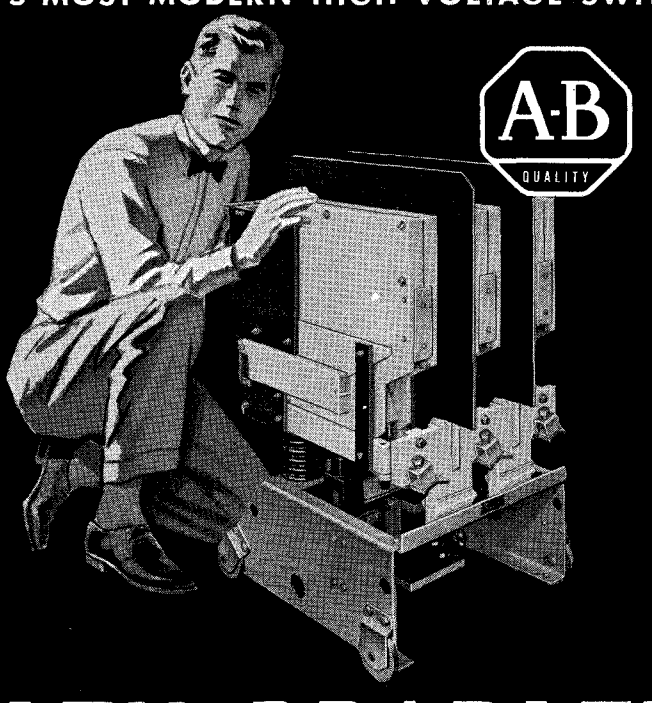

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maybe, there was a fine big gun waiting for him on the other side of the door.

He gave Morano an extra fifteen seconds, then put his left hand on the knob and tried it. His right hand was on his gun in his jacket pocket. The door was locked. He had just lifted his hand to knock when he heard the first blasting sound of a shot from within the store. He acted almost without thinking then, bringing out the gun, smashing the glass upper panel of the door, reaching in and opening the latch, swinging the door wide. A bullet shattered the remainder of the door glass as he burst into a big room filled with bric-a-brac.

A man ten feet away fired at him and McNary was dimly aware of a jerk at his jacket pocket. He shot the man in the chest and looked to the rear of the store. One man was down behind a table, firing into the back room. McNary bellowed "Drop it!" and the man turned on his haunches, the gun getting bigger all the time, and McNary fired and the gun fell. He crouched, was aware of a thin, bespectacled man who must be Norton standing at one side with his hands raised high, his mouth wide open in fright.

Then Morano's voice came from the back room. "Sarge! You all right?"

"I'm all right," McNary said, moving around now.

The first man he had shot was dead. The second had been hit in the shoulder and was nursing it with his left hand, cursing monotonously.

Morano emerged from the back room, his gun in his hand. "There's one back there, hurt bad." Then he said, "You were late. I thought something might have happened to you, so I came on in."

Well, I won't be late again, McNary thought. *Not with you, boy.*

The dead man lay with his arms outstretched, and the tattoo stared up at McNary. He said, "Well, Fedler bought himself some time off."

It took a while to clean everything up back at the precinct. When he had finished with his reports, McNary was tired. He was also very glad to be alive. When he left his office, Morano was just putting his jacket on in the squad room. McNary said, "I can't keep calling you Morano. Pasquale?"

Morano grinned and shook his head. "Pat. Patsy when I was a kid."

McNary looked at the clock and whistled. "Stay here. I'll be right back." He headed for the phone booth.

When he got Helen he said, "Kid, I'm sorry, but I'm a little late."

Her voice was weak and she tried to mimic him. "I'm a little late!" Then she said, "I heard it on the radio."

"So it's all over," he told her. Then he had an idea. "Why don't you ask Marie over to dinner? I've got a new guy I think she'd like."

He grinned as she chided him gently. Then her voice changed. "What's he like?"

"Nice. Fairly good-looking. A lawyer." Then he added, "And a very tough cop."

"What's his name?"

"Morano. Pat Morano." Then he thought of something else. "You just take the 'o' off there and you could hardly tell the difference."

He went back for Morano, strangely thinking of Haggerty. Well, this kid might not be another Haggerty, but he'd certainly do very well for the time being.

The Girl on Bongo Key

(Continued from Page 18)

sport shirt, white sun helmet, white breeches and polished black riding boots. Seeing Crunch, he called "Miss Trentley says you want to see me." The rolling voice, suitable for his size, seemed edgy.

Crunch was embarrassed. He'd liked Jack Meyer on sight. Ten years younger than the skipper and four inches taller, Meyer had appeared on the Gulf Stream Dock, in Miami, a month ago. After consultation with the dockmaster, he'd offered a summer-long charter to the Poseidon and her crew of two—a welcome job! The skipper waited until his customer leaped over a dinghy-sized chunk of ripped-up island rock, as white as alabaster, and came out on the pier.

"About that memo Miss Trentley brought Des and me." Crunch glanced unconsciously at the cruiser, where his mate, Des Smith, was still asleep after late hours spent refurbishing rods and reels. "I'd rather stick to the deal as we set it up in Miami. Get paid every two weeks—not monthly. And it's been two weeks ——"

The smile was the usual smile; but Meyer's voice had even more of the unfamiliar edge, "No can do, Adams. New York office changed the accounting system." He paused, went on in a half-indulgent, half-patronizing way, "If you or your mate need cash, though, say so. Twenty, fifty bucks?" His big hand was already in a pocket of the spotless breeches.

Again the skipper hesitated. Crunch didn't want to tell this young tycoon that, back in South Florida, his much-loved wife, Sari, was stalling off mortgage payments and long-due bills incurred at the boatyard to keep the Poseidon in trim. Didn't want to explain that he had a son taking courses in the University of Miami summer school so as to graduate in three, rather than four, expensive years. But he finally said, "It's like I told you, Mr. Meyer. Last winter was cold—a record. That thinned out the tourists and ruined sports fishing. Spring was nearly as bad. So, all of us deep-sea boatmen are running in the red. I need all the money now."

Meyer lifted his pith helmet, raked a huge hand through hair which, like the skipper's, was sun-bleached. "O.K., Adams. Can't promise, but I'll radio the New York office and try to get them to make you an exception."

"I'd appreciate it."

The song came more clearly as the girl appeared—in crimson shorts and a crimson halter beneath a cobweb beach coat, ready for more picture taking. She saw them. The soft, resonant singing stopped and a hand waved gracefully.

That interruption restored Crunch's tranquillity. He could not have imagined that, in minutes, violence would overwhelm him. He smiled without knowing he smiled. "You see, Mr. Meyer, Des and I can't afford to stay on a month—without pay."

Meyer shrugged. "Maybe I can't afford two supposedly expert guides who haven't—in two weeks—caught a fish worth photographing for advance publicity. No tuna or marlin."

Crunch was still as calm as the morning; his reply wasn't meanly intended. "Fishing is chancy. Des and I lost two nice marlin yesterday. And those guests of yours would have boated a beauty last week if they'd left their bourbon ashore."

"You can keep your beefs about my guests to yourself, Adams!" Meyer, about to go, changed his mind. "Another thing. What's this I hear about you criticizing my development?"

"Me?" Crunch frowned, then chuckled. "I guess I did tell one of the engineers what an old fishing customer of mine, a Mr. Ellander, told me. He said there are already more glass-wall-golf-course-yacht-basin de luxe spots in the Bahamas than traffic can stand. He said the smart thing would be to put up a low-cost camp here—old-fashioned resort, with Bahamas-colonial cabins made of native lumber." Crunch pointed to a distant stand of Caribbean pines. "Be lots cheaper to build—and comfortable too. Plain docks, not your neon-lit marina. Something Mr. Ellander said, that middle-income-bracket people would really enjoy and take their kids to in vacation time. Mr. Ellander said such a spot would show a nice profit. But he ——"

"To hell with what Ellander said, whoever he is!" Meyer sought expression for increasing anger. "I don't let my hired help go around criticizing my plans, Adams!"

Crunch couldn't recall any past customer who'd referred to him as "hired help." He considered objecting—and grinned instead. Meyer might then have left, had not Raven-Lee leaned her dark head through the cook-tent door and called, "Aren't you two ever coming for breakfast?" She ducked out of sight when Crunch nodded.

But her brief appearance had further inflamed Meyer. He moved insultingly close to the skipper. "That's one more item, Adams! Miss Trentley is my secretary. She models for me, besides—on my development! She does get lonesome. The wives of the work crew are several cuts too crude for her. I don't mind the way she visits your boat, evenings, to chin. But if either of you two fish guides get middle-aged ideas about Raven—well ——"

"Well what?" Crunch sounded sweetly perplexed.

"Isn't that plain enough?"

"It's too plain." There was ice in that.

Meyer glared down at the skipper. "I'll spell it! Keep your fishy hands off her, is all! Otherwise you'll find out who's head man around Bongo Key."

"I think," Crunch replied almost in a whisper, "I'd like an apology for that unwarranted crack, Meyer."

The bigger man swore. "*Look!* Do you want to be taken apart?"

Crunch's head shook slightly. "No. But I once was Golden Gloves. Then a pro—heavyweight. So I don't come apart, Meyer. And now let's have the apology."

Meyer flung his sun helmet on the planking and leaped to the hard wet sand below. "Come on down," he grimly invited, "and we'll see who apologizes!"

Crunch leaped as lithely—but made no hostile gesture. "I don't fight amateurs, as I said. But no big-shot New York promoter—and nobody—talks that way to me! Take it back."

"I see." Meyer had raised his arms. "Yellow—the way I figured."

Crunch hesitated for two seconds. Five. Then he raised his own thick arms. "O.K. If you want to, come ahead and take me apart."

Meyer came ahead.

The boatman, who'd been a prize fighter long ago, had a cliché in mind: *The bigger they are, the harder they fall.* And he expected a venerable ring tactic would cool the lost temper of his customer—a right feint, an aborted left cross, followed by the real right smash—the old one-two-three.

But it didn't work that way. The right smash skidded on skull and hurt Crunch's knuckles more than Meyer's scalp. A counterpunch took Crunch in the solar plexus. Most men would have gone down, but Crunch had been hit even harder, in years past. He gulped, danced out of range, sucked air—and closed more cautiously.

His third left made a scarlet star of Meyer's mouth. But Crunch knew his own mouth dribbled red too. Ten years, twenty pounds and four inches were against him.

The sounds went on and on—like mauls hitting damp, hard-packed earth. There weren't any witnesses.

In time, Crunch saw floating specks of light more clearly than he could see his big target. He knew he ought to take one and fall before he was really messed up, but he couldn't do that because he was Crunch. Time blurred ——

He came to. Somebody was dabbing ice water on him. His head felt like a working anvil. He tried to open an eye and couldn't. He tried the other; it opened. He was lying on wet sand somewhere. Des, pale and worried, squeezed out a cloth in a basin where ice cubes clattered in crimson water.

"What happened?" Des asked the open eye.

Crunch tried to grin and found his mouth out of condition. "Fight. Meyer."

Des got the import slowly, but his blue, Scandinavian eyes remained unbelieving. "He use brass knucks? A marlin billy?"

The skipper sat up. "No," he said. "I asked for it—and got it." With professional interest he tried his fingers, one by one. The knuckles were gorily eroded, but would heal. All ten fingers worked. None broken. Joints ditto. Gingerly he ran his tongue along the inside of his upper lip. Cuts, but nothing that would need stitches. He traced the region where some men grow mustaches. Lip split, but adhesive would pull it together.

He got up, Des helping. They went down the dock. Crunch, dropping heavily aboard the Poseidon, started for the head—and repairs.

Noon blew. The metal dinosaurs stopped rooting up limestone and pouring concrete. Crunch sipped a chocolate shake through a straw. Des had brought the drink from the Poseidon's proud new equipment, a freezer.

"Feel O.K.?"

Crunch answered through bandage and tape, "No."

Des nodded. He seldom spoke much, and often he looked not only inarticulate but almost stupid. His chin would fall and his Viking eyes would glaze. At such times, however, he would not be sunk in a moronic vacuum, but would be thinking or worrying, even though few first-time anglers on the Poseidon could conceive of the muscular squarehead as a worrier.

In about a half hour Des gave voice to his apprehension, "We could be in a jam."

The bandages nodded.

"Meyer could say—since nobody saw the fight—that you attacked him. Get Nassau cops by plane."

A blacked but usable eye squinted agreement.

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"Sari would be in a terrific uproar! She'd be scared. And mad!"

Words came somberly through thickened lips and surgical supplies. "I figured Meyer as a pretty good Joe, except maybe for his bringing Raven out here. Now I'm not sure. He welshed on the deal about payday. Then he gave me those choice insults. So maybe you're right. He could call in the Bahamas police—and more."

The mate's voice wasn't quite level. "Such as?"

"We've fished others in our time, Des, who were good Joe outside and pure jerk underneath. Meyer could toss me in the Nassau clink and sue for damages. The British, even in the colonies, take a thin attitude toward felonious assault. If he charged me, he could probably get a judgment for all we don't have—and all we do. Like the Poseidon."

Desperate's eyes were as wretched as if their cruiser were already being towed away for auction. As if his heart were leaving with the tow.

Time passed. Finally the sun started its late-afternoon paint job on the Caribbean clouds. Somebody approached along the dock. It was Meyer, wearing as many tape-and-gauze emblems as Crunch. For a while he stood looking down at them. They looked back.

"You O.K.?" Meyer's tone indicated that he, too, had mouth trouble.

"More or less," Crunch replied.

"Want me to send to Nassau for a doctor?"

Crunch sat up out of pure astonishment, without noticing the discomfort. "Thanks. Don't need it. I'm used to nicks and bruises. How're you?"

Meyer clambered down into the cockpit carefully as Des helped. Crunch came outside as gingerly. The huge man got a cigarette going, sat in a fighting chair and blew smoke. "Sorry I started that wingding, Adams. Must be a touch of sun. I don't often lose the old temper. And I'm used to nicks and bumps myself. Football—three years of college and two of pro."

He reached into a pocket of the shorts he was now wearing and fished out a check. "Here's your two weeks' pay. And—my apologies, if you'll accept them at this late date."

Crunch took the check. A load slid from his mind. "Sure!" New worry put back part of the burden. "You mean you're paying us off? Hiring somebody else?"

Meyer shook his head. "Not if you'll stay with the project. In fact, I wish you'd start fishing Miss Trentley and Mr. Parto for a while. Some good pictures of that handsome lass fighting a fish would be useful publicity-wise. O.K.?" He saw the nod. "When do you think you'll be in shape?"

"Tomorrow."

Meyer started, then grinned. "If you say so." His cigarette kissed itself out in the darkening bay. "Glad you'll stick. So will Raven, though she started packing when she heard how I'd goofed."

Crunch said, "Skip all that."

When Meyer had gone, Des stared for minutes at a crescent moon, listened for seconds to some needlefish skittering on the harbor surface, sighed contentedly and finally said, "You were right at the beginning. Quick temper. But a good Joe."

"Guess so. Anyhow, it's sure a relief not to be phoning Sari from Nassau that I'm under arrest and the old scow's in escrow."

The girl walked down the dock early the next morning, followed by Mr. Parto, a wispy man, so loaded with photographic equipment that Des, on the dock, could see only his legs.

Raven-Lee was as tall as Crunch, and slender. Her soft, jet-black hair fell in a ponytail. Usually she wore it high, with curls, like incense smoke in a still place. As she came aboard, she met his gaze with her dark, direct eyes; and, as always, a flicker of "something else" behind the open glance. The lady had been crying recently—and a lot.

"I've never tried fishing," she said, "but Mr. Meyer said I should. Gave me the day off."

"Don't worry." Crunch kept the smile small; a broader attempt would have undone a night's healing. "That's what guides are for—to teach you to fish."

He went up on the Poseidon's tubular-steel tower so he could scan the widest area. Des cast off. Mr. Parto began unlimbering lenses, light meters, cameras, film, filters.

The Poseidon executed the s turn that makes the bay difficult to leave or enter, but ideal shelter. He pushed two throttles, and the cruiser jumped from five knots to twenty, ran half a mile and then slowed to trolling speed. The baits went over—two bonefish for the outriggers, and a feather on the light center line. The boat made the only visible disturbance in a lacquer-smooth, indigo sea.

An hour passed—two—and three. Nothing else. At noon sandwiches were passed; iced coffee followed.

Toward midafternoon Des relieved Crunch at the high controls—and shortly after that the marlin showed. Like a living torpedo. A big blue marlin. Swiftly the skipper eased Raven to the one amidships fighting chair. Swiftly he set her rod in the gimbals on that chair. The outrigger line drifted down. Des yelled from his superior vantage point, "He sucked it right in, Crunch! Tell her to reel—and strike!"

She did both. Then the tension came on her as the fish felt the hook and greyhounded away from the boat. Next, it sounded. Crunch coached her quietly when she needed it. In a thousand-foot-deep abyss the monster would take a little line, then change its ponderous direction, and Raven, working fast and hard, could gain a little.

He looked at her thoughtfully. With long, tanned legs and such a body, her beauty was like lily gilding. She fought composedly now, like an obedient child. Once in a while she would murmur, "Am I doing the right thing?" in a voice as Georgia-redolent as sweet-gum balsam.

"You're doing great!"

When sweat began to sting her eyes, Crunch produced another Poseidon novelty, put aboard by his wife—plastic packets of cologne-dampened tissue. He wiped her face; she couldn't let go of the bucking rod. She flushed slightly, smiled her appreciation.

The spicy cologne made Crunch think of Sari. Sari, who'd become part of him, part of the Poseidon even. Raven looked as true.

Even the way she fished baffled Crunch. She meant it. So maybe she thought she was in love with Jack Meyer. If she believed she loved him, she'd mean that too. Would Sari have done the same if she'd loved another guy? Sari, who had a fishing guide for a husband, an "old-timer," past forty-five, and a kid in college, and the uncertain income from a very insecure business? He couldn't answer himself.

There were young women nowadays, as Crunch had learned from fishing certain rich men, who could add to natural glamour a look of "meaning it," which actually meant, to such girls, merely *quid pro quo*—glamour traded for a stated salary, higher than any secretary's. Good-looking, nice-seeming girls who were neither good nor nice.

He could not quite believe that this long-limbed, lovely young person was like that. Still ——

She'd been born in Grenade, Georgia, she'd told the two guides one night.

The Perfect Squelch

Jack, who had started off for prep school in September as a youngster, came home for the Christmas holidays as a junior-sized man of the world. Suddenly, he knew twice as much as his parents, ten times as much as his younger brother and sister.

During his first meal at home, Jack managed to suggest that the modern world had passed his family by. Then, at the meal's end, he further surprised them by casually pulling out a pack of cigarettes and lighting one. Obviously savoring the stir he was making, he leaned back and remarked, "I always have one right after every meal."

"Oh, how nice, dear." His mother's untroubled voice brought him back to earth. "And who prescribed them?"

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Eleven brothers and sisters, all younger. She'd said, "My dad was near to a sharecropper," and laughed. "When I graduated, I went to modeling school in Atlanta. Then I entered a Miss Georgia contest and won. Imagine that! Afterward ——" Raven hadn't gone on about "afterward."

The rod's curve lessened. "Coming up!" Crunch exclaimed. "Wind as fast as you can! . . . No, not when line goes out! . . . Now!"

He wondered how many thousands of hours she'd made similar movements—over a washboard, for all those little brothers and sisters.

Mr. Parto querulously said, "Captain, could you have your mate get the sun behind us and on the fish?"

Crunch had ignored the photographer. Now he said, "Only if the fish decides. We steer the boat to suit anglers, not cameras."

"Pity!"

The fish broke water two hundred yards astern. Crunch could hear Parto's shutter click. He could also hear Raven's breath—in, out, in, out—through her teeth. Hard breaths, but steady. She'd been fishing for more than an hour. "Tired?"

Her head shook. She hauled the marlin a hundred yards closer. It leaped again, splashed back; shouldered its head and gill covers clear; shook them as a man will shake his head in a fight. Then it raced away in a curve, dorsal and tailfin showing. Des whipped the wheel—stung the engines—and brought the fish very near. It leaped, clean and twisting, three times.

"The light," Mr. Parto said smugly, "was perfect—finally!"

"Thank the fish." Then Crunch exhorted Raven, "Now. Give him everything you've got!"

He had said it just in time. From aloft Des called anxiously, "Mako shark looking over our marlin!"

"All you've got!" the skipper repeated.

She nodded. Crunch unlatched and pulled out the transom. Hands gloved—raw knuckles forgotten—tail rope ready—he saw the swivel under the blue, blue water. Then above the water. He rushed to the open transom—reached—and had it.

Slowly, hand over hand, he reefed in the leader wire, letting the slack loops drop back into the sea. And then amazingly the great fish leaped again. Parto got it on color film—an immense blue marlin in the air just above Raven's lovely profile—the best shot of his life. The girl waited at her rod as she'd been ordered, in case the skipper couldn't boat the fish and the battle had to be resumed.

Crunch seized the bill, and the fish turned on its side, its tail whacking the surface. Then Crunch saw the mako moving in. He hung onto the bill with his left hand and flailed at the approaching shark with the rope noose. The mako dodged away, inches short of its intended, bucket-sized bite. But Crunch lost his hold on the rope and the Poseidon's forward movement played it out on the sea, astern. So he braced his feet astride the oblong opening, took the bill in both hands and pulled mightily.

The marlin came aboard, half across and half alongside the now-prone skipper. Its tail thwacked the deck with steady, violent thuds. Crunch groped above his head and got the marlin billy. It came down once, twice, above the bill, over the eyes. The ten-foot, blue-and-silver giant curled like a bow drawn by an invisible string. Curled, quivered, died.

Crunch got up, soaking wet, slimed by the fish and spotted by its minute, asbestoslike scales, which old-timers call marlin fuzz.

The girl spoke numbly, "I didn't know anybody could be that strong! Anybody your age!"

He heard it. "*Your age.*"

Aloft, Des had watched worriedly until he was sure Crunch hadn't been mauled by a fish that came pounding aboard, across a man's body. There'd been no time to get down and help. Crunch was all right; so Des signaled his congratulations with a circled thumb and forefinger and nodded when Crunch pointed toward shore.

The Poseidon turned shoreward and ran like a barn-eager horse while Crunch went below. He changed his clothes, put on his yachting cap—at an angle—then ran up the biggest marlin flag on board. And only after that he noticed the girl was crying. Now, he thought, stopping halfway to her side, from mere reaction. She kept saying something to herself. He came close. "Too late," she sobbed. "Too late, too late ——"

"What's too late? It's a wonderful fish. Go over five hundred pounds, I'm certain. Meyer will be mightily pleased."

The dark eyes rose and in them was sorrow, as naked as emotion can be. "Everything's too late!" By and by she checked her sobbing and blurted, "Jack hopes against hope! He always did! But"—her eyes were frantic—"that check he gave you yesterday! I typed it! It's no good. Jack put every cent he made on a Carolina development into Bongo Key. And he expected his New York partners would double that. They decided not. 'Too many of these Bahamas boomlets,' they said. Phoned two nights ago. Now don't you realize why Jack lost his temper and—and fought you? He's not like that usually."

"What about the subcontractors, the 'dozers ——"

"That's all paid. That's what Jack put out. They'll finish, and Bongo Key will have the foundations for a wonderful development—and not a thing more!"

Quite suddenly the skipper got it. He touched the woman's shoulder gently, so she'd lift her eyes again, and said, "You and Jack are married."

"Of course." She said it flatly. "Three years. And I love him, in case you wonder. It was Jack's idea to keep our marriage secret. A pretty 'Miss' interests more real-estate prospects than—than—the 'wife of the owner.' Only, Jack doesn't have prospects—or own a thing on earth now, I guess." She laughed chokingly. "Except, of course, me."

Bongo Key was nearing. She leaped up. "I'm a mess! Jack will want pictures of me and the marlin on the dock. Even though we can't even pay for prints!" She hurried below.

As the Poseidon followed the tricky channel toward the dock, her skipper could see Jack running from the office tent, followed by others who had spotted the marlin flag. Before ropes went ashore, Meyer was jubilating. "Terrific! Get pictures?" Mr. Parto's wave answered.

"Who caught it?"

"Me." Raven had come from a cabin. She went on talking as Des silenced the engines. "It's no use faking any longer, Jack. I told them. And I guess they'll have to leave us."

For an instant, anxiety-bred indignation fought with the other part of Jack Meyer—and lost. "O.K., gal," he said quietly. He added, to Crunch, "She right? You two gotta quit?"

The skipper nodded sadly. "Can't afford to gamble with you. I'd like to, but as it is, Des and I have some bigger financial problems than we even thought."

The tall man held out a big hand and lifted his lovely wife ashore. "Mighty sorry, Crunch. And you sure made good on your end of the bargain! Man, what a marlin!" He kissed Raven's brimming eyes.

A week passed on Bongo Key. Then, one afternoon, to escape the continual din of the paid-up but now futile construction work, Jack Meyer took his wife to a sheltered niche in a sea-facing point of Bongo Key. They were sitting close together, to comfort a despair neither would confess, when Raven murmured, "There's a boat! Looks almost like the Poseidon."

Jack squinted seaward, stood up and soon exclaimed, "Doggone! It really is the Poseidon! Turning in too! I bet good old Crunch got a new charter and is bringing his party here to fish! Be just like the guy!" The tall wife and her taller husband started running for the distant dock.

When they reached it, a secretly jubilant skipper began introductions. "Raven—Mrs. Meyer—I'd like you to meet an old deep-sea customer of mine, Mr. Ellander. . . . And Mr. Drawdy and Mr. O'Connor. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Jack Meyer, who's put in the basic work you can see on shore."

Jack pulled the skipper away after quick handshakes. His expression was odd, his voice uneven, "Not the Mr. Ellander you said made all those criticisms of my project?"

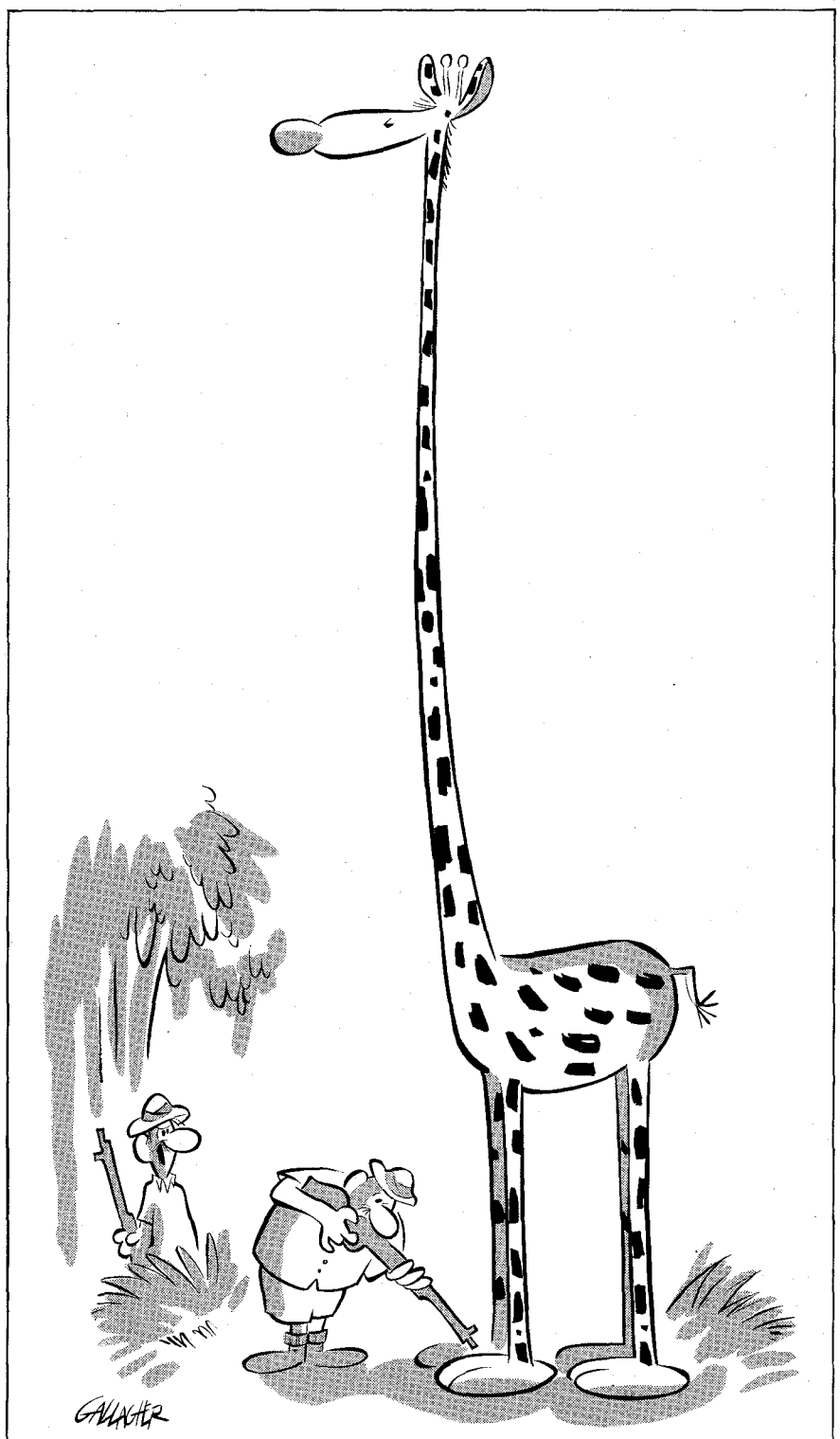
Crunch spoke as covertly. "Yeah. Called on him in Miami a few days ago. Told him how you went broke. He was not just interested, but excited. He's ready to make a deal with you to finish—if you're willing to build his kind of resort."

"I'm willing"—Meyer coughed peculiarly—"to build wigwams, and you know it, pal! Who are the other two?"

"His lawyers. They've fished on the Poseidon a lot of years too." Crunch broke a grip of gratitude that all but mangled his hand. "You go tell Raven the good news, Jack! Des and I can take the gang up to start sight-seeing."

Crunch turned and chuckled. Mr. Ellander, who'd been staring with approval at the construction work, was now staring with paternal, but even greater, approval at Mrs. Raven-Lee Meyer. Anybody would, Crunch thought happily.

THE END



"That's not at all sporting, Squidly."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Cruised the Laziest River

(Continued from Page 17)

about one million tons of cargo and two hundred thousand passengers annually—through most of the incredibly fertile and blooming Magdalena Valley.

Most Colombians promise themselves a holiday trip sometime on this all-important river, and North Americans in increasing numbers are discovering that a paddle-boat cruise is an economical and different sort of vacation in a foreign land that is right next door.

Even Guillermo Payán, poet, journalist and man-about-Colombia who acted as interpreter and general manager of everything for the photographer and me, seemed genuinely happy for the first time in five days. For five mornings he had gone to the steamboat company's agent in La Dorada, and returned with the same sad smile and unhappy report. No David Arango. It was still held up by low water below La Dorada. "Maybe the boat comes today," he would add. "Maybe tomorrow, maybe the next day—but don't worree, don't worree!"

His own worries were over, but only for a short time. It didn't take an experienced eye to notice that the Magdalena seemed quite dusty, which a nicely behaved river shouldn't be. Dust from exposed sand bars and mud bars, baked dry by a tropical sun, was picked up by the wind and whirled away in miniature tornadoes. It was the dry season, and navigation was difficult in the shallowing upper stretches of the river.

Despite the David Arango's noble start at La Dorada, it came to a most ignoble halt about twenty miles below the city. Blocking the river was a stalled jumble of barges, paddle wheelers and tugs, stuck in the mud at a place known as Campana Rota (Broken Bell). Our captain, José Z. Jimenon, took one shuddering look and decided against trying to make a run through. It was the same place where the David Arango had been stymied for five days on its upriver trip, and it was plain that the captain was scared of it—scared and frustrated.

He steered the David Arango to the riverbank, well above the mess of craft. Crewmen went ashore with machetes and slashed a path to some large trees to which heavy cables were fastened to secure the ship.

Guillermo Payán said: "So we wait some more, maybe for higher water or something, I'll find out later from the *capitán*. But don't worree!"

Whereupon he fell into a worrying fit of his own, staring moodily across the water at a sun-bleached log on a mud bank. The log held about twenty of the small black buzzards so common through Colombia, the most solemn birds I have ever seen.

The David Arango, pride of the fleet of the Naviera Fluvial Colombiana, oldest and largest of the Magdalena ship lines, was not alone in its humiliation. Looking downstream we could make out at least five vessels as large as ours, a number of small tugs, and too many barges to count, including one cattle barge that looked like a floating railroad cattle car.

The David Arango passengers weren't perturbed over the delay, but went about, smiling. There was no extra cost for extra days aboard. The food was excellent, and it was served in an airy dining room on the second deck, with a view of the jungle only fifteen feet beyond the windows. On the same deck as the dining room was a huge, comfortable lounge. The David Arango carried about sixty passengers on the topmost deck, which was given over entirely to cabins. Most of the cabins were air-conditioned, as was the cocktail lounge on the second deck, and such air-conditioning is a luxury in Colombia.

The holdup didn't matter to us. Nobody was in a hurry, anyhow, and the passengers took advantage of the delay to get acquainted. Three family groups obviously were from the States. There was the inevitable volunteer organizer of shipboard parties and dances, a young Colombian who was taking a vacation cruise with his wife and small child. Naturally, there was a honeymooning couple aboard. There were other Colombians on vacation and a few businessmen, who apparently didn't care when they reached their destination; otherwise they would have taken a plane on one of the lines that link all cities in Colombia. One passenger was a Dutch junior executive of some sort, who had brought along his automobile—it was on a barge pushed by the David Arango—a collection of jazz records which he played on the ships public-address system, and a cheerful willingness to forget about arriving quickly at his new post at Barranquilla.

... ...

Guess I'll Get Used to It

By Frances Bragan Richman

We're from the city, and the
birch trees know it.
They stand aside in frosty
dignity
And bow. But only
slightly—not too far.
Even the crumbs outside
my kitchen window
Go begging for a sparrow.
Worst of all,
The yellow school bus
swallows my third-grader
Like some distasteful legal
obligation,
And roars away down
unfamiliar roads,
As if it didn't have the least
intention
Of ever coming back to
bring him home.

... ...

After giving it a brief try, I decided that loafing was as merciful a way as any to kill time, so I relaxed. I wasn't going anywhere fast either, and I was on the right vessel to take me there. The boat rested too, gently breathing steam against the riverbank night and day. I was up each morning at daybreak. Leaving the rather chilly air-conditioned cabin, I would step out on deck to the soggy warmth of a tropical morning. Soon a deckhand would appear, barefooted and with rolled-up trousers, swabbing dew off the handrail and tables and chairs. A few hours later I would see the same deckhand as an immaculately dressed waiter in the dining room.

While he was still on deck cleaning up, the first flights of green parrots would go over. Traveling by twos, threes and fours, and uttering harsh cries, these birds crossed the river by the hundreds, leaving the side where we were tied up and disappearing over the opposite shore. Then the butterflies would show up, fluttering over our paddle wheeler, and crossing the river as the parrots had done. They were all alike, a kind of dark-blue-green swallowtail—thousands upon thousands of them. In the evening the strange mass migration would be reversed. Birds and butterflies would return to our side of the river and vanish in the jungle.

By this time one of the maids would notice me and bring the morning offering of fresh orange juice and *café tinto*, which means a demitasse of native coffee, very bland and black. At seven o'clock the maid went from cabin to cabin with trays containing the same eye openers of orange juice and black coffee.

The next human activity each morning was the appearance of three Indians on the far shore. Paddling a dugout canoe, they would head downstream toward the jam of boats at Campana Rota, perhaps to peddle fresh vegetables, but certainly to cast their nets for fish on the way. Then two patrol boats would come racing along, bristling with machine guns. Nothing to do with us; they were searching for contraband, primarily coffee being smuggled out of the country to avoid a stiff export tax, and firearms being smuggled in to arm guerrillas hiding in the Andean hills and down on the wild southern plains.

Reading and writing, luncheon, a long siesta, and a superior dinner rounded out my completely idle day. Beer of premium quality cost about six cents a bottle; Scotch was forty cents a drink. The boat fare was approximately fifty dollars, no matter how long the trip took, and the only thing we lacked was a few lotus flowers to chew on for dessert.

That's the Magdalena River of the tourist and the casual traveler.

The Magdalena, however, has been a work-horse river for Colombia since steamboating first began in the early part of the nineteenth century. Nearly all roads and railroads lead to the river and its shipping ports, or to its tributary Cauca. It is today, as it was a century ago, the only way to haul heavy freight from the seacoast to the thriving interior, and to carry the interior's weightier exports north to the coast and the outside world.

However, air freight is cutting into the river's trade, and the new Magdalena Valley Railway, which will parallel the Magdalena from La Dorada for nearly half its course north to the coast, should be finished by 1960. This railway, the first one ever to connect the coast with the interior network of railroads, won't kill off the paddle boats, although some of the smaller river lines will be hurt. The boats, and the barges they push, won't travel in the dry seasons—there are two wet and two dry seasons in many parts of Colombia—nor during floods, but their low rates will hold many shippers.

To understand the importance of the Magdalena, it is necessary to know a bit about Colombian geography. Colombia lies in the northwestern corner of the South American continent. On the west it meets the Pacific Ocean, but has few shipping ports there of importance; on the north it touches Panama and the Caribbean Sea, which is Colombia's outlet to the Atlantic. Most North Americans think of Colombia as a distant land. Actually, a straight line drawn from New York to the inland capital city of Bogotá would be shorter than a line from New York to San Francisco.

The towering Andean mountains which dominate the Pacific coastline of South America branch out when they enter Colombia into three giant spurs, thrusting north like the prongs of a trident. These are no mere hills, but jumbled mountains with many peaks between 12,000 and 18,000 feet high.

The Magdalena rises in the Andes only two degrees above the equator and flows north 1000 miles to the Caribbean through the great valley between the eastern and central ranges. The Cauca, its principal tributary, follows the same northern course, flowing between the central and western ranges until the central range breaks down into swampland and the Cauca crosses to join the Magdalena. Between mountains, high tablelands and low plains, Colombia enjoys every possible kind of climate from torrid tropical to glacial cold. A rich, fertile soil, combined with a year-around growing season and the grower's choice of any climate desired, enables Colombia to grow almost anything—oranges, bananas and tangerines, in one region; apples and pears in another. The land yields rice and wheat, cotton and potatoes, coconuts and barley. And beef cattle flourish nearly everywhere.

Yet without the Magdalena River the riches of the interior would mean almost nothing. It is the only through route linking the heart of Colombia with the outside.

The Magdalena is 1000 miles long, of which more than 700 miles are navigable. The longest stretch of navigable water is the 560 miles from Barranquilla, the seaport, to the inland city of La Dorada. If anyone in Colombia knows the exact number of paddle boats on the La Dorada-Barranquilla run, I couldn't find him in this land where "nearly" and "approximately" replace precise figures for everything. I do know that the Naviera Fluvial Colombiana operates five passenger boats besides the de luxe David Arango, a number of barges, and three tugs. Other large lines are the Compañia Transfluvial; Compañia Transmuñoz; the Trans-Salcedo, which has cattle boats only; and ESSO, or Intercol, short for International Petroleum of Colombia, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey. Intercol hauls oil upstream from Barrancabermeja producing-fields in drums and tank barges to keep the motors turning for dozens of cities and hundreds of farms and ranches far in the interior. This oil operation alone puts a staggering burden on the Magdalena. Downstream from Barrancabermeja, the oil is carried by pipe lines.

The government does little to dredge the river or provide other navigational aids, which is partly why we were hung up with so many other vessels at Broken Bell. We remained there from a Thursday afternoon to the following Sunday noon. Ordinarily the trip downriver takes four days; the upstream voyage against the current eight days. Of course, no visitor is compelled to travel during the dry season as I did. There are heavy rains and floods in October and November, after which river travel is at its best. The floods don't stop the paddle boats, but as Captain Jimenon said, "Sometimes we're running over the tops of trees."

On Friday, Col. Thomas C. Green, who settled in Bogotá with his family after he retired from the United States Marine Corps following World War II, was in a deck chair training binoculars on the scene downriver at Broken Bell. Suddenly he caught sight of a steamer coming right through the tangle of stalled vessels as though they weren't there. It was the Guadalupe, of the same line as our David Arango. Headed upstream, it never paused. Captain Jimenon glowered as the Guadalupe steamed jauntily past us, whistles blowing on its way to La Dorada. Saturday, our *capitán* eased the David Arango down to the welter of boats at Broken Bell and tied up along the bank, well out of the confusion. The jam had developed at a slight bend where the river widened out. Here it had filled

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with silt, so that there were several rather indefinite channels, all shallow.

Mark Twain would have enjoyed the scene, but he wouldn't have understood it, because life on the Magdalena River only faintly resembles life on the Mississippi. For one thing, North American git-up-and-go is lacking. Most of the craft seemed to be waiting for something to happen tomorrow. The boats are smaller than those on the old Mississippi, they have no gingerbread or fancy trimmings or gaudy paint, and all are stern-wheelers—not a side-wheeler among them. The David Arango, for instance, 180 feet long and forty-three feet wide, had a stern paddle wheel twenty-one feet in diameter, and was painted plain white with dark trim. It looked like all the other boats of the same line. There seems to be no speed rivalry on the Magdalena, hence no tragedies from exploding boilers, nor any famous races such as the one between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez on the Mississippi.

The one tragedy that stands out in Captain Jimenon's memory after thirty-six years' service on the river occurred when a dugout carrying priests and nuns, eight people altogether, came out to meet the David Arango, and tangled with the still revolving paddle wheel. It flailed the dugout into matchsticks and all eight were killed outright or drowned.

Actually, the delay at Broken Bell let me see more of Magdalena River life than if we had moved right along. The small boats kept busy trying to find the best channel, crewmen measuring the depth with marked sticks. Our craft sent out a steel cable and used a steam winch to help drag a sister ship, the Medellín, off a sand bar. Once we saw a capybara, a large web-footed rodent of semiaquatic habits that grows to four feet in length, leaping and running about an exposed mud bank. Natives in a dugout canoe fished near the David Arango, casting a purse-seine and making good catches.

On Sunday, however, something happened to disturb our do-nothing calm. It was that Guadalupe again. She had been upstream to La Dorada, unloaded passengers and cargo, taken on new passengers and freight, and now was heading downstream toward Barranquilla. She never slackened speed as she neared the shoals and cluster of stalled boats, but came in, full tilt, breathing smoke and steam, paddle wheel flashing in the sun, and threaded a course right through the mess without a hitch. Apparently her pilots could "read water" perfectly. This made Captain Jimenon angry, so we picked up our barge and went through Broken Bell by the same route the Guadalupe had taken, although at half speed.

The rest of the trip was uneventful, except for two highlights. We stayed overnight at the port of Gamarra, and Guillermo Payán, in a magnificent gesture, went ashore and hired a band of seven men for seven American dollars to play for a dance in the lounge of the David Arango. And near the end of the trip, we pulled into a native village of thatched huts to buy firewood, and the whole village grabbed everything it had to sell and invaded the boat. Old women offered eggs; children hawked coconuts, parakeets and sweetmeats; and younger women carried chickens tied together in pairs by their legs. It was a madhouse until the young boys had piled the last bit of cut wood aboard, everybody was chased off, and we started out again.

Two of the American family groups aboard were related. Colonel Green, who had spent two years as a special naval attaché to the United States embassy in Bogotá after his Marine Corps service, remained in Bogotá city and went into the motor business. He was taking his family, consisting of his wife; a son Cleland, sixteen; his daughter, Julia, fourteen; and a ward, Joyanna Porta, sixteen, on a vacation cruise. With them were visiting in-laws from the States—his wife's sister and her husband, and their daughter, Vickie, sixteen, of Hollywood, California. The brother-in-law, Colbert Clark, is a veteran of Hollywood movie production, and is now working on TV material. Another family from the States was that of Henry C. Barringer, of Washington, D.C., who is spending some years in Bogotá as a consultant to the Colombian Government. His wife and three young children were enjoying a vacation.

On such a leisurely trip meals are a social affair, and everyone was on hand for breakfast, lunch and dinner. You could have beef with every meal if you wanted to, including breakfast, where eggs would be served on steak—"eggs on horseback." Beef was quite inexpensive. The kitchen served a wide variety of excellent soups, main courses, fruits and sweet desserts. One day we had a buffet luncheon on the wind-swept forward deck, the headwaiter wearing a hat to keep his hair in place.

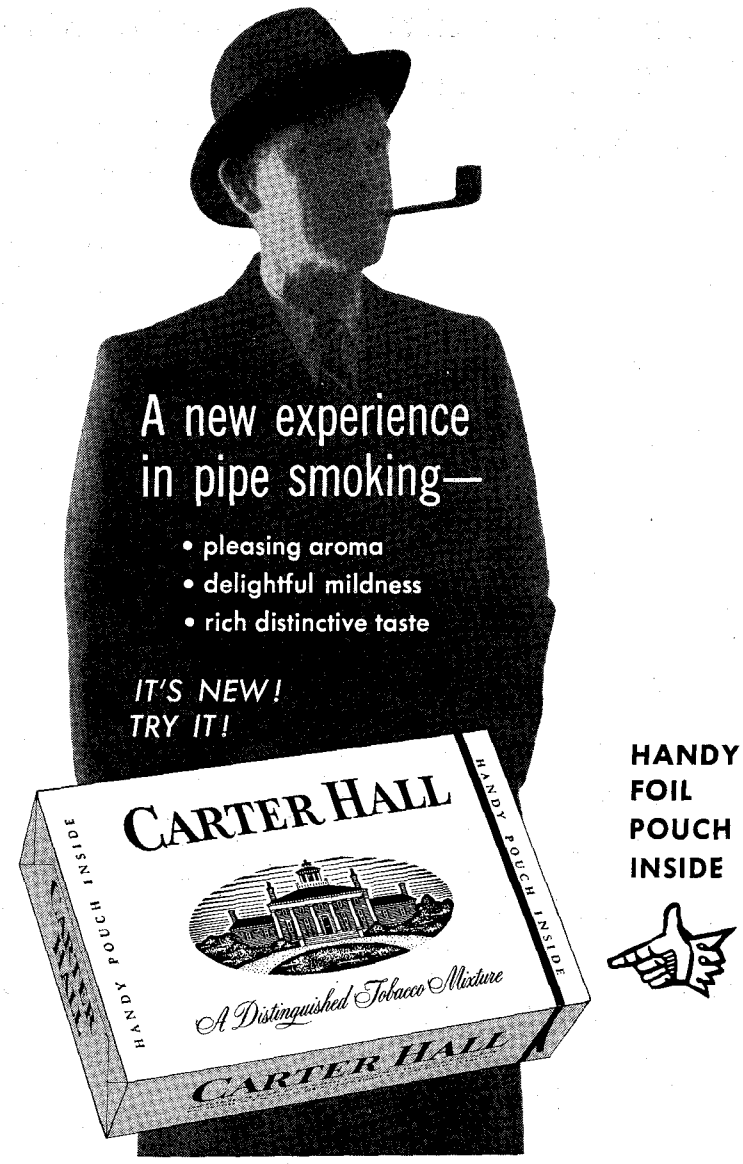
Among the ports, La Dorada, as head of navigation, is of major importance, receiving cattle and heavy freight from the coastal area, and shipping the products of inland points such as Bogotá, Manizales and Cali downriver—cotton, coffee, sugar and sesame seeds. Puerto Berrío is a textile port, shipping manufactured goods both up and down the river. Barrancabermeja is strictly an oil port. Few of the port cities hold many attractions, but often are the gateways to interesting parts of the interior.

I happened to start my trip from La Dorada, having ridden there from Bogotá by train. But a person taking a plane in Miami, say, is only a few hours away from the terminal port of Barranquilla on the lovely Caribbean coast and could start a Magdalena cruise upriver from there. It's one of the most remarkable travel bargains to be found. The round trip, Barranquilla to La Dorada and return, costs about $100 on the de luxe David Arango, much less on the other boats, and takes at least twelve days. If that's too slow you can leave the boat at any major river port and get airplane service to anywhere in Colombia.

The visitor will find all prices low in Colombia, except for a few imported items. At Barranquilla, for example, I had a room at the luxurious Del Prado hotel for five dollars per day. The room was enormous, well-furnished, with air-conditioning and a tiled bathroom of king-sized proportions. You could get a complete roast-duckling dinner in the elegant dining room for a little more than a dollar, or a beautiful *filet mignon* for about a dollar and forty cents.

The Magdalena has long been a river route for conquest, settlement, war, and commerce. The Indians knew it long before the first white men came. Then the Spanish conquerors arrived, and built Cartagena on the Caribbean coast as a storehouse for the golden treasure that poured north from the Andes. The ancient city of Cartagena is well worth a side visit from nearby Barranquilla.

Paddle boats are used on many shallow rivers around the world, but nowhere are they of more importance than on the Magdalena, and a tourist trip on one of them is a step back into what was once the way of life on our own Mississippi. You can walk straight from a modern airliner right into the past. And you may become one of the Colonel Greens who liked what they saw and stayed on to enter Colombian business. THE END



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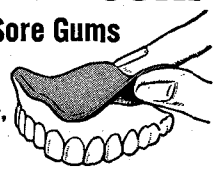

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Secrets of the Master Angler

(Continued from Page 26)

on the flying bridge, looks for, and chases, fish. His mate handles the outriggers and the gaff. His deckhand baits the hooks, buckles the harness around the angler and keeps his glass filled.

Roy Martin would look as out of place in such circumstances as a Suwannee River bass entered in the Cat Cay Tuna Tournament. The only boat he owns is a sixteen-foot outboard-powered skiff, and he rarely employs charter boats or guides. Yet he has landed some of the largest fish ever taken, including a 1236-pound manta ray, or devilfish, which he battled for fourteen hours with a medium-heavy rod and seventy-two-pound-test line. Although the manta ray is not listed by the International Game Fish Association—for the reason that it is not classed as a game fish—Roy's fish is certainly one of the largest rays ever taken on a rod and reel, and one of the largest fish of any kind taken on an artificial lure.

Although the devilfish was hooked from a boat, Roy prefers to fish from bridges. "I'm just an ordinary fisherman," he says, "but I work harder at it than most people."

There is no disputing the fact that when Roy Martin, shirt sleeves rolled down to prevent sunburn, and plump cheeks shaded by a droopy hat, walks onto a bridge, he looks ordinary. And when his baggy-trousered, 225-pound frame slouches over the railing, he could be a northern visitor dunking a shrimp in Florida's salt waters for the first time. But if he is ordinary in appearance, he is extraordinary in skill and technique. From narrow catwalks and footrails high above the water he has caught some of the largest and most difficult to land of all fish, including more than a thousand tarpon weighing from forty to 146 pounds, and more than a hundred jewfish averaging better than 200 pounds each.

Consider the problem: he must fight the fish from a standing position. He has no fighting chair, no harness, no transom to brace his feet against. He is limited in his movements by the confines of the bridge. His quarry is often stronger than he, and will usually seek the cover of the barnacle-encrusted pilings, which can cut a line like a razor. Add a ten-mile-per-hour current, plus the fact that the fish is many times heavier than the breaking strength of his line, and the situation seems impossible. For, should he defeat his fish, he still must land it. This involves either lowering a snatch hook on a heavy rope and hand-lining the fish over the rail or "walking" it to the end of the bridge to beach it on shore.

He has landed six world-record jewfish from bridges and docks. He has twice been pulled into the water by big fish—and he cannot swim a stroke!

Roy originated a method which makes possible the taking of large tarpon from bridges. When plug casting for tarpon under Keys spans, the angler casts his lure against the current and retrieves it fast, with the tide. The big fish wait under the bridges for the moving waters to bring them food. When a tarpon is hooked he usually jumps once or twice and then dives with the current beneath the bridge and out the other side. When this happens the angler has three choices: cut his line, permit the fish to break his line or rod, or hang on and perhaps go overboard. There is a fourth choice—throwing his rod into the water and letting the fish pull it under the span—but no one with good sense ever did that.

Except Roy Martin. He has done it hundreds of times.

Roy uses a simple device he calls his "tarpon preserver." It consists of a large fishing float with about fifty feet of line attached to it. On the end of the line is a metal snap. When he cannot turn a strong fish which starts under the bridge, he quickly attaches the snap to his reel and throws the rod and float over the railing. Then he runs to the other side of the bridge, drops a snatch hook and retrieves the line as it comes through attached to the float. He then pulls in his rod and resumes the battle. This method has failed him only once. On that occasion his rod became fouled on the rocky bottom and he could not pull it loose.

The International Game Fish Association will not recognize, for purpose of record, fish caught by such unorthodox methods. Therefore, Roy does not submit for official standing fish so caught.

To Roy Martin fishing is a science. A study of tides, wind, temperature, and the peculiar habits of various species has given him an uncanny knowledge of where and when the fish will be biting. He sums up his secret in six words: "I fish at the fish's convenience."

He explains it this way. "Different fish will bite best at different times—you have to learn their habits. The tide will be right at different spots at different times—so learn the water. I'd rather fish than eat, but I don't waste my time by going out when conditions are wrong."

A school-bus driver is a man who thought he liked children.

HAROLD COFFIN

"All right," I said. "Let's suppose you want to catch a big jewfish. And you're fishing in an area which is new to you. How would you go about it?"

Roy and I were having coffee in the kitchen of the Martin cottage at Panama City Beach, in northwest Florida. I had known him for years and had fished with him in the Keys, but although I had seen him in action I had never understood how he was able consistently to catch more fish, and larger fish, than other experts.

"If I were after jewfish in a strange area," he replied, "I'd start by studying the water at low tide. That's when deep holes will show up best. I'd find a hole near a piling or a dock. Then I'd go there exactly at slack low tide. Within thirty minutes I'd either have a jewfish or a broken line—or I'd start looking for another spot."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Let's go back a bit. What will you use for bait?"

"That depends. Usually, I put down a stranger." Seeing my puzzled expression, he went on, "Game fish will often strike out of anger when a species which is foreign to that type of water is placed in front of them. When fishing near rocks, pilings or reefs, I prefer a bait fish which is found on grassy flats or near the surface. Most fish will bite a stranger when they're not even hungry."

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"Let me put it this way. They'll take a strange species after ignoring one they normally feed on. Maybe it's variety they want; I don't know. The same principle is proved with artificial bait. The best plugs are those which do not closely resemble any particular species of fish. Predatory fish will often strike a weird-looking lure in preference to live bait. They hit it either because it doesn't belong there or they instinctively react to its unnatural motion, thinking it is wounded."

"How big a bait do you use?"

"Again, that depends. I've caught a two-hundred-pound jewfish on a thirty-pound grouper. But the biggest jewfish I've caught—five hundred thirty-eight pounds—took a small snapper that weighed about six ounces."

I whistled. "A five-hundred-thirty-eight-pound jewfish! They don't get much bigger than that, do they?"

He smiled. "I know where to find one bigger than that. He lives in a cave off Marathon Village on Vaca Key."

"Have you actually seen this fish? Are you sure it's not a big shark?"

He smiled tolerantly. "I've seen him a dozen times. I've seen him come almost to the surface to take a fifty-pound grouper away from me. I've hooked him more times than I can remember. He never ventures more than a hundred feet from his cave, so you haven't got a chance to take him."

"Can't you use the heaviest tackle made?"

He shook his head. "You can't hang onto the rod. It's not like fighting a tuna or marlin. There, with a thousand yards of line and plenty of water, you can let the fish run. With a jewfish you have to screw down—tighten your drag. If he gets to his hole, there's no power on earth that can get him out. Landing a jewfish is like tying a rope to a mule's tail and pulling him into a barn."

"What about other species? Are there still some record fish swimming around?"

"The record tarpon is swimming now in Channel No. 5, in the Keys. The record pompano —which will beat my all-tackle record of forty-two pounds, four ounces—is under the phosphate dock at Boca Grande. In my opinion no record on the books is secure."

"How many more record fish do you expect to catch?"

He thought for a minute. "I'd like to have twenty-four I.G.F.A. certificates. Then I'd just fish for fun again, and for prizes. The biggest prize I've won—a twenty-five-hundred-dollar lot given by the Destin, Florida, Deep Sea Rodeo—was for a species which is not even recognized by the I.G.F.A., a two-hundred-ninety-one-pound Warsaw grouper."

"How many different awards and prizes have you won for fishing?"

"About one hundred fifty. But I've only fished for prizes for a few years. Back home I just fly-fished in fresh water."

Roy was born thirty-nine years ago in Evansville, Indiana, of Irish and Cherokee Indian stock. His first fish was a twenty-four-pound carp which he stabbed with a pitchfork. During high-school days he met his wife, Dolores, to whom he has been married for eighteen years. After serving with the infantry during World War II, he and Dolores moved to Florida in 1946, where he obtained a job as manager of the Panama City Beach pier.

"There was no fishing on the pier then," Martin recalls. "Only slot machines. I opened a tackle shop and we began fishing. That's how I learned to fish."

He and Dolores soon took on the added job of managing eighteen cottages and apartments. "In those days," Dolores said, "Roy fished every day. When the king mackerel were running, he was on the pier or jetties. When there was no action in the surf, he went out on the party boats. Much of our income came from jack pots Roy won on the party boats."

Party boats are big, beamy craft that take out fifty or more fishermen at once. In the northern Gulf they fish for red

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snapper and grouper. Each angler pays about five dollars and the boat furnishes bait and tackle. "Someone always gets up a jack pot for the biggest fish," Roy told me. "I won quite a few of them."

"He used to win a jack pot every week," Dolores said. "Finally, they barred him from competition. Ruled he was a professional."

"Do you mean they won't let you fish from the party boats any more?" I asked.

"Oh, I can fish from the boats," he said, "but they won't let me bet on the jack pot. Of course," he grinned, "that doesn't prevent me from making side bets with the fellow next to me, if he is willing."

Roy's fishing future was determined in April of 1952 when he landed a forty-nine-pound fifteen-ounce cobia on light casting tackle and line testing eighteen pounds. He hooked the fish from the Panama City Beach pier and, during the two-hour battle, followed it through the surf. A crowd had gathered when he beached his prize, and a little old lady exclaimed, "Why, I'll bet that's a world record!"

"Suddenly I wondered," Roy relates, "so I went to the telephone and called Allen Corson, a Miami newspaperman who had once visited the pier. I knew he could tell me how to qualify my catch. Corson was out, but his wife gave me the information I needed. So I entered my catch with the I.G.F.A. I was the happiest man in Florida when I received word that it had been officially approved."

A month later Roy landed a 197½-pound jewfish on thirty-pound-test line from the jetties near his home. This was subsequently verified as his second record. Two months later he set his third, for a forty-two-pound twelve-ounce amberjack on twelve-pound-test line.

Before the end of the year he had received eight I.G.F.A. certificates for record catches and was famous in fishing circles. A manufacturer of fishing line hired him to attend sports shows and to give casting and fishing demonstrations. The Alabama Deep Sea Rodeo, an annual fishing tournament, employed him as official judge, a position he has now held for seven consecutive years. He was soon in great demand as master of ceremonies at sports shows and as a speech-maker for civic organizations.

"And do you know," Roys says somberly, "when I was in school I stuttered so badly I was afraid to answer my name."

"When did the stuttering disappear?" I asked.

"Well, after people started thinking of me as a champion fisherman, I knew I had to act like one. Who ever heard of a champ who stuttered!"

Dolores broke in, "And everybody got the idea that Roy was an authority on everything that swims. They started coming by the house with the weirdest collection of sea creatures you've ever seen. He had to become an expert on marine biology. Last month he identified a rare West Indian bearded cusk. We kept it frozen and later received verification of its identity from the University of Miami Marine Laboratory."

The Martin refrigerator always holds a half-dozen varieties of strange sea animals, in addition to hundreds of pounds of frozen squid and cigar minnows, Roy's two favorite baits, and usually a few octopuses.

"Big jewfish love an octopus," Roy states. "So I passed the word around that I'd pay twenty-five cents for each specimen. Now the guides and party-boat fishermen keep me well supplied.

"These cigar minnows," he held up a small streamlined fish, "are the best all-around bait in these waters. I use 5000 pounds of them each year. All bottom fish take them, and they troll well. I've caught five sailfish in one day while trolling cigar minnows."

Roy showed me a strange deep-water specimen which had been taken in a shrimp net. It was like a tremendous worm.

"This one we haven't been able to identify," he said. "I think it's a new species. We call it the Purple People Eater. We kept it alive for several days. Its feeding habits were unbelievable. It actually absorbed through its flesh any meat or shrimp we placed near it. Finally, it disgorged its own insides and shriveled up."

"What is the largest fish you have kept on ice?" I asked.

"My 1236-pound manta ray," he replied. "We kept it in the freezer compartment before carrying it by truck to Evansville for a sports show."

Dolores spoke up. "Roy buys Cuban sandwiches by the gross and keeps them frozen. When we're going fishing, he doesn't like to wait for lunch to be prepared. Well, for months we ate sandwiches which had been mashed flat by that devilfish."

The entire Martin household is like a marine museum. Colorful sea shells adorn the tables while mounted fish, pictures of fish, and certificates line the walls. On one wall are small specimens of tropical fish mounted on a painting of the ocean depths.

Florida's Roy Martin with his first world's record catch, a 49-pound, 15-ounce cobia. He landed this fish on light casting tackle with a line testing 18 pounds.

Below is a 140-pound tarpon, one of more than a thousand that Martin has taken.

This 389-pound jewfish is one of Roy's seven currently unbeaten world records.

"This scene," Martin told me, "is exactly as I picture a certain spot off Panama City. According to the sound machine on a boat, that bottom is just like this."

"Did you catch all these fish on rod and reel?" I asked. "Even that tiny bonefish?"

"Either Dolores or I caught all you see. Dolores loves to catch these tiny tropicals. She catches big fish too, you know. She holds a world record for women—a five-pound, one-ounce fish taken on a fifty-pound-test line. That bonefish is not the smallest we've caught. I took a four-and-one-half-inch specimen on a fly at Marathon and had it mounted. A man offered me $300 for it, so I sold it."

"Are all your records mounted?"

"Goodness, no!" Dolores said. "We wouldn't have room to live in the house. We built the tackle shop behind the house as a place to display the trophies, but it is already crowded."

The Roy Martin Tackle Store is a combined tackle shop and grocery. Here are more trophies, certificates, citations and mounted fish. A large amberjack caught my eye. "Is that your largest mount?"

"That's the biggest amberjack," he replied. "It weighed one hundred pounds. My first jewfish record—one hundred ninety-seven pounds—is on the wall at the park." Roy is fishing counselor and owner of concessions at St. Andrews State Park, a few miles from his home.

"How many other businesses do you have?" I asked.

He smiled. "They're all little businesses. Being commissioner and acting mayor doesn't take much of my time. We publish a Rookie Fishing Guide for kids. This year we printed 80,000 copies. The Guide carries pictures of local species of fish and tells how to catch them. We stress conservation strongly. We feel that the time to teach kids to throw back unneeded fish is when they're young. Actually, I throw back a dozen for every one I keep." The Martins, childless themselves, have taught an estimated 6000 children and disabled persons to fish.

Roy's teachings of conservation have apparently produced results. John W. Randolph, an outdoor columnist for the New York Times, laughs when he tells of fishing for the first time at the Panama City Beach pier. A seven-year-old boy came up and pointed to a small fish Randolph had just removed from his hook. "Mister, would you mind throwing him back unless you want to eat him? Mr. Martin said it don't make no sense to let fish rot on the pier when you could throw them back and catch them bigger next year."

Martin's theory—which is supported by fisheries biologists—is that large predatory fish, which destroy dozens of small fish a day, should be kept, while the small ones so necessary to future stocks should be returned to the water.

"Roy," I said, "What do you consider your most outstanding catch?"

"That's easy," he grinned. "I was on the Panama City Beach pier one day when the surf was heavy and a woman was swept out to sea. I can't swim, you know, so I lassoed her just like we lasso jewfish we hook off the dock at Boca Grande. Then I 'walked' her along the pier to shallow water. That was my best catch—a two-hundred-pound woman."

I got up to leave. "One more question, Roy. How big a fish do you think a man is capable of landing if he has everything in his favor?"

His brow furrowed. "That's hard to say. Once I tried to land a forty-five-foot whale shark which must have weighed 25,000 pounds. We harpooned him and then attached the line to my rod and reel. I fought him for seven hours. Finally it grew dark and the man who owned the boat was afraid the shark would ram us and sink us. We were miles from shore, so, under pressure, I agreed to cut the line. Of course, even if I'd taken the shark it wouldn't have counted as a rod-and-reel record, because I harpooned it."

"If you had been in your own boat and had sufficient supplies to stay out, how long do you think you'd have fought that fish?"

"I would have taken him or I'd be there yet," he replied without hesitation.

Knowing Roy Martin, I believe it's the truth.

THE END

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Sabers on the Sand (Continued from Page 22)

"Oh, but you must, Rob! You can't help it," she insisted. "Ask Adrian to explain. He'll tell you how silly it all is."

He stared at us as if we were two slim, eager, fallen angels from the pit. There we were, Count Adrian and Countess Magda, with no parents, no land, no money, nothing to hold onto but our conventions of honor, male and female, and intelligent enough to find them comic. The Rumanian duel was normally a farce without any danger at all. My sister knew it as well as I did. That was why she was perfectly willing for Rob to do the proper thing, although she was in love with him.

I sent Magda off to dance. She doesn't come into my story at all, the darling. She was a motive, nothing else. A most lovely motive for dishonorable conduct.

With some difficulty I got out of Rob what had happened. Delorme and he had been talking French and discussing the Rumanian Army. Rob couldn't accept those gorgeous cockatoos upon the dance floor as real soldiers. A soldier to him was a bit of shapeless, suffering humanity, inexplicably cheerful and plastered with mud. What with champagne and disapproval, his voice was too loud.

"The cloakroom is stacked with their silly swords," he said to Delorme. "And they couldn't draw them if they wanted to, because the hilt is cast in one piece with the scabbard."

His shoulder was roughly hauled round. He met the enraged eyes of a Rumanian captain, who smartly slapped him across the cheek with open hand.

Rob was a competent welterweight and his reaction was nearly immediate. Nearly. Sheer surprise used up a fraction of time. So did reluctance—for he was not the type to start a roughhouse in a ballroom.

Before his right hook could get fairly started he was gripped from behind. Other bystanders were holding—but more conventionally—his opponent. Between the two groups a minor diplomat and a Rumanian general were advising patience. I'm experienced in such scenes myself. One acts with the quiet decision of the knowledgeable man who throws the dog out just before it is sick.

"Damn it!" Rob exclaimed indignantly. "I seemed to be caught up in a sort of ceremony without anybody asking me."

Well, of course, he had been. Blue-and-gold officers closed in casually to hide the unfortunate affair from the dance floor. Anybody who had not seen the slap would have suspected nothing. Delorme received the captain's card. He told Rob to go away and dance, and to look calmly composed.

When Rob at last got Magda to himself—partners were still booked on programs with little white pencils—he found to his horror that she knew all about the incident. Everybody agreed, she told him, that it had been beautifully managed. They were bursting with curiosity to know what he would do, and trying hard not to show it.

"I shouldn't have been talking so damned loud," Rob said to me. "Adrian, I feel the right move is to apologize."

"But you can't apologize."

"Why can't I?"

"Because you're the insulted party. Only he can apologize."

"Then what can I do?"

"Nothing—except send him a challenge."

I might as well have asked him to play ring-around-a-rosy in the courtyard of the Bank of England. He became offensively British. He pointed out that he was a civilized westerner visiting Rumania to assist in the reconstruction of the country, that he had had enough fighting to last him the rest of his life and that he wasn't going to begin again on Rumanian officers. So I shut up.

Rob stalked back to the ballroom and did his best to appear composed; but all he could manage was a fixed grin. He went home early in the open carriage which he had romantically retained for his private use during his stay in Bucharest. No doubt he was more patient with our absurdities when he observed himself jingling magnificently through the Rumanian night behind a pair of black and lively horses like a baron in a whisky advertisement.

The next morning he felt like a plain businessman with a headache, living in a cosmopolitan hotel full of other businessmen with other headaches. He did not want to see uniforms, horses, swords and the idle poor for the rest of his life. I don't suppose he even wanted to see Magda. He must have been sourly glad that he had an appointment with Mr. Marguliesh. The world of Marguliesh was sane, and he, Rob, belonged to it.

Mr. Marguliesh was his financial adviser and the correspondent of his London bankers. We all liked him. In the rush of little rats between moneylenders and the stock exchange trying to profit by inflation without going to jail, he represented a vanished world. His white waistcoat, his taste in cigars and his obvious integrity would have graced the city of London.

Marguliesh told me afterward that he was shocked by Rob's appearance. He immediately rang for his senior bank servant—about eighty years old and liveried in chocolate and silver—who came with his keys of office and unlocked a cupboard in the walnut paneling. There was something in it to suit every mood. Brandy and ginger ale was Marguliesh's prescription for Rob.

When he was halfway through his long, golden glass and they had discussed some sound and sober question of shipment against treasury bills, Marguliesh delicately referred to private problems.

"It's half past eleven," Rob protested, "and nobody who was at the ball is up yet. How on earth do you know?"

It was never any good putting that question to Marguliesh. He knew everything. It always seemed natural that he should. As likely as not he had the barman on his payroll.

Rob cursed all primitive societies and finally asked him—assuming that he would have the same point of view as a respectable English banker—whether he would fight a duel himself.

"Fortunately," said Mr. Marguliesh dryly, "I am not officially a gentleman."

"Well, damn it, I'm not officially a gentleman either!"

"Oh, my dear sir, the aristocracy of industry! We accept it at last. And then you were a lieutenant colonel in the war. Of course, there is always a doubt who is and who is not a gentleman in England. It appears to depend on education. Here the last thing one expects of a gentleman is education. But if you send this fellow a challenge you prove what you are."

Rob asked if he had to be a bloody fool in order to be rubber-stamped as a gentleman.

"Yes," said Marguliesh. "And if you ever wanted to marry into the aristocracy, how much more smoothly things would go for her!"

He was our banker too—though that was a pretty hopeless task—and I know he was just as anxious about Magda's future as I was. But Rob had the Englishman's dislike of anyone suspecting his emotions. In spite of the civilizing influence of brandy and ginger ale he denied furiously that he had any intention of marrying into the aristocracy.

"A challenge would also do no harm to business," Marguliesh suggested.

"I think, if I may say so, that is rather a sordid way of looking at it," said Rob—and he cashed a check and scowled his way out.

He lunched at his hotel in a furious temper, and after a long afternoon's sleep went down to the bar for some companionship. There he found Delorme and greeted him as his only friend. Delorme had been a comrade-in-arms. He was civilized, reasonable and only too willing to explain English customs to Rumanians and Rumanian customs to English when he didn't know much about either.

"The captain is expecting you to send a friend to call on him," Delorme said.

"I wouldn't send my worst enemy to call on him."

"Say something, Fred—no—on second thought, never mind."

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Delorme made it clear what he meant. Rob patted him on the shoulder and repeated that duels were a hundred years out of date.

"They have gone out even in France," he said.

"I beg you will not repeat your *even* in France, monsieur," Delorme replied.

Rob protested desperately that he meant that in the most gallant of countries only politicians and critics fought duels any more, and who the hell cared if they killed each other. But Delorme had gone.

Though I did not know all the details of that unfortunate day till afterward, I guessed that Rob would be readier to listen. To my mind, the solution was obvious. He should give full play to his taste for operetta, and go through the ridiculous, bloodless farce of a Rumanian duel. Still, I decided to intervene only after I had run into Delorme dining alone and looking extremely Napoleonic and disdainful. He gave me the news, but was not prepared, he said, further to discuss my good friend, M. Tymson. He added that this was the twentieth century, but that British manners were sometimes enough to make one forget it.

After that I went up to Rob's room. He had taken refuge in his business correspondence and was not at all pleased when I pretended to think that he was clearing up his affairs. He said that a man of my intelligence ought to understand his point of view without having it explained all over again.

"I do, Rob," I assured him. "You object to bloodshed, but you will be delighted to put on the gloves with him, cut his eyes open and knock out his teeth."

"At least I shouldn't risk killing him."

"Who's asking you to kill him? You surely don't think there is any risk in a modern duel? It's against the law."

"I don't understand," said Rob. "Then why bother with it?"

"Why bother with a carriage-and-pair when you could use a car? I do wish you'd believe that Magda and I are only trying to help."

He remarked that he considered my influence very bad for Magda—in a proprietary tone which was thoroughly promising—and then he said, "But I don't know the drill. Would you yourself second me, or whatever it's called?"

"Of course. An honor."

"And what do I fight him with?"

"In principle, you can choose."

"Well, I did a course of bayonet fighting once. Can I have at him with rifle and bayonet?"

That should have warned me. I should have spotted that slow rising of fury to the brain which the English call logic. But I thought he was just being perverse.

"No, you can't! It has to be pistols, so that you can fire in the air if you wish."

"What's the good of a duel then?"

"The point is, Rob, that he will fire in the air and so will you. But you can't count on it."

"If I can't count on it, I'm damned if I do it. I should look a silly clot blazing off at the sky while he's aiming at six o'clock on the bull. If I'm going to fight him at all, I'll fight him square. How about swords?"

I insisted that swords were out of the question, but he knew that was not strictly true and kept on bullying me until I had to tell him what the convention really was.

"The *épée* is not used because people *will* get hurt with it. Only the fleuret is allowed. That's just a foil with the button off. But don't choose it, Rob," I begged him, "if you can't fence. You'll make it so hard for him just to prick you."

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"I'll make it hard for him all right. What about cavalry sabers, Adrian?"

I explained that sabers were not for society affairs. They were used only by brutally angry military men—who could keep accidents fairly quiet and be punished by court-martial rather than the criminal law.

"Do you want to spend some years in jail?" I asked him. "Dueling is forbidden, Rob, just like drinking after midnight in England. If it isn't done decently, the police have to take action."

"I don't give a damn," he said. "They started it, and they're going to get it. Sabers it is."

"But how good are you?"

"Better than anything else. I used to do a lot of singlestick as a boy. You teach me the proper salute, and then I'll wade in."

Wade in. Those were his words. I can hear them now. I was appalled at such bluntness in an affair which had to be handled with the utmost discretion.

"Look here," said Rob, "if you won't let me pick my own weapon I'll walk up to that captain and slap the face powder off his blue chin! Then he can choose machine guns if he likes, and God help him!"

That silenced me. I had to agree to deliver his challenge. And, after all, if Rob could really use a saber—singlestick meant nothing to me—it might for once be safer than the fleuret. The only concession I could get from him was that he would fence with me at my flat next day just to put my mind at rest.

I drove round to call on the captain and performed the formalities. His company was on guard duty at the royal palace, and the honor had gone to his head. So had the brandy which he and his chosen friend had been drinking, tapering off from the night before. Both those uniformed owls were sure that Rob had chosen sabers as a shrewd way of avoiding any fight at all. They called the bluff. Sabers would do.

Rob turned up at my flat the next morning. He was half angry, half pleased with himself. The hotel porter had seen him to the door with a deeper bow than he had ever given. His driver had attached a red-white-and-blue ribbon to his whip. The speed at which rumor traveled was amazing.

I gave him the time and place—on a river sandbank about six miles out of town at twelve-thirty the following day. The more usual hour was before breakfast, but the captain and his second wanted to avoid it on the ground that the police would then be watching their movements.

"I suppose the captain is quite happy about sabers?" Rob asked.

He sounded as if he felt he might be taking an unfair advantage, bless him! I put his mind at rest on that score. The captain was no master, but he had got through two rounds of the army championship.

We set to. Five minutes were enough to show me that nobody could possibly be less experienced than Rob. Somehow he had got German student dueling into his head and thought that saber fighting was all cut and slash. His bucolic singlestick gave him the guards for that stuff. But I tell you he didn't even realize that the point of a saber was meant for business.

"Your opponent can touch you wherever he likes," I said, "and I take it that will be painful but not vital. What terrifies me is that if one of those swipes of yours ever did by accident connect, you'd cut him clean in two."

"Look here, I don't want to go to the hospital," Rob began, taking off his mask in despair.

It was going to be that or jail, but I didn't say so.

"One of our foundry foremen was champion of Yorkshire at singlestick," he went on. "He told me that if you jump back and whack the ground you can get in again while the other fellow is wondering what you are up to."

"He'd certainly wonder—especially meeting a lunatic for the first time."

The trick was better than nothing. There was just a chance that, with his reach and a twist of the wrist, he might get the point under the captain's sword arm. I refused to let him try it on me—I didn't want to spoil his confidence—but I made him practice the footwork and learn to lunge. Out! Whack the ground! And in like lightning! The slightest scratch was enough for the seconds to call it a day.

But the longer he practiced it, the more I saw it could be suicide. I promised that if he would drop his damned British obstinacy I would tell Magda the whole truth, and that she would be thankful he had shown some common sense. That was as near as I had ever come to admitting she was all ready for orange blossoms and London. He blushed slightly and asked me what I *had* told her.

Well, I had let her believe it was to be the usual pistols, and she was still chuckling at the thought of her Rob trying to keep a solemn face while he went through the absurd ceremony of loosing off a shot into the sky.

Rob at last left, still determined to educate the foreigner. I suppose he was conditioned by his long war service to taking useless risks with a sort of sulky anger. As for me, I was as near hysteria as a young man brought up to decent self-control can get. There was no power on earth which could now stop this folly but the police. And to let the police know the time and place of the meeting was the act of a coward, a man without honor, a really unscrupulous, unsporting scoundrel. It was far worse than cheating at cards or bribing a jockey to pull a horse.

I considered all possible friends who could help with advice; every one of them would assume that it was too late. At last I thought of Marguliesh. As he had said to Rob, he was not—officially—a gentleman. He was safely seated in the stalls of this detestable comedy and could see what the actors did not.

I drove round to the bank, and he had me shown into his office at once. He was very fond of Magda and Rob, and, I think, disapprovingly fond of me. He was horrified when he heard of sabers and took all the blame on himself. Given Rob's character, he ought to have foreseen, he said, what might happen.

I felt the disgrace so strongly that I had not even formulated to myself what I wanted him to do: to tell the police. I couldn't allow Rob to be killed or sentenced. Magda was deeply in love with him, and he was the only man of first-class character likely to come her way who wouldn't care whether she had money or not.

All that, Marguliesh understood without my having to stammer more than two words of it.

"Just tell me the time and place," he murmured, "and forget you ever did."

I pointed out agitatedly that the police were inclined to malicious gossip. If they let it slip that their information came from Marguliesh, everyone would guess that I ——

"Don't worry about that," he replied. "It is often of great importance that information should not be traced to me."

Of course. Brokers, the market, issues of stock—he could handle all that. But what about the police?

"A man such as I in a country like this," Marguliesh said slowly in his melancholy way, "is unfortunately compelled to have his agents everywhere."

I told him the time and place of the meeting, horrified at what I was doing. He smoked half a cigarette and asked me a question or two. Then he said, "There is a pleasant little tavern some two kilometers upriver from your sandbank. I think you know it?"

I didn't dare ask him why he thought so. It was a rendezvous which I had found useful for a very private and sentimental affair.

"Be there with M. Tymson a good hour before the meeting. Any conversation you have will be overheard and reported to police headquarters."

"But Rob and I will be speaking English," I protested.

"The person who composes the report," said Mr. Marguliesh, "will not think it worth while to bother with too many details."

I called for Rob next morning at eleven. He was fiercely determined to appear normal. The only sign of nerves was in his language as he fumbled about the hotel bedroom looking for his matches. I told him that he wouldn't need any matches—which was hardly the best way of putting it—and then had to explain that I had brought some. I knew he would keep on lighting his pipe until his right hand was otherwise occupied.

It offended him to be looked after as if his thoughts were out of joint.

"Got the sabers?" he asked sharply.

"Yes—and a picnic basket with drinks for the party when it's all over."

"Don't the other fellows do anything?"

I said they didn't. As a matter of fact they were bringing the surgeon.

"What do we want to start so early for?"

"Just to get clear of the town in case the police suspect anything."

"Blast the police!" he exclaimed. "Slip twopence to the right man and he'll fix the police for you."

These businessmen seemed to think alike. But in an affair of this kind it was not so easy. Police procedure was to give a polite and formal warning to principals and seconds. If that failed—and it was supposed to fail—the police tried to turn up when the duelists were already on the ground. That ended the quarrel, for the principals had already shown their courage, and nothing more was to be gained by firing in the air or very cautiously poking at each other with the fleuret.

If, however, police were successfully avoided, a duel fought and damage done, the criminal law was enforced—not so heavily as on a pair of gangsters, but enough for a sharp lesson.

I drove Rob to the tavern, where we sat under the willows along a backwater of the river and shared a bottle of white wine. There was a poor and respectable clerk entertaining his family in the garden and obviously above all suspicion—obviously, that is, unless one had a guilty conscience and began to wonder why he should choose such an hour on a working day for a family treat. He went into the back passage of the tavern where there was a telephone. I felt suddenly hopeful and, simultaneously, defiled.

We left soon after twelve. The track which ran along the river was full of potholes and cut by pebble drifts from the fast spring torrents. I doubted if the car could take it and allowed plenty of time in case we had to walk part of the way.

But the track gave us no trouble at all. We climbed the floodbank. Below us were the hard sand, the blue swirl of the river and another car. The military men, coming direct from Bucharest, had evidently

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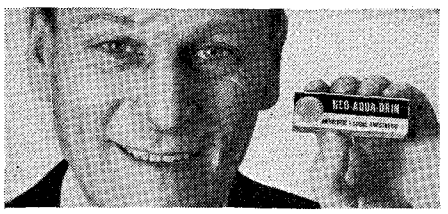
SORE THROAT



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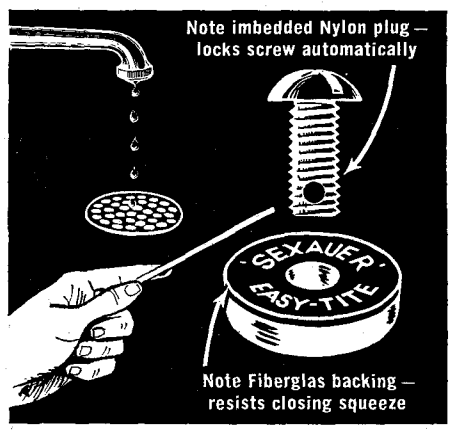
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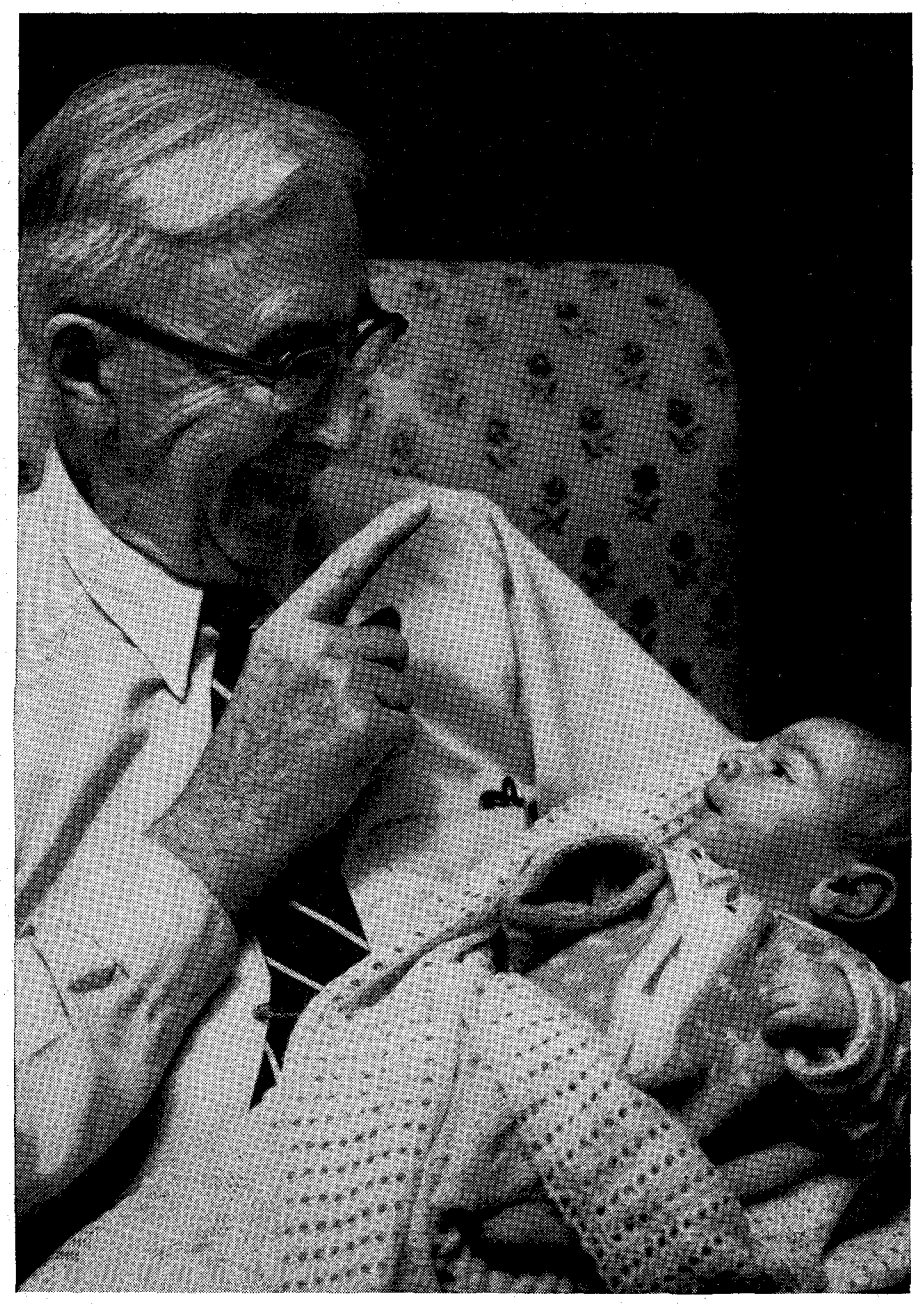

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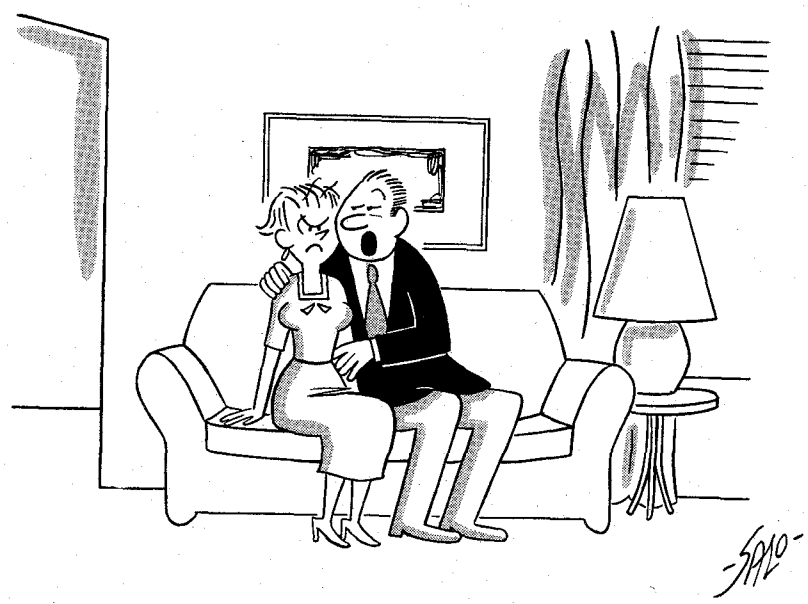

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Who are we to fight nature, honey?
Let's go see what's in the icebox."

doubted the state of their track just as I did, and arrived early at the rendezvous.

"For heaven's sake tell me what I do!" Rob appealed. "Do I say good morning, or what?"

"You say a cheerful good morning to his second, and bow very distantly to him."

"And suppose he apologizes?"

"Accept it quick! But he won't."

The two officers in their best uniforms were strolling up and down the yellow sand, talking to an unhygienic-looking gentleman with a black beard and a black bag. Rob measured out his bows. He certainly appeared a most cool and formidable opponent. I suppose he was pretending to himself that there was a platoon behind him which had to be impressed.

It was only seventeen minutes past twelve. I went into a huddle with the other second, comparing weapons, complaining of the ground—anything to waste time, for I could see what he was going to propose. But the moment came when I could think of no more excuses. And the police would time their arrival for a minute or two before twelve-thirty.

"Delay is so embarrassing for our principals, M. le Comte," he said. "So shall we ——"

Rob took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. When he faced his man I could see he was trying not to give him a nervous grin. The captain's face was set and pale. For all he knew, he might be up against a master. I expect he hoped he was. At least it would be a guarantee that he wouldn't be run through the liver by accident.

Rob performed his salute very well. The captain attacked instantly in a violent flèche which Rob by wild luck parried. He must have felt the experienced control of his opponent's wrist as the points slithered in tiny semicircles against each other, and realized there wasn't a moment to be lost. He jumped back half a step, tapped the ground smartly with his saber and lunged.

I closed my eyes, I think—a split second in which to imagine the captain dead, Rob racing for the frontier and myself in the dock for aiding and abetting. The mess in reality was bad enough, before the law, and from a housemaid's point of view. Rob's hilt was within two feet of the captain, and the steel through him between shoulder and elbow. He was so appalled—the sensation of his saber jarring on bone—that he hadn't yet noticed that his opponent's curved point had ripped up six good inches of his forearm.

He apologized instantly, just as for some unavoidable foul in the course of a jolly game.

"But it is I who should apologize," replied the captain with a startled smile, and held out his hand.

We seconds, overcome by alarm and relief and the unconventional behavior of our two gladiators, fluttered incompetently around them. The surgeon lost his head and kept exclaiming that it was unprecedented and that the seconds must decide which of the two gentlemen should be attended first.

"Shove on a couple of field dressings, Adrian," Rob said, twisting a handkerchief round his arm above the elbow, "while he fixes the captain."

The captain grinned at Rob and gave a deep sigh which made the surgeon bustle to his professional duty. But to us the sigh was plainly one of relief. Almost anything might have happened. As it was, the pair had only to keep their arms in slings and their mouths shut. I was the only person who knew we were not yet out of trouble. When Mr. Marguliesh said that something would be done, done it was.

Naturally I heard before any of them the noise of a car roaring in second gear along the track. I held up my hand. The captain's second dashed to the floodbank and put his head over the top. He signaled back frantically that it was the police.

Rob didn't understand the danger. I was aghast at the result of my crime and couldn't use my head at all. It was the captain who was inspired.

"Pretend nothing has happened yet!" he ordered.

I helped the pair of them on with their coats while they tried not to yell. The other second, back by now, wiped the sabers and laid them out ready for use. Then we hurled the surgeon's implements and bandages back into his black bag, and kicked sand over the clots of blood.

It was the colonel second-in-command of the national police who descended majestically from the floodbank, followed by two lieutenants of gendarmery. They were all gorgeously uniformed and medaled. A distinguished foreigner and a captain in a crack regiment, rumored to be so brave and angry that they insisted upon sabers, deserved the best costumes in the wardrobe for the third act.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel in formal French, "I observe that I am fortunately in time to prevent a scandal."

It certainly looked as if he was. Rob and I stood arm in arm, with his hand dripping into his pocket and my thumb

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gently compressing the artery. By heaven's grace the captain's point had skated alongside without puncturing it. The captain and his second, also arm in arm, fiercely patrolled their own territory of sand. The surgeon, in the center, caressed his beard and seemed to be meditating upon the mysteries of his craft.

It was up to me. I played the exquisite young aristocrat, reluctantly handed over the sabers to the police, raised my hat and made a little speech—after which I returned hastily to Rob in case blood should begin to show through his jacket. The captain's second barked a few bluff words. The colonel of police saluted both parties and gave a third speech, exhorting gallant men and allies to compose their differences.

Rob and the captain, unable to shake hands, pretended to be deeply moved and kissed each other. It was astonishing how quickly man could adopt local customs.

"Gentlemen, I shall not intrude upon you further," said the colonel—and prepared to make off with the confiscated sabers and his lieutenants.

"One moment, sir!" the captain's second very formally insisted. "I trust, Count Adrian, that you do not consider that we gave information to the police?"

"I am as certain of your honor as of my own," I replied gallantly.

The colonel poured some hasty oil on that lot of waters.

"Let me assure you all that we acted upon a report received only an hour ago from an entirely independent source. You will understand that it is our duty, detestable though it may be, to make use of such agents as we can find."

The civil power swaggered away, and that was the end of it—except for some painful first aid and the welcome contents of my picnic basket. The affair was kept very quiet, but Rob thereafter was free of the country, the court and the regimental messes as few foreigners ever had been. Rumanians adore a dangerous jest. It soon got round that he had never handled a saber in his life except to learn the salute.

Magda practically did not speak to me at all until I had to give her away in church. She said that my behavior had been unforgivable. So it was. But I never told even her why I thought so.

The Indestructible John L. (Continued from Page 19)

and L. Newton Thomas, retiring as president of the National Coal Association, declared, "The only thing the coal industry is sick of is being called sick."

It will probably be news to most people that they had anything to do with the industry's comeback or are even concerned. But it takes a pound of coal to make every pound of steel in your car. An increasing proportion of the aluminum all around you is made with electricity generated from coal. Except in hydro-power areas, seven chances out of ten anything electrical you own, from your toaster or air conditioner to the band saw in your hobby room, is powered by coal. It comes into your home in other forms you never suspect—nylon stockings, medicines, plastics—and without leaving dust or ashes. Indeed, ashes are now too valuable to throw away or scatter on icy sidewalks. Fly ash makes a superior concrete. Thousands of tons of it are in Hungry Horse Dam in Montana, the huge new span over Straits of Mackinac in Michigan, in highways and in building blocks and soil pipe of new housing developments. If the coal-fired gas turbine now in the testing stage proves successful, you will again be traveling on trains and ships, perhaps even in automobiles, powered by bituminous coal.

The story behind this revolution in the nation's basic fuel is a documentary in hard-bitten personalities. It is no coincidence that the hazardous, back-breaking business coal digging is should beget belligerent leaders on both sides of the bargaining table. But neither is it a coincidence that the peace agreed upon between them in the unofficial treaty of Washington nearly nine years ago opened an era that has since put the industry in black ink and miners' wages at an all-time high. In this about-face from open warfare to undeclared peace, the hard-bitten personalities haven't changed, except for their stance. Instead of fighting each other, both are now fighting their competition. Their banner bears a strange device, "Co-operation," a word quite foreign to the industry's vocabulary for so many decades.

Several things combined to topple bituminous coal from its 1947 pinnacle, 631,000,000 tons. But one of the most important was the labor turmoil that cost it many of its best customers. Elimination of the strike threat has won many of them back again.

Coal salesmen today, as though they had never heard of a coal strike, are guaranteeing firm delivery schedules on long-term contracts. With, say, a 20,000,000-ton order—1,000,000 tons a year for twenty years—they have learned they can finance a wide variety of machinery and equipment that would be prohibitively expensive otherwise. Under a fifteen-year contract, for example, the Consolidation Coal Company recently completed the first coal pipeline that will deliver 1,200,000 tons of coal a year from its mines near Cadiz, Ohio, to the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company 108 miles away. The $12,000,000 cost will be liquidated by savings in freight. In the old days no coal operator would have had the temerity to guarantee a firm schedule for one year, much less fifteen, or spend $12,000,000 to meet it. The introduction of new equipment has kept coal prices stable for the past eight years, despite wage increases and inflation. President W. C. MacInnes explains why the Tampa Electric Company built the first coal-burning generating plant in Florida and is building another, a 240,000-kilowatt plant.

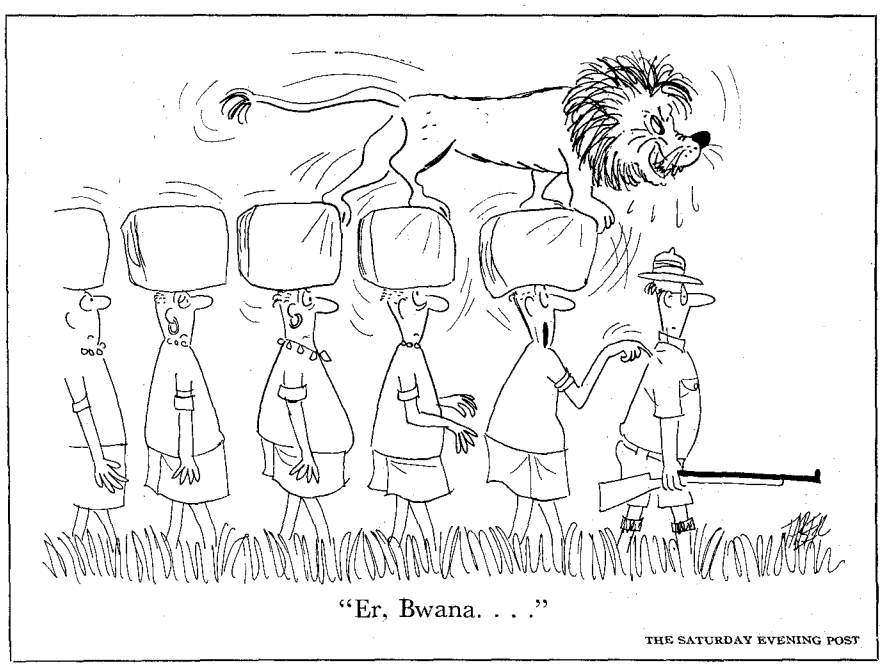
"We don't buy fuel by the ton, gallon or cubic foot any more, but by the B.T.U. (British thermal unit). Coal gives us a million B.T.U.'s for thirty-two cents compared to thirty-eight cents for the competing fuels we'd been using. When we start getting coal by barge instead of by rail on a twenty-year contract, we expect to get the cost below thirty cents per million B.T.U.'s."

What happened and how long can it last? Could it possibly have been the coal operators, not John L. Lewis, who underwent the quick change that has made "dependable delivery" the industry byword instead of "stabilizing periods of inaction"? The answer lies behind the scenes at the last performance they appeared in together in public, when they suddenly laid aside their battle garb to sign the treaty of Washington, officially the National Bituminous Wage Agreement of 1950. This climax came after ten months of spirited skirmishing at the bargaining barricades, in the courts and across the front pages of newspapers from coast to coast, that accomplished nothing, but did raise blood pressures on both sides to a common high. With the mines shut down completely the blustery first week in March, President Truman asked Congress for authority to take over the mines again—for the sixth time in seven years. The last act of this drawn-out melodrama was short.

As the curtain rises, the operator representatives, red-eyed from lack of sleep, are sitting around a conference room in a downtown Washington hotel, chewing their cigars and cussing and discussing the proposed Government seizure. A telephone rings with a call for George H. Love, who was acting as chief negotiator for the operators. Exit Love. Thirty-five minutes more of cigar chewing, cussing and discussing. Enter Love, who announces that he and Lewis have agreed on terms that he will sign for his company, the largest in the industry. A pin drops. Then there is a sudden exodus for long-distance telephone booths—one operator guessed the tolls reached $10,000—as the curtain falls. The final tableau—set portentously on a sunny Sunday afternoon, as I remember—shows operators and union representatives queuing up to sign the contract that ushered in what is now frankly proclaimed as "a new look in labor-management relations."

What went on offstage? Without any shouting, shooting or hullabaloo, Lewis and Love settled a ten-month deadlock in twenty minutes—allowing fifteen for the walk to a nearby hotel and back. Neither of them elaborated on their conversation at the time, but the late Harry M. Moses, head of U. S. Steel's "captive" mines—an ex-coal miner whose father and grandfather were miners before him—filled it in afterward.

"Since the first Federal commission made the first investigation of labor relations in coal back in 1902," he said, "we have been mediated, conciliated, legislated and regulated. We had been partially seized, wholly seized, unseized and reseized. We had been beaten over the head in all sorts of fancy places, including that famous oval-shaped office on Pennsylvania Avenue. We wanted to keep the Government out of our business."



"Er, Bwana. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On several past occasions, Lewis had benefited from Government intervention—the union's Welfare and Retirement Fund was established while the mines were under Federal control—but the two fines totaling $2,100,000 that had recently been imposed on the union were enough to convince him that Government intervention was a fickle thing. He wanted no more of it either. The settlement was a surrender by neither side to the other, but by both to a mutual ogre, Government control.

To make the new look permanent, Moses took the lead in organizing the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association with a permanent staff in Washington to replace the old once-a-year conference. His colleagues called him "the man who worked out a way of doing business with John L. Lewis." His formula was simple.

"Under the old joint-wage-conference procedure," he explained, "almost every coal operators' association and every union district were entitled to a representative, and enough of them always showed up to fill a good-sized hotel ballroom. Lewis would kick off the meeting by presenting outrageous demands and vehemently castigating the industry's shabby treatment of its underpaid and underprivileged employees. Then whoever was in best voice among the operators would arise to reject each and every one of the union's demands and plead that the industry was no more than a few days away from total bankruptcy. Finally, after several days of speeches everybody knew by heart, a couple of the leading operators would get together with Lewis and Tom Kennedy, U.M.W.A. vice president, in a hotel room somewhere and work out a deal that could be ratified by everybody.

"The new system merely eliminated the speeches. Both sides had instructions from their membership. Both sides had frequent meetings with their policy committees before and during negotiations. This businesslike method of arriving at a contract was best for all parties concerned, including the public."

He proved his point the following year, when, without any public disclosure that negotiations were going on, a new contract was signed two months before the old one expired. Today, without speeches, the average price of bituminous coal at the mine is practically the same as it was with speeches eight years ago, despite inflation and the wage increases granted in between.

Peace did not immediately lead the coal industry out of the financial woods.

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Dieselization of the railroads after World War II cut their coal consumption nearly 90 per cent in a decade. The swing to oil and gas for home heating cut that market in half during the same period. Operations held up through the emergency in Korea, but in 1954 fell abruptly to the lowest point in twenty years, only 392,000,000 tons. Labor peace did, however, lay the groundwork for the upswing that came in 1955, and has continued since, because it gave a new impetus to mechanization.

Mechanization was not new in the coal industry. Cutting machines were introduced early in the century, and loading machines in the '20's. Productivity rose gradually from three tons a day per man in 1900 to about six and a half tons by 1950. But in the late '40's came the first continuous-mining machines, that drilled out the coal without cutting or blasting, carried it to the surface on belts and automatically dumped it onto railroad cars or barges ready for shipment. For surface or strip mining, more powerful equipment became available—forty-five-ton trucks, for example, and a huge shovel that lifted ninety tons of overburden at a bite to a height of 100 feet or more. For mining in hilly sections augers up to six feet in diameter were developed that bored 200 feet into a seam and reamed out the coal like shavings from a carpenter's bit.

The only trouble was, this machinery was expensive. One continuous-mining machine cost about $100,000. That ninety-ton shovel cost $2,500,000. To equip a mine of 2,000,000-tons-a-year capacity with machinery like that might run up to as much as $10,000,000. And money tied up in machinery doesn't earn dividends unless the machinery runs steadily. Thus, peaceful labor relations were the cornerstone on which the heavy investment in modern mechanization rested. Probably some operators had their doubts about a labor millennium, but the industry as a whole took a chance and poured millions of dollars into new machines in the first five years after the peace pipe was smoked, a few companies as much as doubling their investment. Productivity zoomed from six and a half tons a man-day to more than ten tons, a larger increase than in the preceding half century, and is still rising. Some mines average twenty-five tons a day per man, and the record is nearer 100. The European average, incidentally, is less than two.

And so, if the investment was a gamble, it paid off. The operators took their losses in the railroad market, at least temporarily, and the home-heating field, much of it permanently—together about 140,000,000 tons a year. But the gains mechanization made possible in the electric-utility, steel and export markets have largely recouped that deficit, and offer even greater opportunities for the future. How far in the future? Can Lewis and his miners survive the advent of atomic power?

The whole coal industry has given a lot of thought to the threat of atomic power. But most of it has been devoted to maintaining the lead coal has in relative costs. The first commercial-scale atomic reactor, at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, is generating electricity for about sixty-four mills per kilowatt-hour, admittedly high because of its experimental nature. The most optimistic estimates are, however, that this can be reduced to from seven to eleven mills a kilowatt-hour in the next ten or fifteen years. According to the Federal Power Commission, coal is now producing electricity in the mid-continent area for an average of eight mills and in some of the newest utility plants for as little as three mills. By still further cutting down transportation costs—that coal pipeline is the newest wrinkle—that often account for as much as 40 per cent of the price of coal, the industry is providing a constantly lowering target for atomic power to shoot at. Tom Pickett, executive vice president of the National Coal Association, the industry trade organization, puts it this way:

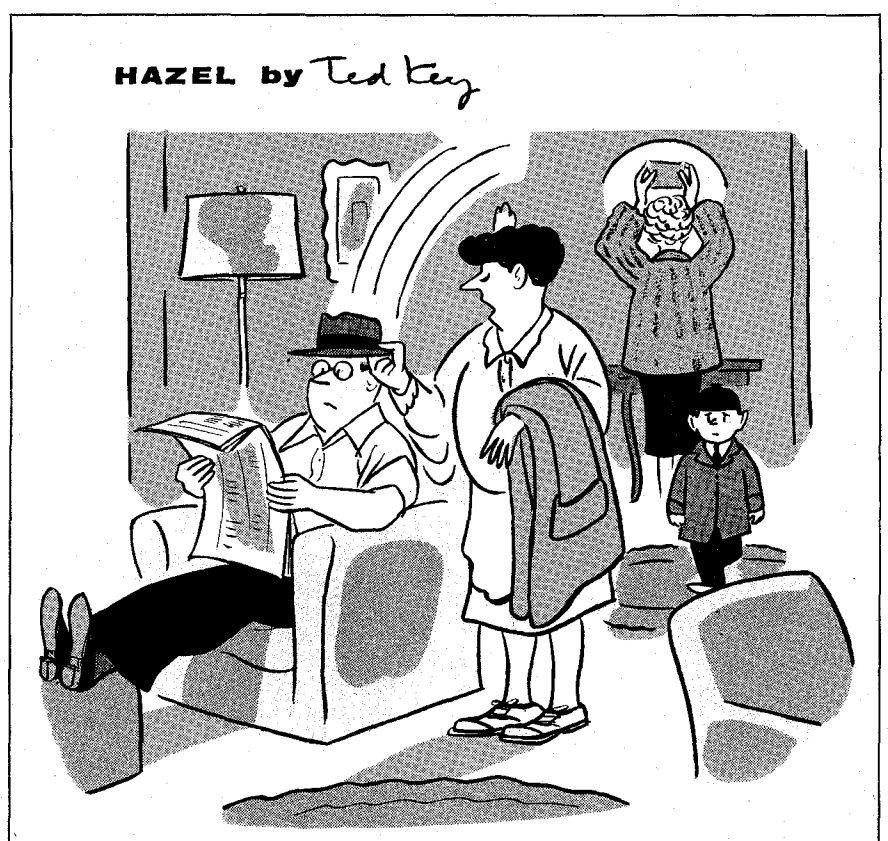
"We recognize the need to continue development of nuclear power in view of the nation's rising demand for energy. But the United States Bureau of Mines estimates that the country will still need a minimum of seven hundred and eighty-four million tons of coal by 1975, and may need as much as one billion tons—more than double the amount mined last year. Some experts forecast that atomic power will be furnishing perhaps twenty-five per cent of our total electric energy by that date. . . . In many parts of the world where transportation is a major factor, atomic energy may someday be the cheapest energy fuel. But in the United States we believe atomic power will supplement, not eliminate, other fuels. Barring excessive Government subsidies, the coal industry should be able to maintain a competitive price for many years to come."

A report by the Investment Bankers Association of America would seem to agree. "Atomic power," it states, "offers an early competitive threat only to the extent that it may be subsidized by the Government to accelerate its acceptance," and concludes that "the near- and long-term future of the bituminous-coal industry is a bright one."

Mechanization has not been an unmixed blessing to the union. It has raised wages, but the 200,000 miners working last year produced as much coal as roughly twice that number did ten years ago. What happened to the 200,000 miners who have been displaced by technological progress? About 75,000 of the older ones have reached sixty and been placed on the pension rolls. Some have turned to other jobs, but the U.M.W.A. now numbers its unemployed at more than 100,000. It's a problem unions besides the miners' are facing today, and the solution isn't an easy one. Nevertheless, the union is maintaining the stand expressed by Lewis several years ago, that "it is better to have a half million men working at good wages and high standards of living than it is to have a million working in poverty and degradation."

The long-range prospect for absorbing these unemployed miners is better than it might seem at first glance. In the area served by the Tennessee Valley Authority, electric power has attracted new enterprises that have indirectly increased employment. The rapid expansion of electric power now going on in the Appalachian coal region is expected to produce a similar result. For example, a new mine that opened last June at Cresap Bottom, West Virginia, will employ 600 men. But the new generating plant being built beside it burning coal practically at the mine mouth will employ up to 100 men, and a new aluminum plant built across the Ohio River at Clarington, Ohio, to use only half the electricity will employ more than 1200. New factories to turn the aluminum into consumer goods will employ more men, and service industries attracted by these payrolls will contribute to the upward trend. Union officials I talked to believe that if temporary relief can be afforded the distressed areas where unemployment is greatest, the downward trend will be completely reversed over a period of a few years.

Can the idyllic labor peace last that long or are pressures building up beneath the surface that will eventually blow the "new spirit of tolerance," as Lewis calls it, sky high? In a survey covering the '20's and '30's rating seventeen industries on the general pattern of their "strike propensities," Chancellor Clark Kerr and Abraham Siegel, of the University of California, placed miners at the top of the list, followed closely by sailors and dock workers. Those workers, the study covering eleven countries pointed out, lived in isolated groups, with their own "codes, myths, heroes and social standards," and experienced the "same hazards, bad living conditions and intermittent employment." The hard, unpleasant, seasonal nature of the work, they noted, attracted tough, combative and virile workers, among whom the force of public opinion was weak because they never saw the public. In these circumstances, the authors observed, the "totality of common grievances after they have been verbally shared may be greater than the sum of the individual parts." A strike for these isolated groups, they concluded, was a kind of "colonial revolt against far-removed authority, an outlet for accumulated tensions."



"You're eating out."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

If these were indeed the underlying causes of the notoriously bad labor relations in the coal industry, the prospect of the new look surviving would seem to be pretty good. The old company store, company houses and company scrip the coal miner lived by in recent memory are things of the past. Mechanization is making him more of a skilled workman and less a pick-and-shovel man every year, with correspondingly better pay. Thanks to the boom in air conditioning, he works in summer as well as winter. A health and welfare program is giving him more security for his family and his old age. More and more he is getting around in his community and becoming a part of the public he serves.

That doesn't mean John L. Lewis can now retire with no more worlds to conquer. There were enough scattered wildcat strikes last year to lose almost a million tons of production. That's a far cry from the 107,000,000 tons lost in 1949—the last year before the new look suffused the industry's shining face. But it was enough for Lewis to impose disciplinary action and fines on more than twenty locals to enforce the contract that has made coal miners patricians of American labor groups with average hourly earnings above those in the automobile, steel, construction and manufacturing industries. Miners' average wages broke the $100-a-week barrier—by $5.94, to be specific—three years ago.

There have been other evidences of the co-operative spirit. When high shipping rates threatened our booming exports a few years ago, the U.M.W.A. joined with a group of coal companies and railroads to form the American Coal Shipping, Incorporated, subscribing a third of its $50,000,000 capital from the union treasury. Shipping rates later slumped and most of the thirty Liberty ships A.C.S. had recommissioned from the mothball fleet were returned, but Walter Tuohy, of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, called it an "unprecedented co-operative effort."

Last summer Lewis was invited to attend the American Mining Congress convention for the first time in his life; he was introduced by the former Secretary of the Treasury, George M. Humphrey, now a steel-company official, who described him as his friend for forty years, "sometimes more friendly than others, but a friend." Lewis responded by pointing out that the Russians will surpass us in coal production this year and that the industry needs an agency composed of management, investment and manpower "to speak with one voice." His union, he said, would be glad to co-operate.

The signing of the recent contract between the union and the operators is only the latest example of co-operation. Both the U.M.W.A. and the B.C.O.A. issued bristling statements regarding the agreement, each in their separate offices but simultaneously. Simultaneously, that is, *after* the contract had already been signed. That, one reporter remarked, is co-operation to the Zth degree.

You might say that John L. Lewis and the coal operators tamed each other. Now, they are bristling co-operatively.

THE END

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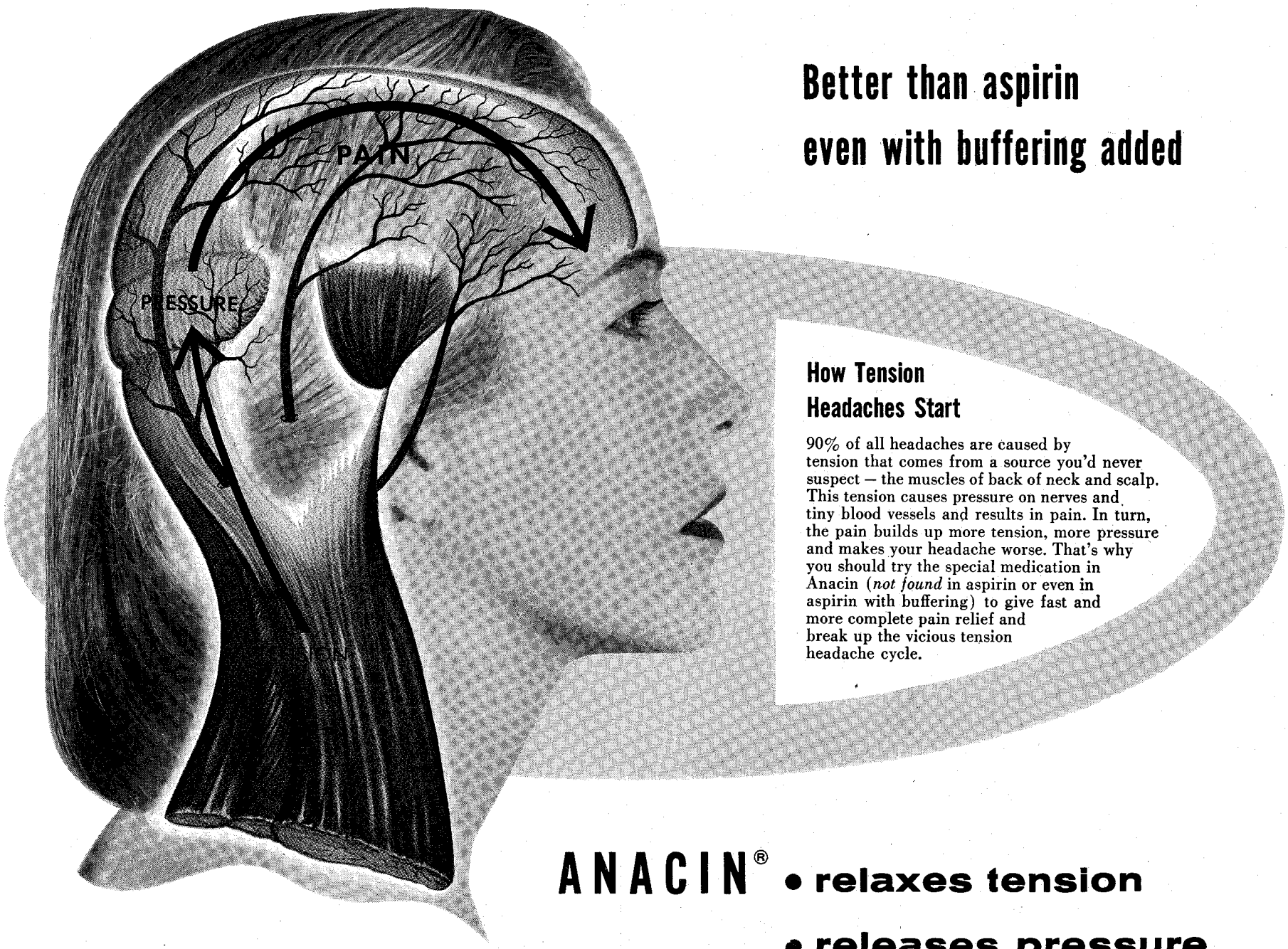
How you can break up the VICIOUS CYCLE of NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHES



Better than aspirin even with buffering added

How Tension Headaches Start

90% of all headaches are caused by tension that comes from a source you'd never suspect — the muscles of back of neck and scalp. This tension causes pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels and results in pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure and makes your headache worse. That's why you should try the special medication in Anacin (*not found* in aspirin or even in aspirin with buffering) to give fast and more complete pain relief and break up the vicious tension headache cycle.

ANACIN®

- **relaxes tension**
- **releases pressure**
- **relieves pain fast**

Tension headaches need the special medication in Anacin for more complete pain-relief. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contain *only one* pain reliever when you can benefit by the *extra* medication in Anacin? Anacin contains *not* just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for headache pain. And here's why Anacin gives a 'better total effect' in relieving pain of tension headache, neuritis and neuralgia . . .

The special medication in Anacin — which you *do not get* in aspirin or buffered aspirin — relaxes the tension, releases the pressure and promptly relieves your headache. Anacin stops the vicious pain cycle fast. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in·····

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Kids love 'em and they're GOOD for them!

They can eat all they want; they're made of pure creamery butter and other premium, good-for-kids ingredients.
Vernell's Real Butter Mints
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Vernell's
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VANILLA or CHOCOLATE
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Keeping Posted

A Visitor From Paris

Sommers, Hauser manuscript and Hauser.

Contributing Editor **Ernest O. Hauser** was in Chungking, China, when he was hired as a war correspondent, sight unseen, by Editor **Ben Hibbs** in 1943. He still is something of a stranger to our editorial rooms, for since 1944 he has been taking notes between North Africa and the North Sea and composing his articles in a delightful little apartment on Paris' Left Bank.

Hauser was touching base in Philadelphia for the first time in more than two years when his page 11 article went to press. We took this occasion to photograph him with Foreign Editor **Martin Sommers,** of whom Hauser says: "Marty is probably—I mean certainly—the greatest foreign editor to exist. The way he worries over those of us who report from overseas, tries to read our minds, makes allowances for our idiosyncrasies, is something that could never be duplicated. I practically work with him by telepathy."

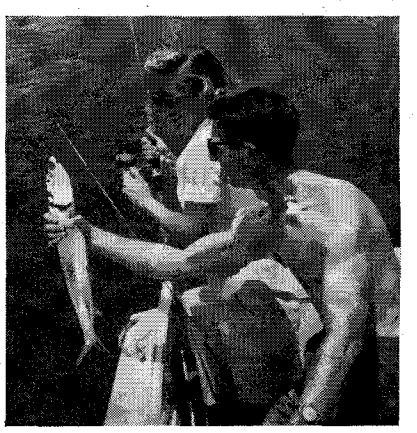
Fortunately, Sommers' telepathy was on the blink when Hauser composed the above thoughts. When Sommers reads this tribute and accuses Hauser of biased reporting, Hauser will be safely back on the Left Bank.

Tales of the Authors

Geoffrey Household, who was a young British businessman in Rumania in 1923, weaves the story on page 22 around the adventures of a young British businessman in Rumania in 1923. A few years ago we asked him to enlighten us regarding his six-layer address at his English country home, and he translated the middle lines as follows: "Westleaze is the name of the house. Charminster is the nearest village. Dorchester is the railhead. And you have to put in Dorset because there's another Dorchester in Oxfordshire." Since those days the man has moved a couple of times, and his stationery now reads: "Roddimore, Adstock, Bletchley, Bucks." It's not easy to keep track of the Household household.

Philip Wylie, of Miami and page 18, celebrates his thirtieth anniversary as a Post author by bringing Crunch Adams and Desperate Smith cruising back onto the pages of the Post after almost three years in dry dock. Wylie reports that vicarious fishing now is his favorite sport. He pursues this pastime by playing host to the young members of the "Southwick Screaming and Drowning Society" on Gulf Stream fishing trips. "I would rather watch some youngster of eight tangle with a big sailfish than catch a dozen myself," he says. Wylie hopes the how-to-do-it book he is writing will help littler fishermen land bigger fish.

Another Florida fisherman, **William M. Stephens** of Fort Myers, appears in the Post for the first time on page 26. As the editor-publisher of a monthly magazine called Florida Outdoors, Stephens has the pleasant task of sending his ace reporter—himself—on frequent fishing and skin-diving assignments with his wife, Peggy, and their "three wonderful children."



Bill Stephens' lady hooks a ladyfish.

How is John L. Lewis Like Ted Williams?

John L. poses for camera; Ben Pearse poses question.

Ben Pearse reports on page 19 that the redoubtable John Llewellyn Lewis has undergone a metamorphosis. But Lewis hasn't forgotten how to scowl for the camera, we are told. Pearse says: "He knows as much about being photographed as he does about coal—roughly everything. When the camera is ready, he comes to life. He raises his eyebrows or frowns, leans forward, turns this way or that—but never so quickly as to blur a negative. He works at having his picture taken as if it were part of his job and you get the unmistakable impression that you're in the company of an old pro. It's a little like watching Ted Williams bat."

Photographer **Gus Pasquarella,** also an old pro, found the mellow "new" Lewis easier to work with than the Lewis of old. As a newspaper photographer during the '30's, Pasquarella covered a number of strikes in the coal mines of Western Pennsylvania. "In those days, I had to steal shots of the old boy when he wasn't looking," Gus recalls.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Lyndon Johnson: How Does He Do It?"

Stewart Alsop reports on the man who "runs the President a close second" as the most powerful man in the U.S.

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